

October 21, 1959

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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See page 3

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 21, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 20

Our cover

• Skirts flying, four lovely Croatian girls dance gaily to a fiery rhythm. They are part of the Yugoslav Dance Company, which is touring Australia. Cover picture and the colorful pictures on opposite page are by Bob Millar, jun.

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TEENAGERS' WEEKLY, 16-page pull-out, featuring Listen Here, page 7, Here's Your Answer, page 10, and Teena, page 14.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• Mrs. Marjorie Slayton, wife of U.S. Air Force Astronaut Capt. Donald Slayton (pages 25 to 27), sees no drama in her husband's space assignment.

"I'M disgusted with the Hollywood version of a test pilot's wife struggling to keep the tears out of the dishwasher," she said.

"One day at the Langley Field air base swimming-pool I was introduced as the wife of one of the Astronauts.

"The girl I was meeting looked at me as if she expected me to sprout antennae and said: 'Oh, I'm sorry for you.'

"I honestly can't understand that kind of reaction.

"Don takes this programme in stride as just another thrilling assignment, although he tries to hide his emotions.

"I feel the same way. It's more interesting than a lot of assignments because there are so many more things to learn.

"But if it had not been for all the publicity, I would think of it as nothing more than an exciting job Don wants to do.

"I was just as proud of him when he was testing an experimental aircraft as I am now.

"Maybe by being so close to it we miss seeing some of the drama the public sees in sending a man into space."

MRS. TRUDY COOPER, wife of Air Force Astronaut Captain Gordon Cooper, told us of the reaction of her husband's 86-year-old grandmother to his part in project "Mercury."

She said: "Gordon's grandmother went to live in Shawnee, Oklahoma, in 1895, when pioneering took a lot of spirit.

"When Gordon told her of his assignment, she was so excited you would have thought the Indian wars were on again.

"It was wonderful to see her imagination and spirit turned to the Space Age and Gordon's part in it.

"She felt the same way I do—fascinated and perhaps a little apprehensive, but not worried."

★ ★ ★
VERA JOLIC, Nina Krebic, Dusica Brajovic, and Pava Saric, the four Yugoslav girls on our cover, surprised us by revealing that their lovely long plaits are false.

They prefer to wear their hair short, so they can easily shampoo and set it for each other as they travel about Australia. (Story opposite page.)

NEXT WEEK

• Six delightful gifts to make for Christmas are featured in a three-page color-illustrated feature in our next issue. The gifts—ranging from a child's puzzle to a novel patchwork quilt—are easy to make, inexpensive, and certain to please.

Fiery dances of Yugoslavia

- From the mountains and plains of Yugoslavia, 55 superbly costumed dancers, singers, and musicians are touring Australia with a pageant of ancient and modern folk dances and songs.



● Bratislav Grbic, a Yugoslav film star, dances Shota, dance of Shiptar, with Zivka Nemecek, who is one of Belgrade's leading sopranos, and a star dancer.

NOW appearing in Sydney, the kolo dancers of the Yugoslav Dance Company already have performed in Brisbane. Later, they will go to Melbourne and Adelaide.

Included in the young company — average age 25 — are architects, economists, and science graduates, three married couples — and four tons of luggage.

In the past 10 years they have performed in Britain, America, China, Japan, and most European countries.

For centuries, folk dances and songs have played an outstanding role in the cultural traditions of Yugoslavia. They were, at one time, more closely associated with daily rituals and customs — reflecting the life of the people, their homes, their work, their joys, and sorrows.

Historical events have changed and developed the dances, and, though Yugoslavs still regard them as indispensable, they are performed today whenever the mood is felt, for entertainment and recreation.

The range of dances is tremendous, many of them being influenced by the particular features of the region from which they came.

For example, the mountainous nature of parts of Montenegro, Bosnia, and Dalmatia forces the dancers to perform on small, flat patches of ground. From these districts come the "round" (kolo) dances.

In the plains of Slavonia and Vojvodina, the dancers have greater latitude, and their movements are more generally exciting and exuberant.



● Miodrag Despotovic and red-skirted Ruzica Antic strike a spirited pose in a lively gipsy dance from Voivodina. Love, the favorite theme of song, dance, and story, is again the theme of this dance from northern Yugoslavia.



GREEK GIRLS learn how to bake scones in a modern kitchen as part of their training before migrating to Australia under "Operation Domestic."



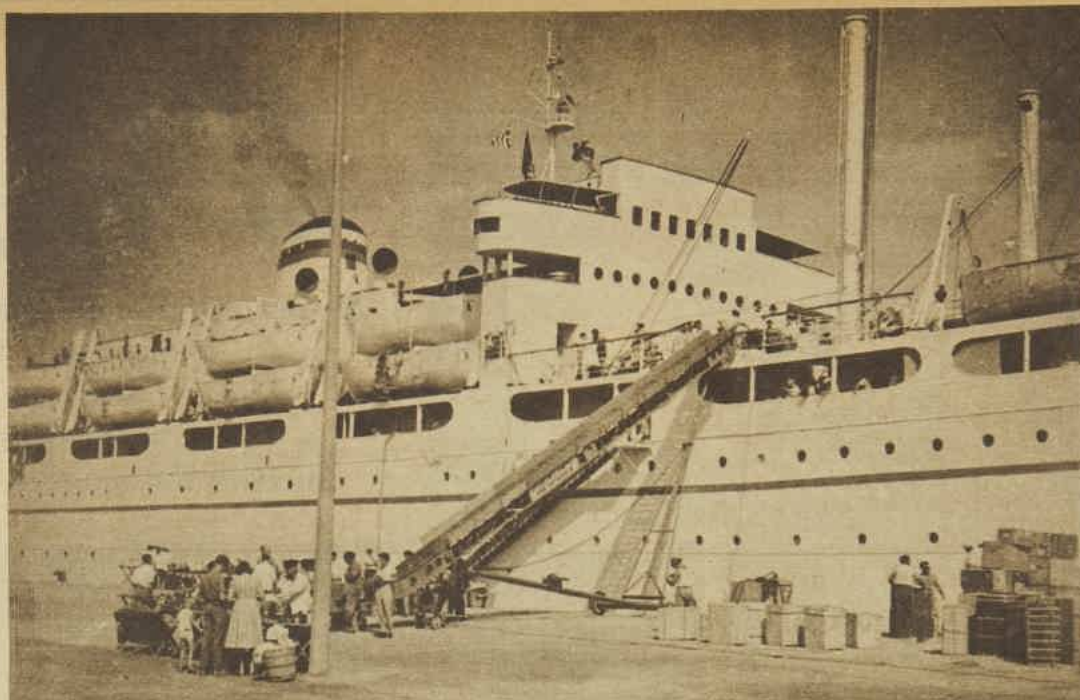
IN ATHENS, Miss Gazi Anthouli, a graduate of the Athens British Institute, gives English lessons to future I.C.E.M. migrants who will work as domestics.



PREPARING for life in Australia, a prospective Greek migrant, who has lived all her life in a village hut, gets accustomed to well-stocked refrigerator.



MORNING TEA becomes a lesson, too, under the watchful eye of Miss Catherine Zavardas (centre back). The girls take it in turn to wait on each other.



MIGRANTS board a liner which will take them from Greece to their new home, Australia. Until now, most Greek migrants have been men, but a new scheme has begun for girls.

"Operation Domestic" is Australia-bound

● "Operation Domestic," the latest large-scale undertaking by Australian immigration authorities, will make marriage and happiness possible for hundreds of Greek girls as well as relieving the domestic-help problem in their new land.

By CHARLES SRIBER, in Athens

WHEN Mr. Downer, the Immigration Minister, was in Athens earlier this year, he told the people: "Send us your girls. We'll welcome them with open arms."

His statement caused no maidenly blushes.

For every Greek knew he was talking about migration to Australia. And every Greek knew that since the war Australia had been taking mainly male migrants and that women were badly needed to even the lop-sided balance.

"Operation Domestic" has been planned by the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration and its member State, Australia, mainly with the needs of the servant-starved Australian housewife in mind.

This organisation — known as I.C.E.M. — selects, trains, and ships the type of migrant needed and approved by the Australian authorities.

And so I.C.E.M. is currently aiming to meet Australia's present need for domestic servants, hospital helpers, hotel workers, etc.

But the scheme will also fulfil its dual role of helping to find marriage and happiness for the girls.

Most of them are poor girls who come from small towns, villages, or even mud huts.

Most can't find work, and they're convinced they'll never find husbands in Greece because they haven't a dowry or hope of ever finding one.

Most of these girls from outside Athens have never seen

anything remotely resembling a modern Australian home.

The type of girl who wants to emigrate, as likely as not, lives in a one or two-roomed house with mud-packed floors.

Her normal job is tending sheep, gathering firewood, or helping with the family chores. And though she'd like to earn money with an outside job she just wouldn't have the opportunity.

Solid training

Because of this background, the task of rounding up a number of girls and shipping them to Australia initially created a problem.

A training system was obviously needed, and I.C.E.M. officials decided it wasn't enough simply to give the girls a rudimentary knowledge of English.

They also had to be transformed into adequate household help.

So, for a four months' period, in addition to 12 hours' weekly English instruction, they were given six hours' weekly domestic training.

All the girls are selected by I.C.E.M. officials, who travel Greece and the islands interviewing potential migrants and thoroughly checking their backgrounds.

And even after this pre-selection, the girls are further checked and approved by an Australian medical officer and a selection official attached to the consulate in Athens.

So far 250 girls have been approved for migration, and

are being assigned to classes as rapidly as vacancies occur.

Chief instructor at the Athens school is Catherine Zavardas, a Greek-American with a diploma in domestic science.

"The first thing we teach the girls is personal hygiene," she said. "This is very important when you realise the conditions under which most of them have been living."

"Cleanliness is stressed all the time. I tell them the Australians are kind people, but can't stand dirty habits, and that if they aren't clean Australians won't want them."

The girls are introduced to gas and electric stoves, vacuum-cleaners and refrigerators, and other items which are part of any modern home but which are part of another world to most of them.

In a room furnished as a typical Australian dining-room they're then taught how to serve and how to eat correctly.

I asked the girls why they wanted to migrate to Australia and their stories followed the same theme.

"I want to work and then get married and later on bring my six sisters over so they can do the same," said olive-eyed, 23-year-old Alexandra Theohari in a breathless rush.

"Wouldn't you prefer to stay here and marry a local boy?" I asked.

She looked at me in amazement.

"And where would I find a dowry? And who would

marry me without one? Or any of my sisters?" she asked.

The girls are not left with any illusions that the streets of Australia are paved with gold.

They are told they will work for two years, possibly for the lowest basic wage—about £A6 a week and their keep—and that if they do not work they will lose their jobs.

I called in on a language class in progress under the guidance of South Australian Virginia Hayward.

Virginia was pointing to the board. In large chalk letters was written, "He is an Australian. He is a handsome man."

And the girls were chanting the two sentences with the greatest enthusiasm.

At the end of four months the girls are examined in English by an Australian consular official and in domestic ability by someone from I.C.E.M., or perhaps the wife of a local Australian official.

The lucky ones

The lucky ones who pass are given a 10-day break before sailing date.

Finally comes the happy day when they are briefed before boarding the migrant ship that will take them to their new homeland.

Of course, there is a sadness in leaving their native country, but there's also a realistic approach and their attitude is conditioned by sentiments such as those expressed in a letter one girl sent back.

"Do you know," she wrote, "here in Australia I have eaten more meat in one week than I ate in Greece in my entire life."

THE WARATAH PRINCESS

● Sydney's suburban Cinderella, Glenice Hill, 17-year-old Waratah Princess of 1959, was chosen, according to the judges, "because she glows with the sparkle of Sydney town in spring."



• The poise and charm of Glenice Hill impressed judges when the 15 girls selected were being interviewed by pressmen at the Town Hall, Sydney.



• Glenice Hill, stepping out with Geoffrey Mullins (right), was a democratic Princess. She insisted her chauffeur, Gerald Lester (left), join the party.



• In the role of Prince Charming, the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Ald. H. F. Jensen, was delighted to find that the Waratah Princess' silver slipper fitted this year's winner, 17-year-old Glenice Hill.

Sydney's 'lunch-hour girl'

IN every way she typifies the city's radiant 'lunch-hour' girls," they said.

"She is young, vital, unaffected, and self-confident, with the natural charm and grooming that stamp the Sydney business girl."

Judges of the annual contest, in which potential "princesses" are chosen from the lunch-hour crowds, were the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Sydney (Ald. and Mrs. H. F. Jensen) and Mr. Asher Joel, M.L.C.

In this year's contest the 15 finalists were summoned to the Town Hall by Sydney Committee talent scouts for brief interviews with the judges—before they had recovered

from the surprise at being chosen.

Their "vital statistics" are still not known by the judges, who were not looking for a perfect figure or flawless beauty.

But the way each girl entered the room, how she greeted the judges, sat down, and talked about herself, answered questions about her school, family, job, and her ambitions were carefully noted.

After Glenice had received the symbolic silver slipper award from the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress said, "We found the job of selecting the Princess particularly difficult this year. All the contestants were so pretty."

"In looking for our Princess we seek a Cinderella who

can become an important personality—out of the blue—and who, instinctively, knows how to mix with the other important people she must meet during the Festival week," Mr. Joel said.

Slight, dark-haired Glenice said she had never dreamed of being chosen as the Waratah Princess—with a limousine and a chauffeur at her bidding for seven days and seven nights, parties, pretty clothes, and £25 prizemoney.

On the day she was discovered by Waratah Spring Festival Committee members among the lunch-hour crowd in Hyde Park, Glenice had left her cosmetic counter at a city store and strolled across the road to enjoy her sandwiches in the sun.

Still in the crisp, white uni-

form and blue cardigan she wears on the job, she was talking with a friend from the same store when she was approached by a liaison officer, who, at the bidding of "talent scout" Mr. E. W. Adams, the Town Clerk of Sydney (a bachelor), invited her to be a contestant.

Press photographers and television cameramen who had been trailing the "talent scouts," flocked around Glenice.

She found herself a celebrity—without even having had time to powder her nose.

"She reacted to it all with delight and unruffled poise," Mr. Joel said.

"Glenice has the kind of infectious, light-hearted smile that makes a man feel ten years younger."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 21, 1959

DIGGING FOR A NECKLACE

Elsa Barker, a Sydney newspaper reporter, admired the necklace of 15 agate stones which her best friend had bought —and wanted one, too. But when she heard that it had cost £15/15/- she decided to go out and dig her own stones.

By ELSA BARKER

● I have just acquired five sapphires, ten opals, six zircons, a topaz, and 50 pieces of agate—and I didn't marry a maharajah or rob a jeweller's shop.

ALL I needed were two weeks off from work, £20 holiday expenses, and two friends.

If you want to do the same you'll find the zircons, opals, sapphires, and the rest in Central Queensland or Northern NSW.

When my leave was due recently I decided to plan a holiday which would take me to these places.

My friends, Marj Gibbs and Margaret Masler, were wildly excited about the idea, and ten days later we left Sydney in Marj's station-wagon.

Our hopes of finding wealth in the outback rested mainly on our three shiny new picks and our energy.

Loaded in the back of the car were sleeping-bags, stretchers, two drums of water, tinned food, a tent, and a lantern.

Ghost town

Four days and 1000 miles later we drove into Rubyvale, 200 miles west of Rockhampton.

Fifty years ago Rubyvale was the centre of the world's largest sapphire field. Now it looked like a ghost town with its empty shacks and the litter left by the miners of long ago.

We found that Rubyvale

had one weatherboard hotel, grandly called the "Royal." The hotel had no sewerage, electricity, or running water.

But Rubyvale had two great assets — the mineral wealth in the earth and the warm friendliness of its 25 inhabitants.

On our first day there we followed half the town's population to the diggings on a dry, scrub-covered ridge 11 miles out of the town.

Rough sapphires

The locals were an interesting lot. We met tall, lean Charlie Bradford, once Australia's most famous sapphire cutter, now a miner. He was squatting beside his shaft, lazily rolling a cigarette, when we first saw him.

"So you want to find sapphire," Charlie said.

"There's still plenty of them around—you've just got to be lucky."

Charlie dug deep into his pocket and pulled out half a dozen rough stones. They looked black and lifeless. We were disappointed.

"Sapphires," he said. "I found them this morning."

"You can pick 'em three ways. They're heavy, they're cold when you lick 'em, and you can see the color when you hold 'em up to the light."

"They don't look much yet, but they will when they're cut."

Jack, an old miner who had sunk three shafts in two months and found nothing, also gave us encouragement.

"You can find sapphire anywhere," he said. "A month ago a visitor found one outside the pub in the main street. Last week another miner, Jim Daniels, found a dinner-plateful in his front garden."

Marj, Margaret, and I thought of our shiny new picks. We were itching to use them. We left Jack and walked one hundred yards to some old diggings.

After six hours' back-breaking work we had found two zircons each and five small sapphire chips. We felt rich.

Then Margaret made the first big strike. Worn out, she sat down to rest. When she got up she found she had been sitting on an inch-long greenish-yellow sapphire.

The locals treated us as honored guests for the four days we stayed at Rubyvale.

On the night before we left they held a dance in our honor in the lantern-lit hall; the orchestra consisted of two cowboys with guitars.

A grizzled old miner came over and grabbed me. He wanted to learn to rock-'n-roll. I tried. I really tried, but two



ELSA BARKER on a chain pulley coming out of a 40ft. shaft of an opal mine at Lightning Ridge. Later she and her friends went to Bellata, where they found their first topaz and several perfect quartz crystals.

hours and six falls later I gave it up and heaved my aching bones back to the pub.

Next day we moved on to famed Lightning Ridge, where the welcome from the locals was just as warm as it had been at Rubyvale.

We started digging again—

this time for opals. After three hours we had a hole four feet deep. Just a hole.

Marj was fed-up. She sank down for a rest about five yards from the hole.

Then she picked up a grey piece of stone and began toying with it.

"Hey," she yelled, holding it up, "come and look at this."

Burial ground

Sunlight caught the brilliant colors of the vein of opal running through it. This find yielded us 20 opals. With much help from the local cutter we cut and polished the opals before we left Lightning Ridge.

Our next stop was Bellata, a small town between Narrabri and Moree. We spent a lonely time there — couldn't understand why nobody came near us.

Then we learned that we'd camped on an aboriginal burial ground.

But it was at the Bellata quarries that we found our first topaz and several perfect quartz crystals. Experts by now, we had no trouble in recognising samples of other beautiful stones we found there — glowing red agate, onyx, and the multi-banded sardonyx used mainly for costume jewellery.

Our next stop was Sydney — home. The holiday had brought us more gems than we hoped to find — about £50 worth. As well, we'd had a lot of laughs, made some new friends, and acquired a healthy suntan.

It trimmed down our figures, too. Living on tinned food and half a pint of water a day, we'd lost about five pounds each.



LESSON in opal cutting is given to Elsa by Jack, a miner at Lightning Ridge. The girls found a large grey stone which yielded 20 opals.



TWO SAPPHIRE miners of Rubyvale—Ada Belaney (left) and Elsie Hawkevell. The visitors got a warm welcome from the town's 25 inhabitants.



AT the "Royal Hotel," Rubyvale—Margaret Masler, Elsa Barker, and Marj Gibbs. They each bought new picks for their mining expedition.

The Bagots of Blithfield



● The Coronation robes of Lord and Lady Bagot are displayed on models of themselves in the drawing-room, where clothes of the Georgian Bagots are kept. This Adam-decorated room was added to Blithfield in the 18th century.



● Lady Bagot has added several books of Australiana to the 18th-century bookshelves which flank the dining-room fireplace. Family tradition says this room was built as a private dining-room for Elizabeth I and the second Earl of Essex.

● Blithfield Hall, one of England's finest stately homes, is the ancestral seat of the sixth Lord Bagot and Lady Bagot, who are due in Sydney this week for an eight-month stay.

BEFORE her marriage, Lady Bagot was Nancy Constance Spicer, of Wahroonga, N.S.W. With her husband, she will visit her mother, Mrs. Ida Spicer, in Sydney. Later, Lord and Lady Bagot will visit Melbourne, Adelaide, and, perhaps, Queensland.

Their historic Staffordshire home, which takes its name from a nearby stream, is first mentioned in the Domesday Book of 1086, where it appears as Blidevelt and was valued at twenty shillings.

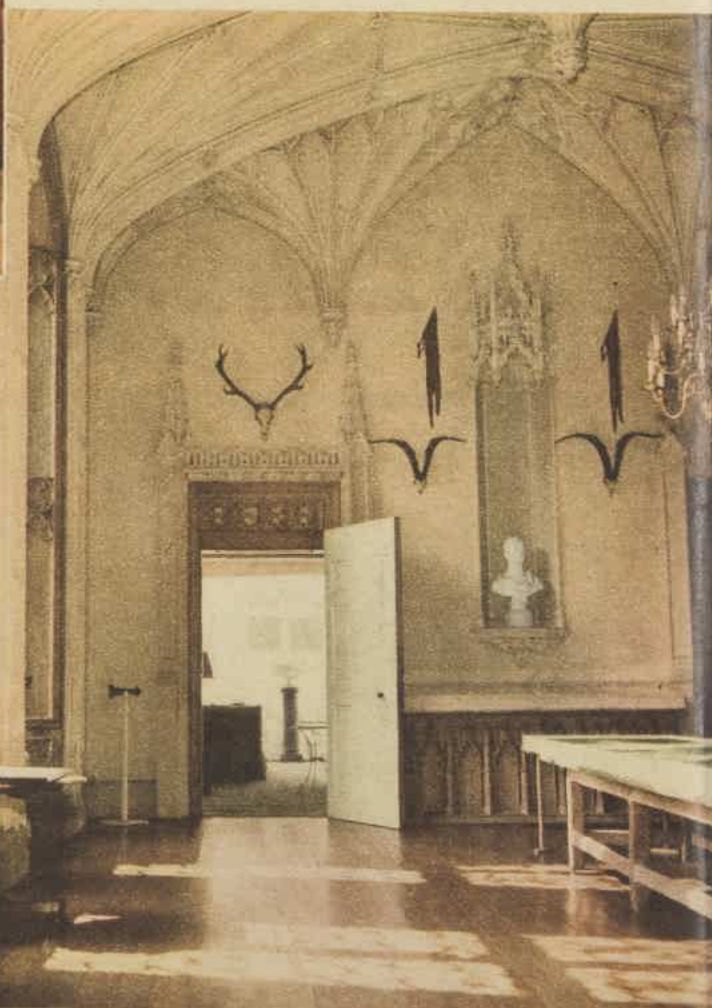
At the Norman Conquest, the estate was given to Roger de Montgomery and held under him by a family who took the surname Blithfield; the Bagots were then living nearby at Bagot's Bromley. In 1360, the two manors were joined when Ralph Bagot married Elizabeth, the Blithfield heiress. The Bagots have lived at Blithfield ever since.

Elizabeth I was a frequent visitor to the home, and it is believed that Bagot of Shakespeare's play "Richard II" was one of the sons of Ralph and Elizabeth, probably Sir William Bagot, of Baginton, Warwickshire.

Since Lord Bagot, born in 1877, succeeded to the title from a cousin in 1946, Lady Bagot has restored many of the rooms as near as possible to their original state.

Much of the work was done after the Historic Homes Trust had made a grant to Lord Bagot and Lady Bagot. Blithfield Hall is open to the public twice a week.

Pictures by MAURICE WILLMOTT, of our London Office.



● An elaborate Gothic plaster ceiling, designed by Bernasconi about 1820, hides the original oak beams of the Great Hall, one of Blithfield's most impressive rooms. In a glass case on the centre table is the Bagot pedigree, dating from 1067.



● The many buildings of Blithfield Hall (above) appear at first sight to be one, being joined by battlemented walls and a tall, turreted gateway. The hall is believed to have been rebuilt in 1398, when an action was brought against Robert Stanlove for "negligent and unskilful" work. Through the centuries the family has made many alterations and additions to the house.

● The Orangery (below, right), built in the 18th century by Samuel Wyatt, faces the rose garden on the north front of the house. Beyond, its architecture in complete contrast, stands the 14th-century church. It replaces an older building, for mention is made in the Domesday Book of a priest there in 1086. In 1769, a moat which surrounded the Hall was filled in.



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FATHER



"I heard you say yourself it was an old rag."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Too late . . . it says: 'Shake well BEFORE taking.'"

It seems to me

IT was a sparkling sunny morning and there were only a few passengers on the Seine boat.

I was as happy as a bird, partly because Paris was living up to expectations, partly because I had had that eight hours' sleep all travellers should have unless they wish to drop dead.

"We've quarrelled more in this 25 days than in 25 years," the placid grey-haired American was telling me. "Eleven countries in 25 days gets pretty confusing. These pictures the wife is taking (click went her shutter on Notre Dame) will help us sort out our impressions when we get back to New York tomorrow night."

"We went to the opera last night—the wife has a bug for opera and ballet—and when we got back to the hotel she thought she'd lost her address book. I was frightened she would have a heart attack so I brought her on this boat to calm her down."

By now I feared that his wife might overhear and be cross. But click went her camera shutter again. "There," she said, "I can show our friends the nice Australian lady we met on the Seine."

FROM the moment the airport bus conductor patted my hand as he took my 300-francs fare from Le Bourget Airport, I knew I was going to enjoy Paris.

Actually this gesture does not reflect any true affection held by Parisians for tourists but it was a good omen. Then, too, the long dry summer, despair of farmers on both sides of the Channel, still lingered on.

"You're not seeing it at its best" mourned Australian friends. But Paris even when her dress is dusty is still elegant and beautiful.

THE city was jammed. Hotel beds were as hard to get as in Sydney at Showtime. But the room friends found for me at Le Daunou just off Rue de la Paix was exactly right for one's first visit.

There are plenty grander hotels in Paris and there are some cheaper if you like making bathing an adventure. But you could hardly have better value for the money than the faded splendor of my red-carpeted apartment with its green velvet and gilt chairs, its view of rooftops from the window and, final touch—a nude over the bed. Admittedly it's a very bad painting—one could describe it as a chocolate-box nude.

The bathroom was big enough to live in. I even enjoyed the distant knocking noise that always accompanied the letting out of bathwater. It reminded me of that French story in which the wife denied that her lover was hiding in the bedroom; so the husband bricked up the corner of the bedroom where the lover hid. "But you said there was no-one there," the husband said (if my memory is accurate). The lover made tapping noises which grew fainter till he died.

By



Dorothy Drach
in Paris

TRAVEL teaches you a sort of interesting things.

For instance you need your flat shoes not so much for cobblestones as for the uneven parquet floors of palaces and galleries.

I went to The Louvre in high-heeled shoes and wrote off to experience. So I wore my flatties to Versailles.

For galleries and museums the first-time tourist has an interesting choice. She can battle her way round alone and not see very much because she gets lost (I did this at The Louvre).

Or she can join a guide party and not see very much because of the crush (I did this at Versailles).

To be honest there is a third way. You can be taken to see something beautiful by someone who knows it well. And I was lucky enough to see Chartres Cathedral that way.

A GUIDED party, however, is a worth-while experience even if you are too short to see over people's heads.

The exhausted glazed faces of overworked tourists, young and old, are a study in themselves.

"We are practically dead," said two 16-year-old American girls in The Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

"Why don't you stay in your hotel for an hour and have a little rest?" I suggested.

They looked deeply shocked. "But we've only got three days to do Paris," they explained.

Our guide was a pretty 23-year-old French student. She was small with a soft voice.

Two other parties continually tangled with ours. Ahead a ginger-haired lady battle-axe was screaming at her mob. Behind us a voluble Italian in a hat was shouting at his. So I didn't hear much. But I liked our guide best. One can always buy a guidebook and find out what one has seen.

I SUPPOSE there are people as silly as I am at finding their way about. In fact I know there are. I hear their husbands grumbling at them in lifts.

The trouble is that maps are always upside down for wherever you want to go.

Easier than maps would be little rhymes like the following:

Turn right for the Rue de la Paix.
On your left is the Place Vendôme.
Keep your head as you wander and
You'll remember the way to go home.

Perhaps some day I can go into the business of supplying similar jingles for travel agencies and hotels. I'm sure they would save a lot of trouble for people like Gaston, the grey-haired porter at the Daunou.

But even then I fear that most of the ladies would do as I do and ask just to make sure.

One advantage of a poor sense of direction is the triumph at finding a place by yourself. I won't bore you with the details but I can tell you that when I did this one day in Paris I promptly bought a French newspaper instead of an English one and sat down to read it over coffee in a cafe just like an old Boulevardier.



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Why mothers are always tired

by
JOHN K. LAGEMANN

Daily fatigue often has nothing to do with actual work

THE period of life when fatigue hits a woman hardest is during the early child-rearing years, when her job as wife and mother makes more demands on her time and energy than at any other period of marriage.

She has far more to do than she can ever hope to finish, and is usually juggling two or three household chores at once.

No sooner does she start on one or another than she has to stop and pick up a crying baby, or run after a straying toddler, or pull rabbits out of a hat when a four-year-old demands, "What can I play now, Mum?"

This doesn't happen just now and then—but seven days a week, year after year, with no holidays. If a young mother's job could be transposed to industry or business, nobody would take it. No wonder, while their children are below school age, some mothers simply resign themselves to an almost continuous state of exhaustion.

Does it really have to be this way? Can't something be done to relieve the young mother's burdens and give her more time and rest for enjoying life?

Leading authorities in psychology, psychiatry, and several other branches of medicine all agree that unfortunately there are no universal panaceas. An enormous variety of factors contribute to that tired feeling, and many of them cannot be changed.

But a better understanding of the nature and origins of her fatigue may help the hard-working housewife to alter some patterns of her life and to live better with those that are more or less permanent.

Long before science confirmed it, most of us knew from personal observation that there are two distinct kinds of fatigue. One comes from physical stress. It is the healthy tiredness that follows a day of hard, satisfying work or play. It disappears after a good night's sleep.

The other kind of fatigue has little to do with the amount of work a person does or the number of hours he sleeps. Victims complain

that they have no pep, no ambition, feel all dragged out, just can't seem to get started. They are often sulky, irritable, or frantic. Everything is an effort. They are "sick and tired" of the demands made on them by their family and friends.

This persistent fatigue sometimes comes from physical causes. Most mothers, for example, tire easily for a period of two or three months after delivery while their bodies are returning to the normal menstrual cycle.

Fluctuations in body chemistry during the menstrual cycle also predispose many women to tension and fatigue. And occasionally continual weariness is a symptom of high blood pressure, anaemia, under-active thyroid glands, or some other physical ailment.

Not sick

But in most cases the tired young mother has nothing organically wrong with her. The special exercises, diets, vitamin supplements, hormone injections, and pep pills so often prescribed to improve her health are likely to be a waste of time and money.

As Dr. Leonard Lovshin, of the Cleveland Clinic, pointed out at a recent medical conference, the average mother of young children couldn't possibly work as hard as she does if she were actually physically sick.

Tired or not, she is on her feet most of her waking hours, and she is constantly reaching, pushing, lifting, and bending. Time-motion studies show that she uses her muscles harder than most men performing semi-skilled jobs in industry. It's no wonder that at the end of some days she feels as if she has run out of energy the way a car runs out of petrol. "I'm worn out," she says, or "I can't move a muscle." Certainly the feeling is real, but actually it doesn't accurately represent her condition.

"Unless she's sick or has a weak heart, she never even comes close to using up all her physical energy," says Dr. Robert S. Schwab, Harvard Medical School neurologist.

His experiments at the Brain Wave Laboratory of Massachusetts General Hospital show how, as the muscles of the body burn up energy, they dump their waste products (carbon dioxide and lactic acid) into the bloodstream. As the wastes accumulate, the brain responds by calling a halt. Physical fatigue is nothing more than the brain's reaction to these chemical signals.

"It's a safety device to keep the heart and breathing muscles from running out of fuel," says Dr. Schwab. "But usually the fatigue reaction sets in long before there's any danger of that."

Dr. Schwab has tested athletes and found that even the runner who collapses at the end of a gruelling race still had a large reserve of untapped energy.

The point at which exertion trips the fatigue reaction depends on motivation or morale. If you're running to win a medal, you'll probably collapse sooner than if you're running to escape a hungry lion.

"A wife may feel so exhausted she can't move," says Dr. Schwab, "but the sound of her baby crying sends her sprinting up the stairs at top speed. She would also tap unsuspected energy reserves if her husband came home with news of a pay increase and asked her out on the town to celebrate."

Compliments help

Similarly, a compliment about the meal she has prepared or the way she has handled a problem in connection with the children can be more refreshing to her than a two-hour nap.

On the other hand, a husband's failure to notice her new hairdo or to remember their anniversary can take more out of her than a week's ironing.

A woman's feelings about herself and about

how much she is appreciated, however, are only part of the story. Our culture patterns and way of life may also add to her burden of fatigue.

"It's always easier to make the best of one's lot when there's no alternative," says Dr. Harold G. Wolff, neurologist of Cornell University School of Medicine and well-known authority on the effects of emotional stress.

"In countries where all women are restricted to domestic work, they accept long hours and hard work with little complaint."

"But in countries where they gain the freedom to choose between housework and a job in business or industry, the result is anxiety about making the wrong decision. This anxiety is the source of a great deal of frustration and fatigue."

Dr. Ruth Hartley, Professor of Psychology at the City College of New York and a leading authority on the changing roles of women, points out that "the feeling that she is overworked and under-appreciated is partly the wife's own fault and partly the fault of the times in which we live."

"The conditions which make a woman feel exhausted," says Dr. Hartley, "are to be found in the nature of the role she is called upon to play as a wife and mother."

What is that role?

Dr. Robert L. Faucett, of the Mayo Clinic, described it to a recent meeting of the American Medical Association: "It's really a multiplicity of occupations, including those of wife, companion, mother, sex partner, cook, chauffeur, financier, teacher, and often auxiliary breadwinner."

"Considering how little prestige a woman gets from doing all these things, it's a minor miracle that all housewives don't suffer from symptoms of stress."

In a study financed by the Baruch Committee on Physical Medicine and the U.S.

What one mother thinks

WHEN I was expecting my pride and joy I attended prenatal classes, did all the prescribed exercises, and had an easy, natural birth of a darling, dark-haired girl.

I can still see myself gazing at her among the ribbons, frills, and white knitteds, sleeping so peacefully and awakening every four hours for her milk.

Then, after a few months, oh, the awakening! She cried, and cried, and cried.

I took her to the Health Centre, but they laughed and said she was spoilt. I was beginning to have doubts about these bundles of joy.

Well, time went on, and after two years we had another daughter. More crying.

Gradually I left off doing all the things I loved, such

as sewing and painting, and found it an ordeal to get through the housework with the children eternally clamouring for attention.

If I let the housework go the kiddies were happy and I was unhappy, and vice versa.

More often than not my husband would come home from work, and, instead of the happy, well-groomed wife he used to come home to, a tired bundle of nerves greeted him with, "Where have you been—you're half an hour late?"

It just isn't right to wake up in the morning with the feeling: Oh, no! Not another day to face with the children! Not another battle of wits, and "Please, dear, don't scribble on the walls!" "Don't jump on the buffet!"

Visits to friends are definitely OUT. Oh, fancy sitting on the edge of a chair all afternoon saying, "Don't touch Auntie's crystal vase, dear. Don't drop cream cake on the carpet. Don't . . . don't . . . DON'T!"

At the moment my youngest darling is cutting her double teeth. I spend most of the day wishing it was her bedtime. Why must children get so cranky?

Now don't tell me I'm the only mother who feels this way. On some careful probing among my friends who have young children I find their sentiments very much the same.

I can't relax as I used to because most of the day is spent keeping an eye on the kiddies.

Another fable to be dis-

counted is how kiddies play together happily. More often they're fighting and pulling each other's hair, and Mum is trying to be the diplomat while her cakes are burning in the oven.

I used to like cooking—in fact, a new dish was a challenge, but not any more. It's an ordeal to make cakes and pastry while the kiddies are under your feet, and have more often than not got their hands into the ingredients.

While I'm writing this letter the youngest is pulling yards and yards off the toilet roll, the eldest is asking for something to eat—over and over and OVER! We had breakfast an hour ago!

Now I hope you don't think the children are undernourished weaklings, as they

are just the opposite. The eldest is three and a half and baby is now 20 months old, and they are the picture of health. Mum, on the other hand, is a bundle of nerves.

(The eldest is covering this page as I write, and asking what's for Christmas—please give me a drink—what's the time?—haven't I finished my letter yet?)

I hope you get the general idea! How do you retain your sanity with young children?

Not wishing to be the target of abuse from all those wonderful, placid, loving mothers, I wish to remain anonymous.

I love my children dearly—in fact, if anything happened to them I'd die, but why, oh why, must they be so—NORMAL?



It's a tough job they are doing

Navy, a team of psychiatrists studied a hundred chronic-fatigue patients, about half of them women. Like Dr. Schwab, they found that fatigue of any kind is a signal that something is wrong.

Physical fatigue protects the organism from injury through too great activity of any part of the body.

Nervous fatigue, on the other hand, is usually a warning of danger to the personality. Often it reflects the way the individual sees himself in relation to the rest of the world.

"This comes out very clearly in the woman patient who complains bitterly that she is 'just a housewife,' that she is wasting her talents and education on household drudgery and losing her attractiveness, her intelligence, and indeed her very identity as a person," explains Dr. Harley C. Shands, one of the co-heads of the Baruch project.

In industry the most fatiguing jobs are those which only partially occupy the worker's attention but at the same time prevent him from concentrating on anything else.

Many young wives say that this mental grey-out is what bothers them most in caring for home and children. "After a while your mind becomes a blank," they say. "You can't focus on anything. It's like sleepwalking."

At Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, psychiatrist Dr. J. Wendell Muncie analysed some factors which produced chronic fatigue in his patients.

The first on his list was "monotony unpunctuated by any major triumph or disaster." It sums up the predicament of many a young mother.

One of the most tiring things about keeping house and bringing up small children is the feeling of being carried helplessly along on a tide of washing, cooking, dusting, and napkin-changing.

The endless job

The worst of it is that mothers often feel they're not getting anywhere because they can't see the results of their work.

Helping a couple of toddlers on and off with bulky winter clothing may take half an hour. Toilet training, teaching a child to pick up his toys or tie his own shoelaces, all take endless time—day after day after day. With children, of course, you do eventually see change and growth.

Housework is something else again. A woman dusts the house only to see it get dusty, or washes and irons clothes only to see them get soiled, or cooks a meal only to start another a few hours later.

Just how bad this makes her feel about her chosen role was highlighted by a study conducted recently at the University of Michi-

gan. Sociologist Dr. Robert S. Weiss and his team of researchers studied 569 women, both married and single. "What are some of the things which make you feel useful and important?" the women were asked.

Housework rated very low in personal satisfaction for all of them. Fewer than half the married women said it made them feel useful and important.

The unmarried women liked it even less. Only about one in five said it gave her a sense of worth.

Among the women who had paying jobs, the overwhelming majority, married and single, felt that the jobs were more satisfying than housework.

This, of course, does not mean that a career is the alternative to fatigue for a young mother. If anything, the working mother may have more troubles than the house-bound young matron.

Tension and worry

Since her salary is seldom enough to permit her to hire full-time help at home, she still has a large part of the housework and cooking to do at the end of a day's work. Instead of seeing too much of her children, the working wife often feels she sees too little of them.

Whether a mother works or stays at home has little to do with another of the causes of extreme fatigue—tension and worry.

"I'm so used to feeling tense that when I'm calm I get nervous," a young mother told Mrs. Eda LeShan, a director of the Guidance Centre at New Rochelle, New York.

Mrs. LeShan has found that worry about doing the wrong thing takes more out of many young mothers—particularly first-time mothers—than the actual work they do.

The explanation is simple: When you're afraid of making the wrong move, fatigue makes it hard to move at all. And new mothers are constantly afraid they will make mistakes that will have terrible and lasting effects on their children.

"A mother doesn't get nearly so tired when she discovers that her child's problems aren't necessarily her fault," says Mrs. LeShan.

"Usually they aren't. She isn't failing as a parent when her child bites people at two, hoards his toys at three, is afraid of the dark at four, or shy at five. Problems like these are part of a child's normal development."

Being tiresome also comes naturally to small children. They never stop demanding except when they are asleep. They have absolutely no understanding of privacy. If they don't get a mother's full and undivided

attention instantly on demand, they nag or sulk or fly into a tantrum.

Very often, when she's tired, a woman will display some of the temperament of a child. She is, for instance, likely to use any excuse to weep or start a quarrel.

Quarrels aren't the only way to get rid of grievances. In fact, such explosions can usually be avoided if a wife feels free to complain about her work. It's a wonderful safety valve, and her husband should encourage her to use it.

He should also encourage her to pamper herself. A stock character in movies and soap operas is the giddy young wife who has not yet learned to take her homemaking duties seriously enough. But in real life the young wife is far more likely to be too grimly conscientious and self-sacrificing.

An occasional silly new hat, some out-of-season strawberries, or a new shade of lipstick can make her feel much less self-sacrificing—at least briefly. Similarly, a few minutes' singing or dancing with her child is fun for both of them and a good break in the routine.

One reason that young wives find homemaking so exhausting and at times so discouraging is that they hold themselves to impossibly high standards.

Instead of simply following in her mother's and grandmother's footsteps, today's wife has to adjust to new conditions. She learns homemaking from magazines, books, movies, and home-economics courses.

In many ways these agencies have done too well. In their zeal to instruct, they often go overboard on fancy recipes, elegant decor, and lavish entertainment patterns.

"Many a housewife knocks herself out trying to achieve a standard of elegance that is almost impossible without wealth and servants," Dr. Hartley has found. "The worst of it is that women hold one another to these standards on pain of being condemned as 'sloppy housewives.'"

Ignore neighbors

In the old days housewives also kept up appearances, but practically every house then had a parlor which was closed up tight and used only for company.

Modern wives laugh at this. The laugh, however, is really on them. For the old-fashioned parlor was always clean. The housewife didn't have to worry about people dropping in unexpectedly; it didn't matter so much if the rest of the house was a shambles. It does in modern houses. The only solution is not to care what neighbors think.

Some of the wives Dr. Hartley has inter-



viewed make a list of avoidables, expendables, and postponables.

Do the children really need a pet dog or cat right now, or can that wait till one of them can help take care of it?

The laundry has to be done, but is it necessary to iron things like underwear, sheets, pillowcases, and pyjamas?

Everybody has to be served at least three meals a day, but do they need fancy sauces and pastries and desserts?

Can't the dishes be allowed to dry on a rack? Or how about using paper plates and cups for the quick meal of the day?

All authorities agree that a baby-sitter, hired on a fairly regular basis, is one of the most useful extravagances to which a wife can treat herself. It's a mistake to wait for some special occasion when she and her husband are invited out.

The important thing is for her to have a little time she can call her own, even if she uses it merely to take a walk or to catch up with her reading.

Since the demands of housework and child-rearing are not very flexible, there is no complete solution to chronic-fatigue problems. Many women, however, can cut down fatigue if they stop asking too much of themselves. Inevitably everyone makes mistakes, does some things badly, and has shortcomings and limitations.

By trying to understand realistically what she can—and, more important, what she cannot—do, a woman may, in the long run, be a better wife and mother. Albeit a tired one.



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7. TONE TRIM Nightgown SW-OS, 49/11
8. BEAU LACE Princess Slip 32-40, 39/11 42-44, 42/11
9. SILKALURE Crossover Night SW-OS, 29/11
10. LACY LOOM Opera-top Slip SW-OS, 19/11
11. Matching Gussie Brief SSW-OS, 8/11

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



LEFT: Ladies' Day of the Spring Meeting at Randwick racegoers included Air-Commodore R. F. M. Green and Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green wore a white silk dress patterned in shades of brown and yellow.

ONE art exhibition I'm not going to miss will be held at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach, on Sunday, October 25, in aid of the Surf Club. Pictures by Robert Johnson, Sali Herman, James R. Jackson, Adrian Feint, H. A. Hanke, Lloyd Rees, Sid Long, and many others will be on view.

A buffet luncheon will be served, too, and this is being arranged by a committee of Pacific Club members headed by Mrs. Noel Walker, of Kilgarrua.

"I'm not going to tell you about the luncheon," Mrs. Walker said. "That would spoil the surprise. But it's a fork lunch, two courses, and we hope it'll be out of doors."

CONGRATULATIONS from as far afield as Canada and England arrived for Margaret Thomas and Herbert Dodds, who were married at St. Andrew's, Wee Waa. Margaret is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thomas, of Wee Waa, and Herbert is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dodds, of Kempsey.

SURFERS' Paradise honeymoon for newlyweds Judith and Francis Silvestri. Judith is the only daughter of Mr. Vincent McGarry, of San Francisco, and the late Mrs. McGarry. Francis is the younger son of Mr. Nicholas Silvestri, of Rozelle.

TOWNSVILLE wedding for Suzanne Champneys and James Rollinson. Suzanne's two sisters, Jacqueline Bell, of Denman, and Virginia Bowman, of Bowfield, Singleton, were matrons of honor, with three little flower-girls, Jane Bell, Victoria Bowman, and the bridegroom's sister, Anne. Suzanne and Jim will live at Jim's property, "Corca," Charters Towers.

PRETTY country bride was Margaret Smart, who married Anthony Briton at Holy Trinity Church, Orange. Margaret is the youngest daughter of the C. J. Smarts, of "Wilga," Trangie, and Anthony, of "Bocobra," Manildra, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Briton.

QUICK trip back to Sydney for Mrs. R. L. Alderson, of East Brighton, Victoria, formerly of Darling Point. Mrs. Alderson told me that her son Raymond was married in Perth recently and is now living in West Perth. The bride was formerly Jennifer Peet, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Peet, of Claremont. The Aldersons, with Mrs. Alderson's mother, Mrs. T. J. Buckley, of Dulwich Hill, flew across for the wedding.

THEY'RE engaged. Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Donaghy, of Mullumbimby, to Leslie, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins, of Kyogle. Beatrice Procter and Charles Blanks. Beatrice is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Joan Procter, of Griffith, and the late Mr. Harry Procter. Charles is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Blanks, of Wollstonecraft. Sandra Fanello and Ronald Spencer. Sandra is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. Fanello, of Kirrawee, and Ronald is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Spencer, of Cronulla.

GOING to a card party at the Forum Club on October 15 arranged by the St. Vincent's Hospital Ladies' Auxiliary. The auxiliary is also organising a Melbourne Cup Day luncheon on November 3 at the home of Miss K. Cockerfoot.

MUCH-TRAVELLED Marjorie Haven, of Neutral Bay, is due back late in November from a three months' trip round the more remote parts of Australia. Then she'll begin planning another overseas trip for next February, going via Greece and Turkey.

SAW Mr. and Mrs. Tom Croker, of Maclean, and Mr. and Mrs. G. Little, of Bundarra, among a host of country people who came to town for the wedding of Cheryl Croker and Lindsay Young. Cheryl is the second daughter of the Alf Crokers, of Mosman, formerly of Moree.



BLACK AND WHITE BALL guests included, from left, Prue Pratten, Colleen McGrath, and Barbara Potter, who were awarded first, third, and second prizes, respectively, in the "Best Dressed" contest.



LACE VEIL more than 100 years old was worn by Anne Giblin when she married Ian Sutherland at All Saints' Woollahra. Anne is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Giblin, of "Mullangah," Gulgambone. Ian is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sutherland, of Pymble.



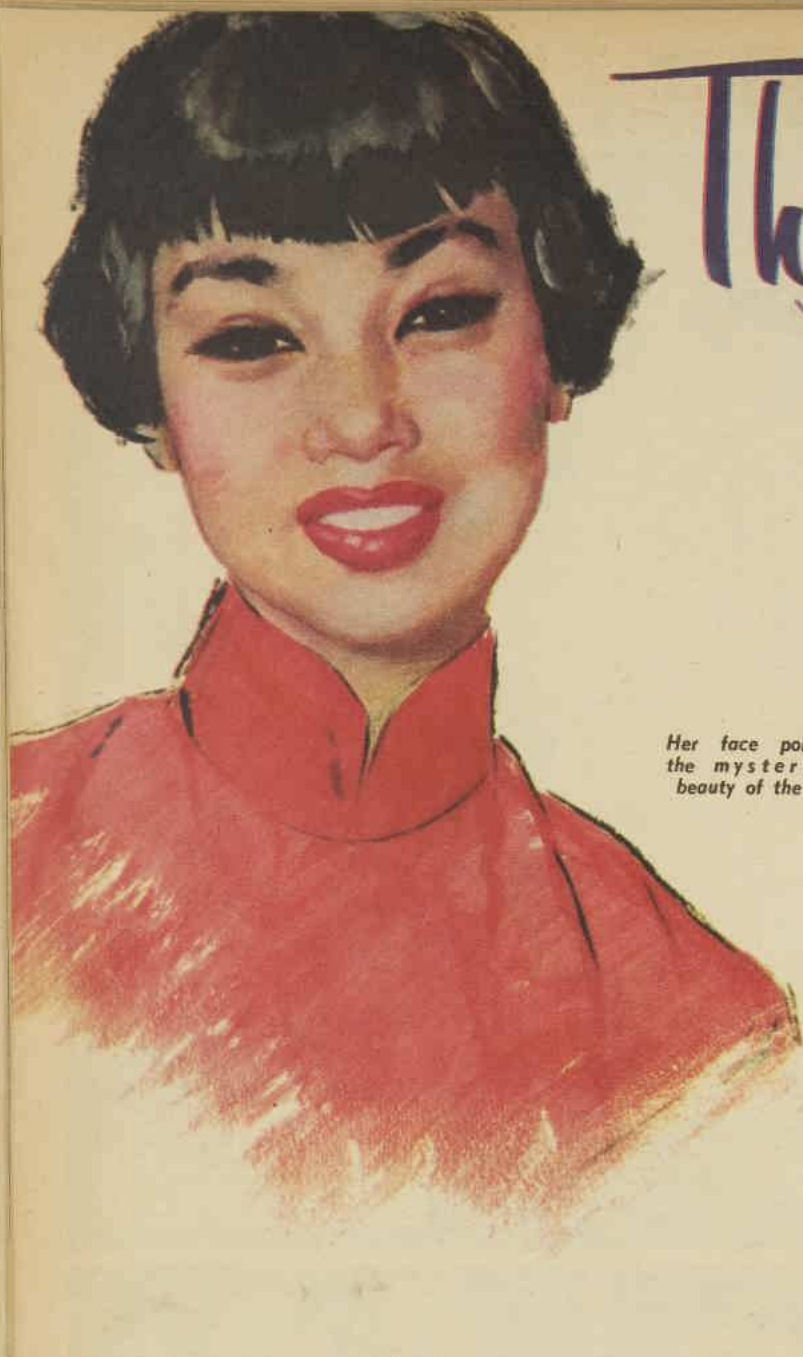
SHORE CHAPEL wedding for Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Litchfield. The bride was formerly Joanna Waugh, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Waugh, of "Stockdale," Gobarralong. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Litchfield, of Cooma.



RECEPTION at Royal Sydney Golf Club for Mr. and Mrs. Michael Forster, who were married at St. Stephen's. The bride was formerly Judith Kater, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kater, of "Gillawarra," Trangie. Michael is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Forster, of Cootamundra.



LEFT: Leaving St. Stephen's are Mr. and Mrs. Stirling Kook. The bride was formerly Helen Higson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Higson, of Darling Point. Stirling is the son of Mrs. H. Kook, of Temora, and the late Mr. Kook.



Her face portrayed the mystery and beauty of the East.

The Amethyst Cat

He thought it a rare work of art ... a short story

By MARGERY SHARP

EVERYONE knows that in 1860 far too much looting went on at the Summer Palace in Peking. Bric-a-brac carved from jade and crystal in particular proved irresistibly attractive to an acquisitive if not licentious soldiery. (Today, of course, such objects would probably be described as having been liberated.) The result was the dispersal through Western Europe of a great number of miniature Chinese masterpieces; and Sherrard, some hundred years later, thought he had his eye on one of them.

Sherrard looked through the plate-glass window at the cat, and the cat, or so it seemed, looked back through the window at Sherrard. It was a portly and sagacious creature, posed in an attitude of great comfort and dignity; about nine inches long by five high, carved from a block of amethyst quartz which must thus have been considerably larger.

The body was striated with light grey crystal, the mask and ears violet — almost Siamese coloring; but the broad, complacent face, sunk so reposefully upon the broad chest, had nothing of a Siamese's nervous tension. It was a Chinese cat — and, in Sherrard's opinion, a masterpiece.

Sherrard at this juncture, it so happened, greatly desired to make a gift of surpassing beauty to a young Chinese lady resident in New York. He therefore entered the shop and a moment or two later balanced the creature on his palm.

He could just manage it. For its size it was astonishingly heavy. It must have weighed about seven pounds. It was also astonishingly cold — like wet ice.

"Amethyst quartz?" suggested Sherrard. "Amethyst quartz," agreed the proprietress, with a polite smile for her customer's knowl-

edgeableness. She was a small, elegant woman, thus matching her establishment, which was situated in Piccadilly.

For his pocket's sake Sherrard had preferred less chic, but at the same time recognised that one couldn't expect such a cat to turn up in — to put up with — any flea market. "Of the finest quality," added the proprietress. "So is the workmanship. Turn him over."

Sherrard obeyed. The cat's underside was as exquisitely carved as the rest of him; four delicate paws, the claws withdrawn, were tucked neatly underneath its body. Near the root of the tail Sherrard made out a small, faintly incised Chinese ideogram.

"Have you its pedigree?" inquired Sherrard, without irony.

The proprietress shrugged. "Chinese and, say, eighteenth century. Not that I'm an expert. I bought it at a sale in a country house, because I was lucky; there were no Chinese experts there. And, of course, I know what my eyes tell me; it's the work of a considerable artist."

Sherrard's eyes told him the same thing. He appreciated it, it gave him confidence, that she didn't produce any tale of loot from the Summer Palace to put the price up. In any case, the price was quite high enough for Sherrard.

"Two hundred pounds," murmured the proprietress indifferently.

"I'll have to think," said Sherrard. "May I let you know tomorrow?"

Indeed he had to think. He was a foreign correspondent, and a successful, even a celebrated, one; on his pay and expenses he lived a thoroughly ample life; but to put down two hundred pounds cash — six hundred dollars, two hundred thousand francs,

three hundred and fifty thousand lire — wasn't a trifle to him. All the rest of that day and well into the night he mulled it over.

There were several reasons why he wished to make Maria in New York some exquisitely beautiful gift. In the first place, she was herself exquisitely beautiful, and like to like. (Her Chinese name meant Small Pink Lotus Bud at Dawn, and it suited her. Maria discarded it to become Maria when she so thankfully and enthusiastically became an American citizen.)

Had he been a millionaire, and had he known nothing of Maria but her appearance, Sherrard would have bought her the amethyst cat as a mere matter of artistic propriety. But he did, besides, know her — he'd known her off and on for some years — and had the greatest admiration for her character also.

Educated in China at a Quaker school, sent on a scholarship to an American university, it perhaps hadn't been difficult for Maria herself to acquire citizenship in the New World.

However, with incredible pains and persistence, as soon as she could support a dependent, she'd succeeded in bringing over her only living relative — an uncle so old and so useless that only a heart of gold could see him as anything but a burden. "He was kind to me when I was little," said Maria, "and I've got him off opium on to lemonade!"

For as well as being golden-hearted and beautiful, she was sensible and strong-minded. She had every feminine quality. Every time he left New York without asking her to marry him, Sherrard regretted it in the plane.

Why he didn't ask her to marry him was partly because he was so used to being a bachelor, and partly because Maria kept him always, very slightly, at a distance. She kept everyone, Sherrard fancied, slightly at a distance.

In the hospital where she worked as a masseuse she had dozens of friends but no intimates; as she had dozens of escorts but no one particular escort. Her reserve was like a delicate Chinese fan fluttering perpetually before her face, which she couldn't cast aside even though she wanted to.

Sherrard thought that at the sight of the amethyst cat — so surpassingly beautiful, expensive and Chinese — perhaps that fan would for an instant drop; never, if he seized his chance, to be picked up again.

He went back to the shop next day and wrote out a cheque.

Sherrard had known all along that he was buying no common cat; the personality it developed on the flight to New York was none the less disconcerting. It created difficulties and attracted attention all the way.

To begin with, he hadn't cared to pack it in his luggage. It was too precious, and possibly too fragile. (It might have survived at least a century of racketing about, and perhaps a century before that; Sherrard still thought of it as fragile, because precious.) So he stuffed it into his overnight bag, where its weight on the airport scales produced a startled query from the officer in charge.

"It's a cat," said Sherrard shortly. "I've a cat in my bag." Someone to the rear laughed, but the officer looked grim. "Livestock?" he inquired sternly. "No, quartz," snapped Sherrard. He pulled it out; the officer grinned and passed him — on payment of excess; and as they were immediately marshalled to their plane Sherrard boarded it with the cat under his arm.

Usually, the seat beside him remained vacant. Having dumped the cat down on it he left it there. The cat settled down very comfortably, but continued to attract attention. Sherrard was reminded of the one and only flight he'd made with his Aunt Gertrude — a charming and sociable old lady who'd apparently regarded the whole trip as a nice at home given by the airline.

Like his Aunt Gertrude — which was something — the cat made contact only with the nicest people: chiefly elderly ladies travelling with their husbands. One such couple — whom Sherrard mentally christened the Texans, on no other grounds than the man's broad-brimmed hat and general air of prosperity — sat directly across the aisle.

This lady in particular was perfectly charmed by the cat, and the cat, it couldn't be denied, appeared most complacently to receive her attentions. It didn't purr — it couldn't — but it appeared to purr. Finally Sherrard, who, unlike his Aunt Gertrude, felt no social obligations whatever, covered it over with his scarf.

He was none the less roused from sleep shortly before arrival by the Texan.

"Pardon me, I thought you were awake," the Texan apologised.

"At least I should be," said Sherrard — his Aunt Gertrude, as it were, reminding him of his manners.

"The fact is, my wife's taken a remarkable fancy to your cat. If I could get one similar for her I'd be very glad to know where to go for it."

"I'm sorry, I'm afraid this one's about two hundred years old," said Sherrard.

The Texan looked at it respectfully. (Somehow during the night it had got its head out again.) "You mean no one makes them nowadays?"

"Not that I know of," said Sherrard.

"Too bad," said the Texan regretfully. "All the same, I'd like you to take my card — just to show Maisie I'm trying. If you ever run across another and have the kindness to let me know, I'll be deeply obliged."

Sherrard pocketed the bit of pasteboard and tried to doze off again. But he'd been disturbed, for a man of his fifty years, too thoroughly; instead he sat and thought about Maria.

The cat dozed off all right. Sherrard didn't remember pulling the scarf over its head a second time, but when he looked again not an ear showed. It was thus in fine fettle to make an exhibition of itself at the customs, but, leaning on its age, carried Sherrard through without difficulty.

Sherrard reached Maria's flat about seven that evening. There were several professional contacts he had needed to make first; he'd had no time to get the cat wrapped, as he'd thought of doing, in some elegant packing. It was still simply muffled in his scarf. But as he set it down, so muffled, on the little table in the centre of her living-room, it presented at least an intriguing shape.

Maria was there waiting for him. He'd cabled her. Actually he'd cabled her twice — once from London, once from Gander.

"You are the nicest friend in the world!" cried Maria. There was still, even in the pretty, affectionate phrase, a formality: as though she offered a little poem of welcome brushed across a fan. She stood before him none the less so exquisitely beautiful, so explicitly friendly, that his heart rose. "And you've brought me a present from England!" cried Maria. "Really, you're too good!"

Smiling and eager, she poked at the bundle with a tentative forefinger. It was another of her charming traits that she was readily pleased and always showed her pleasure; yet Sherrard had no doubt that she reserved pleasure still in store, so to speak, that she would find the unimaginably right words of gratitude and admiration, when she saw his marvellous gift; that before the cat her compatriot, in short, the fan of reserve would at last drop.

Already she was more eager, more caught up by a flow of pleasure and excitement, than he had ever seen her.

"Do I unwrap it, or do you show it to me?" demanded Maria. "I'm not going to guess, I'm too impatient!"

"Sit down, and I'll put it in your lap," said Sherrard.

Obediently, Maria sat. She even (to give him pleasure) closed her eyes— and this momentarily distracted Sherrard, for he had never before seen Maria with her eyes shut.

She looked at once ageless and very young; her lids were the color of tea roses; and with irrational tenderness Sherrard realised that her lashes weren't long, as he'd always believed them, but quite short and scrubby, like little brushes.

"What are you waiting for?" urged Maria.

Sherrard pulled the cat out of its wrappings and set it down on her knee, between her slim, welcoming hands.

For an instant, undoubtedly, as she opened her eyes, the fan dropped. But only for an instant. Almost immediately her features re-composed themselves into an expression of extreme politeness.

"How perfectly lovely," said Maria.

Sherrard picked up the table lamp and held it so that the light shone down through the violet ears.

"It's amethyst quartz,"

"I see it is. Lovely!" repeated Maria.

With quick intelligent fingers she traced the curve from nape to tail, tipped the cat over, scrutinised its underneath, and settled it back between her palms. "Oh, dear, I hope you didn't pay too much for it!" cried Maria uncontrollably.

Then Sherrard knew that the emotion she'd so briefly betrayed had indeed been what he'd fancied it. For a moment, incredulously, he'd fancied she was disappointed. Now he knew she was.

"Does that mean it's no good?"

"Of course not! It's beautiful. Only if they told you it was eighteenth century, you might have paid four or five hundred dollars."

Sherrard was very quick-witted. He saw what was coming and got in first. "Of course it's only a modern reproduction."

Maria smiled with relief. "I'm so glad you weren't robbed—as people can be, quite shockingly! Now I can enjoy my present with a good conscience!"

She jumped up, and set the cat first on the table again, then on a stool, then on the

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Sherrard watched the old man as he excitedly examined the amethyst cat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 21, 1959

Illustrated by

Booth

Page 17

from page 17

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mantelpiece, seeking where it would look best; she gaily and charmingly made a fuss of it, even giving it a vase of violets to smell at, a little silver box to play with.

Nothing could have been prettier; but Sherrard remained unhappy. He was indeed in a most distressing quandary: the sheer costliness of the gift had been a large part of its point—a declaration, so to speak, of his intentions; yet he couldn't now admit to it without also admitting himself a sucker—worse, without bringing down on his head Maria's mingled sympathy and exasperation.

She had always an acute dislike of any kind of waste—in her early days in America, Sherrard recalled, how she'd worried over the crusts cut off from sandwiches!—and waste of money ranked next with her to waste of food. She was very nearly parsimonious.

Considering her starveling infancy, the trait was a natural one; for the first time, Sherrard found himself disliking it. He hadn't toted the cat across the ocean to have its price asked! True, Maria hadn't done so yet, in so many words, but Sherrard strongly suspected her of wanting to: certain of finding it exorbitant in any case.

He also suspected—too late, too late!—that she didn't much care for the cat at all.

"Next time I'll bring you a cashmere twinset," said he.

Undeniably, her eye sparkled.

"Will you? I'll give you my size."

It didn't soothe Sherrard's soreness that the cat meanwhile continued to sit handsome and complacent as ever, looking every minute of two hundred years old. It met Sherrard's gaze affably. All right, so you fooled me, thought Sherrard. (It didn't, oddly enough, occur to him that he might have been fooled by the shopkeeper; he was convinced that the cat had fooled them both.) But now you've run into an expert, thought Sherrard nastily, and as soon as I'm out of town you'll be put in your proper place—which is probably the back of a clothes closet.

Naturally the cat's expression didn't alter. Maria exclaimed afresh, that very moment, at its air of aplomb. Sherrard gave the impostor another dirty look, for his own aplomb left much to be desired—he having just realised the implications of his hasty threat. As soon as I'm out of town, he'd warned the cat; did he then mean to leave cat and Maria together behind him?

Wasn't he, after all, going to ask Maria to be his wife? And if not, why not? Because she'd wanted to know how much he'd paid for her present? Put so, the thing was ridiculous: there stood Maria just as exquisite as he remembered her, just as charmingly affectionate, having moreover, and at last, dropped the fan of her reserve—and moreover to reveal behind it the admirable wifely quality of concern for a man's pocket.

What an admirable wife she would make!

Sherrard glanced again at the amethyst cat, and the cat with ancient wisdom gazed back at Sherrard. (With fictitiously ancient wisdom, Sherrard reminded himself.) It was shocking, and it was completely out of period, that the cat appeared to murmur something under its whiskers about wives to keep men steady, but concubines to keep them young.

For a moment Sherrard felt he should absolutely apologise to Maria for the cat's immorality; but on second thoughts recognised that to her a lump of quartz, however masterly carved, remained simply a lump of quartz.

Which brought him to an-

other point. Beautiful Maria—sensible and kind Maria—lacked imagination. And what else do I deal in? Sherrard asked himself. I, the factual reporter, what else after all do I deal in? Don't I produce, for those who haven't the wit or opportunity to make them for themselves, the images of President, Prime Minister, statesman? Don't I image the whole world, or try to, in a column of print? Maybe it would be all right for me, maybe it would be even good for me, to marry a wife with no imagination at all; but somehow I don't think so.

Compacently upon Maria's mantelpiece sat the amethyst cat.

Sherrard turned back to her. He didn't know how long the silence had lasted, only that it had lasted quite long enough.

"Where would you like to go for dinner?" he asked uneasily.

Now Maria was looking uneasily at him. "My dear, I hate to tell you," she apologised, "but actually I've a date already. And it's one I can't put off—with a boy from China. A boy who knew my family there. It's his first evening in New York, you see; without me he won't know what to do with himself. You do, do understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said Sherrard.

"You'll see he isn't robbed."

Maria laughed in happy re-

A house without a
woman and fire-light is
like a body without
soul or spirit.

—Franklin

lief. "That among other things! Though tonight I think he wants to be rather grand and extravagant, to celebrate getting here!"

"Just for once I don't suppose it matters," suggested Sherrard, "if you keep him on a tight rein afterward?"

"Oh, I mean to," agreed Maria seriously. (No wonder the cat looked smug. "That's the sort of lad for her," it seemed to say, "a lad she can boss about; see what I've saved you from!" Sherrard ignored the brute.)

"SO I really ought to dress up a little," added Maria, now glancing frankly at the clock, "but won't you wait and meet him? He's studying medicine, and he seems to be really quite brilliant. Please wait!"

"If you want me to, of course I will," said Sherrard amiably.

He felt suddenly flat—flat and sore. He wasn't yet grateful to the cat at all. He felt let down. For nothing had turned out as he'd planned; even his own emotions had gone adrift, he didn't even feel jealous of the boy from China; and it wasn't exactly Maria's fault, so that he couldn't even feel angry with Maria.

His anger turned itself upon the cat—upon the smug impostor he'd toted home, with no other result than to put himself, Sherrard, in danger of looking a fool.

What's the Chinese name that means Labor in Vain? Sherrard mentally inquired of the amethyst cat. You should know: it's yours.

He had been alone perhaps five minutes (while Maria dressed up) when the door discreetly opened. The old party who now joined him, however, was in appearance at least less discreet than showy.

Maria's efforts to turn her uncle into a 100 per cent.

American had in one respect succeeded only too well: he wore a tropical shirt. There were flowers upon it, also bathing beauties; but above its brilliant uninhibited coloring a face like an old walnut peered incongruously diffident, humble, and submissive.

"I beg pardon," murmured Maria's uncle. "I did not know anyone present."

"Don't go, come on in and keep me company," said Sherrard. "I'm just waiting to meet Maria's new beau."

It was as incongruous to him, that slangy turn of phrase, as was a tropical shirt on Maria's uncle. Sherrard recognised it at once; recognising also that he wasn't quite himself.

FORTUNATELY, the old man, it seemed, recognised nothing but a permission to enter; he sidled in, bowing politely, with a smile that revealed a splendid set of false teeth. Sherrard was again aware of an incongruity; they were so wonderfully confident, those splendid American dentures, yet the old man's smile remained humble.

"Your company will give me great pleasure," Sherrard corrected himself. "Perhaps you remember me? My name is Sherrard."

Extraordinarily, to this overture there was no response at all.

The old man mightn't even have heard. It was extraordinary indeed: one moment all his attention was fixed on Sherrard, the next it had flown away; one moment his eyes dropped humbly before the stranger, the next they were riveted on the mantelpiece.

With short, hasty steps he almost trotted across the room; pushed his wrinkled old face against the smooth complacent countenance of the cat, laid his fingers (like a bundle of bamboo twigs) to the curve of the cat's nape, touched the beast over, scrutinized it carefully underneath—and only then turned back to Sherrard.

Maria had always insisted on her uncle's speaking correct English, so that he could never say anything very quickly; but the words got out at last.

"How—came—this—object—here?"

"I brought it to give Maria," said Sherrard. "D'you like it?"

"I made it!" proclaimed Maria's uncle triumphantly.

"See, under, my mark!"

There was now naturally much Sherrard understood that he hadn't before. His thoughts raced. Poor Maria, to begin with!—had she recognised her uncle's mark, too, or only his general style? Or even remembered, perhaps, sitting under his workbench as he chipped and polished and engraved at that very beast?

In whichever case, what a facer for her, what a grotesquely absurd disappointment! And how well, in the circumstances, she'd behaved! Sherrard felt all his affection for her flooding back—not too strongly, not strongly enough to make him jealous of her Chinese beau, but with sufficient warmth to heal all soreness. Poor Maria, it's a wonder she didn't box my ears! thought Sherrard—and began to laugh.

Maria's uncle had been laughing for some time. He stood and rocked with silent, delighted laughter, the cat clasped to his bosom, all humility wiped from his face by an artist's giddy pride. Even his teeth looked very nearly natural.

"Listen," said Sherrard, "I'm taking that cat away from Maria and giving it to you. Back to you. You understand? It's yours. If you want to sell, I can give you an address where they'll probably pay anything you like to ask for it."

And if you can lay hands on any more quartz, or whatever else you carve cats out of, I imagine you've a very rewarding future . . . I see I'll have to say all this over again," concluded Sherrard, "so in the meantime, instead of waiting for Maria's wonder boy, why shouldn't we go out to dinner ourselves?"

There was a response, all right, then. Half incredulous, half eager, like a very old tortoise sniffing the spring, Maria's uncle poked forth his head above the cat's.

"You and I go out to dinner?"

"Why not?" said Sherrard.

"Chinese style?"

"Why not? We needn't," added Sherrard, as the old man appeared to turn something over in his mind, "disturb Maria. We'll just leave her a note."

But it wasn't Maria the old man was thinking of. Stroking a finger down the cat, nose to tail, "You are certain," he pressed, "it can be sold for much? For how much? A . . . hundred dollars?"

"Six hundred," said Sherrard—justifiably confident in his Texan.

Every tooth in the old head gleamed anew. "Then you shall be my guest, not I yours," pronounced Maria's uncle.

What an evening it was!

All the best dinners, Sherrard remembered once hearing, are eaten on credit; the old man's credit with a certain compatriot restaurateur appeared illimitable—especially after he had displayed the amethyst cat, which they bore with them. (It didn't even have to suffer the indignity of being left in pawn.)

They dined, with intervals for conversation, while special dishes were being cooked, or special delicacies sent out for, until well past midnight.

Sherrard was rather queasy next day, and so, as reported by Maria, was her uncle.

"Where did you two go, for heaven's sake?" demanded Maria, over the telephone. "And why didn't you stay to meet Harry? We were disappointed."

"Didn't you and Harry have a good time, too?" asked Sherrard.

"Yes, of course we did," said Maria. "We had a wonderful time, we ate steak. But my uncle tells me you've given him my cat, he says now it's his!"

"As you always knew it was," said Sherrard.

There was a slight pause. Then to his immense satisfaction—what a splendid girl she was!—he heard Maria giggle.

"How could I tell you? But really it's the nicest thing that ever happened, my uncle is so pleased! And what do you think he means to do now?"

"I know; we spent last night planning it," said Sherrard. "He's going to go back to carving cats, and make hundreds of dollars, and put them all away in a box, and write on it, 'for Maria's Dowry.'"

Sherrard himself boarded the eastbound plane as usual unwed—unaffiliated—but not unhappy, either. He hadn't Maria with him, he hadn't even the amethyst cat with him; but felt both to be better off where they were, and at least it made for a peaceful journey.

He was, indeed, two hundred pounds to the bad, which he could ill afford; but there'd been something to show for it. An old man's face of bliss, as he looked down at his no-longer-useless hands; an old man's joy in dowering the kind child who'd succored him—

Cheap at the price; thought Sherrard; glared disagreeably at all his neighbors, in case any should be minded to address him; and went to sleep.

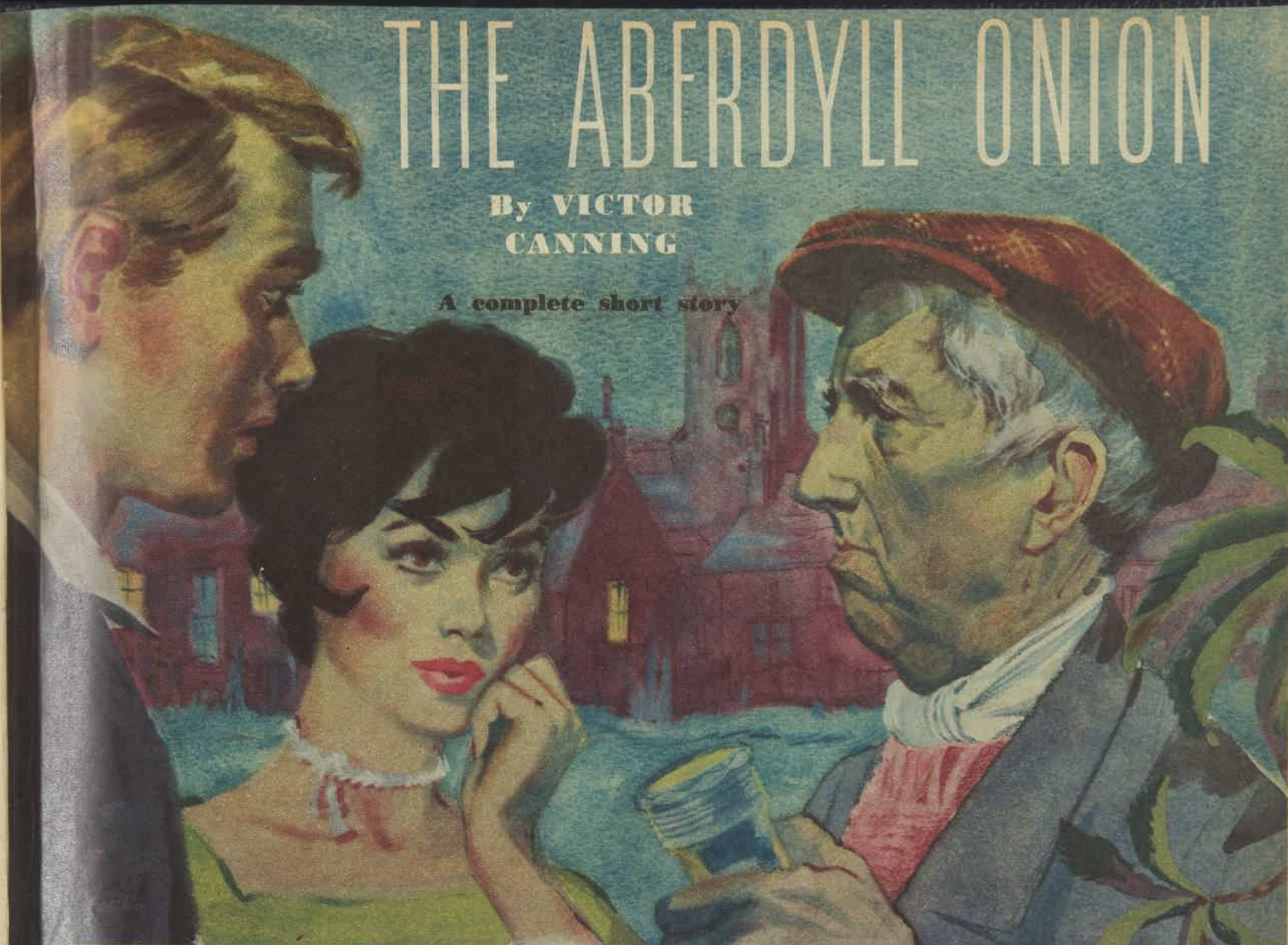
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 21, 1959

THE ABERDYLL ONION

By VICTOR
CANNING

A complete short story



ALTHOUGH it was only eleven o'clock in the morning, Sir John gave me a glass of whisky and a cigar as thick as a broom handle, and sat me down in a great leather armchair.

"Hughes," he said to me, "how long have you lived in Aberdyl?"

"Seventy years," I said. He knew it as well as I did, but Sir John was a great one for telling and asking people things. Little, fat chap he was, with a bald head and a ginger moustache, and a temper to go with it. I wish I had all the money he's made out of Aberdyl Onion Soup, Aberdyl Welsh Broth, Aberdyl Asparagus Tips, and so on, and all in tins.

"And not a thing goes on here but that you don't know all 'or something about it, eh?"

I nodded. "More or less, Sir John."

"And that's why I asked you to come up here, Hughes. Got a little job for you. Fifty pounds if you bring it off. A little detective work."

"Wouldn't that be more in the line of Jones the Police?" I asked.

"P.C. Jones? No. Good fellow, but he could be in it. Never know what a man will do when it comes to horticultural pride. He's after the Aberdyl Cup, too, you know."

"Ah," I said. "About the onion is it, then?"

"It is, Hughes. Some scoundrel has stolen Williams' onion. Two years he's won my cup, and from what I could see was likely to win it again this year. That would give him the cup for good and five hundred pounds. Wonderful publicity it would be for our soups."

Sir John ran on a bit, telling me about the Aberdyl Onion Cup as though I knew nothing about it. Every year there was a great competition for this cup at the Aberdyl Show. But more than that, Sir John used it for publicity for his tinned soups.

The Aberdyl Onion was something special. In all the papers each year. Entries limited to amateur growers in Aberdyl. Always a good deal of feeling about it in Aberdyl. Sometimes you'd get so that you didn't want to hear another word about onions . . . the right soil and fertilisers, and so on. Well — some of the chaps used to sit up at nights with their onions, talking to them, maybe . . . egging them on.

"Keep your ear to the ground, make some inquiries, Hughes," Sir John was saying now. "Let me know what scoundrel took Williams' onion. I'll make him regret it."

And he would, too, with that old temper and a J.P., too. So I promised to do what I could and went off to see Williams the Onion — that's what they call him, seeing he'd won the cup twice and had looked like winning it outright.

Dark, quiet young chap he was, strong chapel man, a porter on the railway, and a broken-hearted man. That onion might have been his favorite child.

"I'm telling you, man," he said, "it was in the garden at half past seven. I was working there. And then I come in for a bite of supper"—he's a bachelor and looks after himself in a bit of a cottage behind the station—"and go out again at half past eight just to see it's all right and maybe cover it from the heavy dew, and it's gone. A real shock. Day before yesterday it was. Big as a football almost. There's a lovely color it was, too."

"Who would you say had the nearest chance of beating you?" I asked him.

"Let's see now. Jones the Police might. Then there's Morgan the Waterworks. And Evans the Pub. Nobody else would have a chance. My own seed, you know. Special. Nothing left now but a big hole dug clean in the ground, man. No doubt whatever, whoever did it took all that soil so they

could analyse it and find out my secret feeding. I just can't go through the garden now, Hughes, man . . ."

"No footprints in the soil?"

"Nothing. They could stand on the concrete path and dig it up."

Well, I went along first of all to Jones the Police's place. He was out on his beat, but Mrs. Jones, a sharp little woman with four children, opened the door to me and out with it came a delicious smell of stew, rich and oniony.

As I sniffed at it Mrs. Jones said to me, a little quick like: "Our own onions, Mr. Hughes, and between half past seven and half past eight the night before last Jones was watching the telly with me and the kids. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'll have to go and take that stew off before it burns."

With Morgan up at the waterworks it was different. He invited me in and gave me a glass of beer and said: "Hughes, man, I'm a timid man. All my life I've lacked courage. Big dreams have been my share, but only little actions. That's why I read so much. I live in the imagination, man. I lack the courage to live in the real world."

He went on: "We Morgans are poets. Dreamers, not doers. Otherwise I might have stolen Williams' onion. Think of it, man—a soft summer night, full of the smell of the warm earth, shadows, a solitary light from a cottage window and me, spade in hand, stealing like a cut-throat through the gloom . . . There's a picture, look you." He put

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Mr. Hughes flashed his torch into the startled faces of Nancy and young Phillips.

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THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

Final instalment of our romantic serial

By **JOYCE DINGWELL**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

ESCAPING London's winter, PRUDENCE BRIERLY comes to Australia to seek sunshine and warmth, but gets a position as secretary to SMOKE LAWLESS, boss at Falcon's Neck, a section of the Snowy River construction scheme. Smoke immediately makes it clear that women are not tolerated in his camp, but the authorities refuse to cancel her appointment.

Smoke's right-hand man, ROLF, hopes that Prue's presence will make him see that the men would be happier if allowed to have their families with them. Shortly after her arrival at The Neck Rolf cuts himself badly, and it is then that Prue meets GEOFF LUCIAN, one of the camp doctors. He is attracted to Prue and continues to call after Rolf's recovery.

Geoff realises what Prue will not admit to herself—that she is becoming attracted to Smoke. WILGA

BEVIS, an attractive girl in love with Smoke, comes to see him at the camp and is very rude to Prue. Smoke drives Wilga back to town immediately, while Geoff takes Prue out for the day and proposes marriage to her.

A few days later Prue accompanies Smoke to collect the pay-roll, and on the way back they run into an attempted hold-up. Back at the camp Smoke forcibly disciplines the man he suspects.

Later Rolf takes Prue for a trip to Mount Kosciusko, and he also proposes to her, but again she says "No." On their return to the camp he is almost happy when he sees Smoke is jealous of Prue spending the day with him, which makes Rolf realise that this is an indication that his boss is in love with Prue. **NOW READ ON:**

AS Rolf had anticipated, the weather changed. It did not snow, but it promised to at any moment. Prue knew that one morning soon she would wake up to a white world.

Curiously, her double helping of winter no longer irked her. It was almost as though suddenly she had become indifferent to changes in temperature. It was not really indifference—she was aware of that—it was preoccupation. Ever since her outing with Rolf and his teasing words as they had carried in the hamper she had found herself becoming progressively introspective.

What did Smoke Lawless mean to her? At most times she despised him, but then there were times, unwanted but inevitable, when a sudden unexpected gentleness in him awoke something in her that could not bear close examination.

She had forgiven Rolf now his smiling impertinences and they were both firm confidantes once more.

In spite of the Ludwig episode, the men were anything but subdued, he reported. "There is a serious unrest, Prue, a grave dissatisfaction. Conditions are so good in this camp that such things should never exist. It sometimes takes the form of angry spates between old comrades over trivial instances. Just now Amedeo and Johannes are acting like children because Amedeo won the affection of Johannes' cat." He paused. "And then there is Anton Wolhar."

"How is Wolhar?"

"He is even more edgy, if that is possible. It does not do down there in the shaft."

Prue nodded soberly. "Perhaps admitting one woman was a bad idea."

"It was," agreed Rolf calmly.

As she had looked rueful he had hastened to add, "But even without your presence it still would have happened. Up till now these men have been fairly contented. They have been working steadily with one goal in view, the making of much money. Now they have the money, and they want to share it with the ones they love."

"They become restive. All but a few, perhaps, can control their feelings; Wolhar is one of the few. He knows what he wants. He wants his wife and his baby—when it comes—down here as well."

"It's not right," she said, incensed.

Rolf looked troubled. "I admit I am concerned. Wolhar is a specialist in his job. He works very far underground on the diamond drill. Nerves must be good, must be steel. Wolhar's now are not."

"Rolf, can't you talk like this to Mr. Lawless?"

"I cannot speak of it to him, you must realise that. It is something on which he is very determined."

"I know, Rolf, but why? Oh, I've heard about the small white crosses and the reason for their existence—at least I have heard Mr. Lawless' reason. But there is surely more to his aversion to women at Falcon's Neck than that; there is surely something more personal."

Rolf spread his palms. "I do not know, Prue, I only know I am very concerned for our future welfare."

He pondered a moment, then brightened. "On the other hand," he murmured, "we have advanced, if only a little. Have we not now in our once womanless midst you?"

It was good to be needed by someone, thought Prue, particularly since Lawless had been going out of his way lately

to indicate that apart from her clerical duties her presence here was not needed at all.

The next payroll day he ordered Rolf to make a third in the jeep.

"But Miss Briery, she is now your cashier."

"She did not make such a good fist of it last time. In an emergency I would have no confidence in her."

Goldy she stated, "I did a course in stenography, not in ballistics."

"In stenography you are useful," he damned her back, and left it at that.

All the same it was a relief to have Rolf with them on the next pay Thursday. She had not been looking forward to that long ride home in the half dusk with the wages at her feet and the revolver on her lap.

When they drew into Coora they parted ways. Rolf went to despatch mail, Prue to perform the errands that had been pressed upon her by several of the men, Lawless to attend conference at the Snowy Authority Headquarters.

They met again at Bill Fulton's for lunch. Prue had supposed she would wait in the lounge until the bank business was done, but after the meal Lawless rose and came round to her chair.

"Finished?"

"Yes, Mr. Lawless."

"I'm taking you up to the Authority to see a documentary film. I think it's time you knew a little about the project you are working on."

"There is no need to take me, I can find my own way."

"Is my company so undesirable then that you cannot bear to walk with me two hundred yards?"

"It is not that, it is—"

"Yes?"

"You have other things to do, you are busy."

"I am busy, but this is the thing I have to do. I cannot allow my secretary to remain any longer in ignorance. At any time it might show in any correspondence not dictated by me."

"I am not completely ignorant," returned Prudence. "You took me over Falcon's Neck yourself, and Rolf and Geoff—"

"Yes, Rolf and Geoff—they were full-day excursions, yet you hesitate at my five minutes' walk along a busy street." He paused, then said tauntingly, "Or does the idea of sitting in a small dark projection room with me by your side frighten you?"

She had risen. She said, "I'm ready when you are."

The Authority was five minutes away from the town. It was an imposing building planned with a view to further expansion.

He steered her through a doorway, down a passage, and into a projection room. It was almost full.

The picture started. It explained in maps, models, and photographs the Snowy Mountain Scheme for water and power for Australia's development.

Once when a shot showed shaft-work at Falcon's Neck Prue clutched excitedly at Lawless' hand. Instantly his finger caught hers and held them—but the next instant again he said "This one is at Goshawk. Recognise the layout?" and his hand was back on her lap.

He added his own information to the section dealing with irrigation which would follow in time after the harnessing of the rivers. When the result of regulated water was shown in breathtaking pictures of harvest oranges, gro-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 21, 1950

"I'll speak to you all in the morning. But go back now," Smoke shouted at the crowd of angry men.



hanging vines of grapes, he whispered with enthusiasm, "That is what we are working for, Prue."

She smiled in the darkness, aware that his spontaneous use of her name, which he had not adopted since their night on the mountain, sprang only from excitement. This man loved this scheme from start to finish. It would come before everything else for him. It would come before any man — or woman.

The lights went on, the audience blinked and became talkative once more.

Lawless asked abruptly if she could find her own way back to the hotel, did not wait for a reply, but nodded coolly and went.

Prue rose more slowly, feeling oddly reluctant to leave the small theatre. As she waited for the crowd in front of her to move on, she felt again for a curious moment the touch of his fingers an instant on hers. She came out into the sunlight and the feeling dispersed. She became conscious that someone was watching her. She turned. It was Wilga Bevis. Wilga sat in a car Prue had often seen at Falcon. One of the men's. Erich's, of course. Erich sat there as well, wearing his wide, pleasant grin.

Wilga opened the door and came across.

"Hullo, Miss Brierly."

"Good afternoon, Miss Bevis."

"Still among the four hundred?"

"Yes."

"As I remarked before—nice for you, dear."

Prue stiffened. "Mr. Lawless is at the hotel if you wish to see him."

"I don't."

"Is there a message I could deliver?"

Wilga smiled a little tilted smile. "None that I can't deliver myself."

She went back and got into the car, Erich started it, and they drove off.

When Prue reached Fulton's the jeep was waiting. She climbed into the back and sat among the parcels. Lawless started off at once, evidently determined to make the Neck before dusk this time.

It was not until they had turned off the highway that she saw Erich's car again. Though it was in the distance she could see it still held two.

Rolf took no notice, neither did Lawless. The trip was uneventful. They reached Falcon in an hour.

When they turned the final sharp bend Erich's car was garaged, but Wilga was leaning indolently against the verandah post.

A small distance away little groups of the men were watching her with warm interest. She looked, thought Prue, very lovely and very brilliant standing there.

Lawless leaned forward quickly and then straightened. Prue could not resist remarking, "It seems we have a visitor." He did not answer her and he stopped the car no more abruptly than usual and took the ordinary time to alight.

Deliberately he stepped forward, hesitated an infinitesimal second, then in full view of anyone who was there to see deliberately bent over from his great height and kissed the vivid poppy of a girl. "Wilga, you again," he said.

Prue gathered as many parcels as she could, ran indoors, deposited them on the table, then went to her room.

As she closed the door behind her she was aware that her heart was pounding violently.

She heard steps along the corridor, and then the door opened. Smoke Lawless came in and said casually, "Wilga is staying." He glanced towards the darkening window. "It would be too late to get her home tonight. I was wondering if you had any objection to her rooming with you."

In a flash Prue's presence of sophistication was gone. Turning on him, she said, "Yes, I do mind, I mind very much."

"Surely you have shared before. Don't tell me that that little cupboard of a flat of yours in London held two bedrooms." His tone was caustic.

"You know nothing of my flat in London."

"I know London."

"A man from Snowy River," she jeered, and had the satisfaction of seeing an angry pulse come to life in his temple.

"I am not entirely an isolationist," he flung. "I have travelled. But this is getting us nowhere, Miss Brierly. I am doing you the courtesy of asking you will you share your room."

For reply she turned and began gathering a few essentials together. Her face was flaming, her hands trembled as she bundled dressing-gown, pyjamas, toilet needs.

"What are you doing?"

"Moving out for Miss Bevis."

"That is not necessary."

"To me it is."

"Very well, then move."

He turned and went to the door, then turned again.

"Dinner will be at the usual time and you will attend. I mean by that I will tolerate no subterfuges of headaches, indispositions, the like. That is an order."

He turned again and this time he went.

The meal went smoothly enough. It was not until they were sitting in the lounge drinking coffee that the trouble began.

Rolf heard it first and his brows rose steeply. Prue, seeing his look, listened. . . then she heard it.

It was a steady tramp of men's feet climbing the ladder stairs.

On they came, on. . . Then all but one pair paused there. That other pair did not pause.

Without warning the man burst into the room. It was

To page 43

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A short short story
By ARTHUR GORDON



Illustrated by Phillips
Cecilia Jennison knelt down in front of her daughter, Lisa, to pull the wishbone as her husband and Tom Barlow quietly watched them.

THE WISH THAT WORKED

WITH a sharp note to his voice, the bishop said, "I don't think it's funny." He stood up, and the young Reverend Thomas Barlow thought he had never looked more austere or forbidding. "It's in bad taste. It's irreverent. It's—it's close to being sacrilegious!"

He turned away angrily, as if he could no longer bear the sight of the vestry-room table or the offending object. And to tell the truth, Tom Barlow thought wretchedly, it did look bizarre: the great silver collection dish, and piles of small white offering-envelopes, the jumble of notes and coins, and, in the centre of this triangle, naked and unashamed, the well-picked wishbone of a large chicken.

"I suppose," the bishop said sarcastically, "this can be attributed to the popular custom you young ministers have of insisting that religion can be fun. Well, this is carrying fun too far. The Jennisons may be as gay and merry in their own home as they like, but this is the house of God!"

"Bishop," said Tom Barlow desperately, "it's not absolutely certain that the Jennisons did this. It's just possible."

"I," said Claud Morehouse, pink with the assurance and self-righteousness of a vicar's warden, "am absolutely certain. I was passing the plate, wasn't I? This—this thing wasn't in it when I came to the Jennisons' pew. When I got the plate back, it was! Nobody was in the pew but the Jennisons and old Mrs. Woodstock. And I saw her put her envelope in. So . . ."

"Thank you, Mr. Morehouse," said the bishop with the controlled impatience of one who has just barely learned to suffer fools gladly. "I don't think we need any further evidence." He moved over to the window, his profile hawklike against

the thin winter sunshine, and Tom Barlow felt the hollowness inside him increase. Why am I so afraid of the bishop? he asked himself. Why did he have to choose this Sunday of all Sundays to preach here? This—this wishbone business had never occurred before, and probably never would again. Why did the bishop have to be here? Why?

The bishop wheeled round. "I think this is an important issue, Barlow. If these people get away with this—this indignity, talk about it, brag about it, the prestige of the church will suffer and your influence as vicar—" he hesitated grimly—"will diminish. I therefore wish an apology, a written apology, which you will obtain without delay. In fact, I suggest you go and get it now."

"Now?" echoed the young Mr. Barlow feebly. "Now," said the bishop. "And take that—that object with you!"

Driving through the quiet streets, Tom Barlow felt his distaste for his mission grow stronger every minute. It was true enough that during his brief time at Trinity Church he had been trying to attract people like the Jennisons: young, gay, the married-cocktail set, some of his parishioners called them. It was also true that Cecilia Jennison looked like a fashion model with her great topaz eyes and expensive clothes, and Keith Jennison had the careless sort of assurance that sometimes made Tom Barlow feel uncomfortable. But when they sat in church, as they did now and then, with their seven-year-old daughter, Lisa, beside them, they made a handsome sight.

What if they did come mainly to keep up appearances, as Claud Morehouse said, adding somewhat spitefully that they needed to. What if they were a part of the moneyed cocktail crowd? That was the

group where divorce was most prevalent, wasn't it? The group where the church had the least influence and should have the most. And what if their sense of humor did differ from the bishop's? One thing was absolutely certain: no apology would be forthcoming from the Jennisons.

"Lord," muttered Tom Barlow in one of the sudden unpremeditated prayers to which he was addicted, "You'll have to help me with this. I don't know how to handle it."

Crouching behind its emerald lawn, the Jennisons' house looked enormous. A uniformed maid answered Tom Barlow's hesitant ring; the master and mistress of the house greeted him pleasantly enough in the big panelled sitting-room, where the surroundings reflected nothing but opulence. And yet, it seemed to Tom Barlow, there was an undercurrent of something: tension, friction, unhappiness . . .

"A wishbone in the collection plate?" Cecilia Jennison's lovely eyes widened, then she burst out laughing. "Oh, how wonderful! I wish I could take the credit, but I can't. As for Keith—" she looked at her husband—"that doesn't sound like him at all! You don't know anything about this, do you?" she asked him.

Keith Jennison shook his head. "Not guilty. Old Claud must be slipping. He prides himself on never making any kind of mistake, but this time . . ." He broke off, frowning. "You don't suppose Lisa . . ."

"Lisa?" Cecilia Jennison looked startled. "Well, she did have the wishbone from the last chicken—at least, the servants said she did. We were out that day at the Harrisons, remember?"

"Let's ask her, shall we?" Tom Barlow suggested. "Perhaps, she didn't have anything to do with it at all."

The child came, still in her ruffled Sunday dress. She sat on the long sofa facing the fireplace, hands tightly folded in her lap. When her mother put the final question she nodded her head mutely.

"But why?" said Keith Jennison. "Why did you do it, Lisa? Why did you put it there? What on earth were you thinking of?"

Lisa bent her golden head until they could see the top of it. She said nothing.

"Tell us, dear," her mother said. "Nobody here is angry with you."

The child said, in a small voice, "I just wanted God to help me with my wish."

For a moment nobody spoke. Then Tom Barlow said, "What wish, child?"

The small voice was almost inaudible. "That Daddy and Mummy wouldn't fight. That we'd all be happy the way we used to be."

Silence sang in the big room. Cecilia Jennison bit her lip, her eyes filled with tears, she turned her head away. Keith Jennison sat very still, big shoulders hunched a little, staring at the floor.

It was Tom Barlow who finally moved.

He went up to the sofa where the child sat, looking small and miserable and lost. He knelt beside her; from his pocket he took the wishbone.

"Here it is, Lisa," he said seriously, "the very same one. But to get your wish, you know, you have to pull it with somebody. Let's see what happens, if you and your Mummy pull it."

He sat down on his chair again as Cecilia went and knelt in front of Lisa.

The snap of the wishbone was loud in the stillness. For a moment no one spoke.

"There," said Tom Barlow. "You've got the long end, Lisa. The one with the long end gets the wish. Your Mummy has the short end. When I was a boy, my grandmother used to say that the person who got the short end would probably be married soon."

The golden head lifted quickly. "Married soon? Married again to Daddy, you mean? Oh, could I be there? Could I see it?"

Tom Barlow stood up slowly. "Why, yes," he said, "I think that could be arranged, Lisa. In fact . . ." He held his hand out to Cecilia Jennison, palm up. "Could I have your wedding ring, please?"

She stripped it off with fingers that shook a little. He took it, handed it to her husband. "Now, if you two will just stand together in front of the fireplace . . ."

They obeyed him without question.

Lisa's eyes were like stars. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation . . ."

Heavens, the faint inner voice was saying to Tom Barlow, the bishop won't be getting his apology after all. But he found now that he was no longer afraid of the bishop. These were his people. They needed his help. Nothing else mattered.

. . . to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honourable estate . . ."

His voice went on, quiet and confident, in the silence of the room.

(Copyright)

● In personal stories,
seven women tell what
it's like to be married
to America's spacemen.

JOURNEY *into* SPACE

A THREE-PAGE FEATURE



● Around a full-scale model of the capsule their husbands will ride into space are the wives of the Astronauts — seven carefully picked military pilots being trained for Project Mercury — the great adventure in which the first American, perhaps the first man, will be rocketed upwards to orbit the world. Seated (from left) are Marjorie Slayton, Betty Grissom, Louise Shepard. Standing on capsule rim are Josephine Schirra, Anna Glenn, Rene Carpenter, and Trudy Cooper. Beginning overleaf, each wife writes exclusively for *The Australian Women's Weekly* her own intimate portrait of her husband, and about the hopes, the worries, and the courageous inner thoughts of a spaceman's wife.

Journey into SPACE

—CONTINUED

YOUNG WIVES' TALES



"I've never been nervous," says
MARJORIE SLAYTON,
wife of Capt. Donald Slayton, Air Force.

WHEN Don shoots up into space in that "Mercury" capsule, I think I will feel a great deal of pride and joy and confidence and worry, all bundled together.

Here is a husband, a father, just a frail man, but suddenly, with this great thing that he knows how to control, he becomes so much more.

I think Don's mother probably feels differently, although she doesn't show her apprehensions. A child is always a child in your heart, and that is the way I will always feel about our two-year-old son, Kent (above). But a husband is a man. He's a man when you meet him, and he remains a man.

I was working for the Air Force in Germany when I met Don. We were playing volley-ball and I hit a fast one and broke my wrist. Don took me to the hospital. He was so quick and steady and gentle that I knew I would love him.

Later, we bought a Weimerauer puppy together. I fell in love with Don when I saw him handling the dog, Acey, so tenderly.

We were married, honeymooned in Paris, and came home so Don could go to a test-pilot school. We still have Acey, but it's getting harder to handle him tenderly. He weighs 98lb. and stands as high on all four feet as Kent.

I have never been nervous about Don's flying. He is so steady and so professional that I know if there is an emergency he can handle it. And I refuse to get dramatic about the danger he faces.

This Astronaut, after all, is still my husband, and we have to try to live a normal life. Right now we are so involved in settling into our new home that there really wouldn't be time to act differently, even if we wanted to.

I don't have the furniture for the living-room yet. The curtains aren't up. And Don is rushing to finish a fence to keep little Kent from tumbling into the pond behind the house. If I worry about anything, it's about little things like when he will get around to fixing the closet door, and whether he will ever have any luck fishing.

Don doesn't get dramatic about his role. And like the solid Norwegian Lutheran he is, he tries to hide sentiment. But he has it in such bucketfuls that it overflows. He had tears in his eyes when Kent was born, and it made me so proud and happy that I knew nothing better could ever happen to me.

As the time draws closer for the first "Mercury" shot, maybe my feelings will change. I don't know. But I do know that one feeling won't change. I hope Don is the first to go, because that is what he wants.



"Space is a family affair," says
ANNA GLENN,
wife of Lieut.-Col. John Glenn, Marine.

RELIGION plays a very great role in our lives. We try to live it every day, to be consistent in it and not, as John says, to use it as an ace-in-the-hole to pull us out only in tight spots. You have to know this to understand John, and to understand my feelings.

When John was first called in for "Mercury" I wasn't frightened, because I didn't know much about it. I was proud and I know he was honored to be one of the 110 men considered for the job. We talked it over, as we talk over everything.

A few weeks later, when John was taking the pre-selection tests, I began to be afraid, and to think: "Is this really what we ought to be doing?" So I went to see our minister and good friend, the Reverend Frank Erwin, and we discussed everything from faith in God to faith in the Government.

Frank told me things I already knew, but it was reassuring to hear them from someone else: that there is no religious reason why mankind, and John in particular, should not explore space.

Since then John has told me and the children everything about the programme and the things he is learning. David is 13 and Lynn is 12.

This very close knowledge of what the men are doing and how they are doing it has just about erased the fears I had at first. The more I learn, the more confident I am that they won't send any of the fellows up unless they are certain of bringing them back safely.

Even so, I have to admit that sometimes, way down inside of me, I think: "What if that thing is up there going around and around and they aren't able to bring

him back? What would I do?" But then I laugh at the thought because I know that such a thing is an impossibility.

I don't remember first meeting John, because we were playmates before we were six years old. And I don't remember any dramatic moment when we fell in love. The love we have for each other is something that has just grown deeper every year since I can remember. It includes Dave and Lynn, of course, and we include them in everything we do.

At home, the four of us sing together every chance we get. On Sunday nights we always eat in the living-room, in front of the fireplace, and afterwards we sing everything from Broadway musicals to Presbyterian hymns while I play the organ. Sometimes John plays the trumpet—passably.

Whenever there is time, we pile into the station-wagon with the boat trailer hooked on behind and look for a place to water-ski.

Some day soon, Dave and Lynn and I plan to learn how to fly, so we can make that a family affair, too.

The children are close to their father and to me. It helps all of us to "live young" to have them as interested in what we are doing as we are in their activities.

This may sound strange, but we have all come to accept the fact that space flight—John's work—is a family affair, too.



"I'm with him always," says
RENE CARPENTER,
wife of Lieut. Scott Carpenter, Navy.

A LONG time ago, when Scott was at the University of Colorado, he and I went out of our way to isolate ourselves because we knew it would bring us closer together.

For our first home we picked a remote house in the mountains, seven miles from the nearest neighbor. Scott went out every day to chop wood from a pile of discarded telephone poles, then hauled it in to feed the stove.

It was cold and primitive, but it was a wonderful first year of marriage because it gave us a closeness we probably could not have achieved in softer surroundings. We still have it.

This closeness has been important to me because I know and understand everything Scott does. We talk for hours about the things he has seen and learned, and the thoughts he has had. I feel that I have been along with him on everything that he has experienced.

My feelings about having my husband prepare to rocket into space are not dark and foreboding, and they weren't when Scott first was asked to volunteer.

At one point in the selection programme Scott was at sea and knew nothing of a letter that came for him saying: "If you wish to continue in this programme contact this office by Monday." I called and volunteered for him.

This is not to say that I am never afraid. I still remember how I felt sometimes when he was a test pilot. If he was flying on a project and did not come home by 6 o'clock, I just knew I was a widow.

But we are so open and honest with each other about our hopes and our fears that nothing becomes frightening. We talk them out before they reach that stage.

In 1951 our six-month-old son, Timmie, died. Scott's faith in God and his own incredible strength brought us through that tragedy, and it probably made Scott more conscious of his role as a father than most men.

He is so intensely devoted to our four children—Scottie, 9; Jay, 7; Kristen, 4 (above), and Candace, 2—that he scarcely takes his eyes off them during their hours together.

When he is away, which is often during this project, Scott writes a daily log describing everything he has experienced, and all that he feels. Then he mails it to me or brings it home. Here is a paragraph:

"If this comes to a fatal, screaming end for me, I will have three main regrets: I will have lost the chance to contribute to my children's preparation for life on this planet. I will miss the pleasure of loving you when you are a grandmother, and I will never have learned to play the guitar well..."

7 brave women

"I suppose I'll worry," says
BETTY GRISSOM,
 wife of Capt. Virgil Gus Grissom, Air Force.

WHEN Gus got his first orders, we didn't know what it was. The letter only said to go to a certain room in the Pentagon. Nothing more.

"Don't get too excited," I said, kidding him. "If it was important they wouldn't be calling on captains." Then, without giving it a second thought, I said: "Maybe they're going to shoot you off in the nosecone of an 'Atlas'."

That night we heard the first description of project "Mercury."

I knew that if he was asked to volunteer he would accept. He was an air cadet during the war, but he never got as far as flight training. After the war he went to work for a company that made buses. But he was very unhappy.

In 1946 he decided to study mechanical engineering. It was hard, living in one room and trying to make ends meet on the G.I. Bill and my pay as a telephone operator. I worked the 5 to 11 p.m. shift so Gus could have the room to study.

"I want to see it go," says
TRUDY COOPER,
 wife of Capt. Gordon Cooper, Air Force.

WHEN project "Mercury" reaches the point that all of us are waiting for, when they are ready to launch Gordon or one of the others into space, I am going to be quite tense. But I won't be afraid.

I want to be there to see it go. If necessary, I will take our daughters, Camala, 10, and Janita, 9, out of school to see it, too. It will be a thrilling moment in all our lives.

I suppose I have an awful lot of faith in the engineering and technical skills of the people in this country. I don't worry about Gordon's aeroplanes falling apart any more than I worry about our house collapsing.

Being a pilot myself probably helps. I learned to fly in Hawaii, and when I met Gordon we joined a flying club together and trailed around over Oahu Island in a little Piper cub.

After Cam was born, we took her flying with us, but so many people clucked their tongues that we stopped doing it, even though it did not seem risky to us.

"I've been lucky," says
JO SCHIRRA,
 wife of Lieut.-Cdr. Walter Schirra, Navy.

THE day before the Astronauts were selected, Wally was rushed into hospital to have a small cyst removed from his larynx.

The surgeon had been rushed in, too, and he was quite put out when he learned all the hurry was over such a simple 15-minute operation. "They must be in a hurry to get you to the moon or something," he grumbled. We couldn't tell him, but he was closer than he knew.

Some of the men who were considered for project "Mercury" volunteered the first day they were told about the programme. Wally discussed it with me first. I told him: "It is a decision you must make yourself. But if it's what you want to do I'm all for it."

We talked about it for two weeks. When Wally knew enough about "Mercury" to be convinced it was a serious project and more important than the fighter he was testing, he volunteered.

"Just go right ahead," says
LOUISE SHEPARD,
 wife of Lieut.-Cdr. Alan Shepard, Navy.

WHEN Alan was taking his Navy flight training, he grew so impatient waiting to get his wings and the private pilot's licence that went with it that he charged out to a civilian flight school in his spare time to get his private licence there.

It is characteristic of him always to find a challenge. If he cannot find a natural challenge, he creates one.

Once he has learned something, he will not let it go. He loves water skiing. First he did it with two skis. Then he did it with one. Now he cannot rest until he finds a boat that will tow him fast enough to ski on his feet. But he is not daredevil about these things, and I suppose that is why I never worry.

When we first heard that orders had been sent to 110 qualified test pilots, asking if they would volunteer for space flight, Alan felt terrible, because he knew he was qualified but had not received the orders. Then he asked me: "How would you feel if I were one of the 110?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 21, 1959

After graduation he couldn't find a job that suited him, so he decided to go back to the Air Force as a cadet. Most of his pay was spent on rent, and most of the rest on milk for our son Scottie, who was born in 1950.

Later, he went to Korea and flew 100 missions in Sabre jets. That bothered me, but Gus told me he felt a lot safer being shot at than he did teaching cadets to fly. He thinks flying is less dangerous than driving a car, and I agree.

When project "Mercury" came up, I worried more about how Gus would feel if he didn't make it than I did about the hazards of the thing. Some pilots actually cried when they were passed over.

Then he made it, and I was every bit as happy as he was. He insisted he was going to be certain of coming back before they ever launched him into orbit. I just accepted that. It does not help to be afraid of something that hasn't happened.

The other night we were looking at a picture of all seven Astronauts. Mark, our 5-year-old, put his finger on Scott Carpenter and said, "He's going to go to space first and Daddy's going second." Gus laughed and said, "Oh, no, Daddy is going first."

I suppose I will worry if it is him. But I will be happy, too, because I know that this is what Gus wants to do.

Hating my husband become an Astronaut hasn't brought any great change in our lives. As far as Gordon is concerned, it is a lot of hard work, but he loves hard work.

We use our time together the same way we always have: taking the girls hiking, on picnics, swimming, and just being together. The only real concern I have now is in catching up on my sewing so the girls' school clothes will be ready.

I suppose many women would become impatient with a life that is as uncertain and full of change. I never know when Gordon is going to leave, and often I don't know when he is returning until he gets home. But changes, delays, and disrupted schedules are so typical of Service life that you just learn to accept them.

You learn to take the things your husband does in stride, too. I have already become so thoroughly immersed in project "Mercury" that I am surprised at people who think it is strange.

For a while in 1957 the first Sputnik was quite a phenomenon and people ran out in their backyards every evening to look at it, but pretty soon they got accustomed to the idea. I think this programme will go the same way. And I know it will work. It has to.

He is relaxed and very thoughtful, but when he decides that he wants something he goes after it until he wins. If he were not so aggressive, some other woman might be writing this now.

In 1945 my sister and I tried to ignore some wild young officers playing in a swimming-pool. As I got up to leave, one of them ran up and said: "I've been trying to find someone who could introduce us formally, but no one knows who you are. I'm Wally Schirra." We were married the following February.

Since then we have moved so many times I can't count them all. When Marty (right) was born in June, 1950, Wally hardly had time to see him before he left on a six months' Mediterranean cruise, and Marty has been in two schools every year since he started.

Wally travels a lot on this programme, but he is home enough to keep his close bond with Marty and our 2-year-old Suzy, who adores him.

Wally never broods. Neither do I. Maybe I've been lucky, but I've found that things I did worry about never happened at all.

"It doesn't really matter, because you are not," I said, "but if you were I would say just go right ahead."

The next day he came home for lunch beaming. His orders had turned up after having been mislaid on someone else's desk. I still thought it was wonderful.

Alan doesn't try to explain all of the technical aspects of his job to me, but he does put himself in my position enough to understand what might lead to apprehensions and to explain things before they do.

I suppose I have the same faith in technology that most Americans have: this continuous steady feeling that the wheels of the car will turn and the brakes will work when I come to the next stop light. But I am a Christian Scientist and have a strong spiritual faith. If the brakes don't work, I know that something else will.

I have never seen a missile take off, but Alan told me once about watching a big "Thor" go off at Cape Canaveral. He said no one could watch it without getting goose-pimples.

I am anxious to see one myself. I would like our daughters, Laure, 12 (right), and Juliana, 8 (left), and my niece Alice, 8 (centre), who lives with us, to see it, too.

But I do not want to be at the launching pad when Alan takes off. I decided long ago that it is not good to stand around and complicate things for him when he has a job to do. But I want to be there when he gets back from space.



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10/11

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Mothers loved children's "Plast-O-Shus" so much last year they asked us to design styles for grown-ups, too! Now dad and mother can reap the savings while they enjoy the comfort of the toughest shoes for summer wear.

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This dog is quite a "cat"

● Meet Sonny, a personality dog who is quite a "cool cat" when it comes to tickling the ivories.

THE piano-playing Sonny — black haired, brown-eyed, and aged almost four — is owned by composer Leslie Raphael, and lives in the Sydney suburb of Edgecliff.

Though obviously a born pianist, right down to his paw tips, Sonny strayed by chance into the world of music.

He's really a top dog who started life much lower down the scale.

The experts say he's part Labrador retriever — part kelpie. But he was just a humble, hungry "Edgecliff terrier" pup when he wandered up to the Raphael door nearly four years ago.

Since then he's been the pampered pet of Mr. Raphael, whose compositions include the theme music for the films "Jedda" and "The Shiralee."

During his first few months in Edgecliff, Sonny didn't divulge his musical talent. Whenever his master played the piano, he'd sit quietly, watchfully, in the corner.

But you can't expect a talented musician to lead a dog's life all the time.

And so Sonny's first notes were heard one day when he knew his master was busy in the kitchen preparing his lunch.

Puzzled by the strange "melody," Mr. Raphael hurried to the sitting-room — to find Sonny seated on the piano stool, banging his front paws up and down the keyboard in the best professional style.

After that, Sonny revelled in any chance to face the music.

When he got loose in the sitting-room he'd paw out a few bars with all the enthusiasm — if not quite the skill — of a Liberace.

When I met Sonny he was dressed in his concert-best red collar and white bow-tie.

Normally he'd have been wearing a Maurice Chevalier-style straw boater, too, but

in a touch of musical temperament before his "command performance" he'd bitten his way through the doggone thing.

Temperament was soon forgotten, though. There's nothing Sonny likes better than an audience, and he gave a star performance.

Unfortunately Sonny lost one of his greatest fans a few months ago when Oswald left the Raphael household.

Oswald was a white rabbit who'd arrived a year earlier in a bow-bedecked box as a New Year's Eve joke.

It was a joke that stuck, for Mr. Raphael didn't have the heart to get rid of the rabbit. And Oswald soon became a staunch friend of Sonny's and a patient listener to his doggerel music.

But then Oswald made bunnies out of the entire household by nibbling his way through a guest's suit coat during one of Sonny's concerts. And that's when Oswald got his one-way ticket to the zoo.

Before Sonny had time to miss him too much, a galah called Hans became a flighty new addition to the household.

Now Hans sits on the piano whenever Sonny plays, but he's not quite the patient listener Oswald was.

In fact, he's jealous of the attention Sonny receives from guests, and at the height of the canine concerts interrupts with a shrill "Come here, Sonny" — the only three words he knows.

But don't think you have to be a bunny or galah to number among Sonny's fans. Far from it.

He's the idol of the neighborhood, he's made a couple of successful TV appearances, and he gets quite a fat interstate and overseas fanmail from people who've heard him play.

And that's the story of Sonny — an extremely talented dog whose Bach isn't worse than his bite.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN



STRICTLY FOR THE BIRD. Sonny, after a piano rendition of the "Canine Concerto," plays and "sings" a few extra bars specially for his flighty friend, Hans, the galah. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



"MAKE MINE MUSIC." Sonny, equipped with reading glasses, settles down to the serious business of studying his music before attempting to play the "Canine Concerto."



DIG THAT MELODY. Sonny really gets "in the mood" during one of his command performances. And it's such sweet music even Hans is sitting up and taking notice.



PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE. Sonny, pleased with his performance, claps his paws. Hans, jealous of Sonny's skill, turns his back. But what else could you expect from a galah?

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Why can't a woman relax like a man?

WHY can't women let a man relax? Most men work harder in their given occupations than women, yet whenever a man settles down to rest when he is at home there is the same old call, "While you are not busy, dear, will you . . . ?" And it goes on year after year. Women have not the ability to relax, hence all the knitting and such-like crafts. They can't stand a man resting while they are up and doing.

£1/1/- to "Lounge Lizard" (name supplied), Stockton, N.S.W.

Fill 'em up

APPARENTLY the first thing the average Australian wants to do as soon as he hears he has won a lottery is to fill as many of his fellow men as possible with intoxicating liquor. With the year's road-death toll at about six hundred in New South Wales alone, and a large percentage of these accidents attributed to drunken driving, it seems to me that to celebrate one's good fortune in this manner is, to say the least, a strange way of showing generosity towards fellow men.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Laura Hawthorth, North Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Be unprepared

MY recipe against loneliness is to put on my oldest, most faded dress and clutter the kitchen sink with unwashed dishes. Then invariably a visitor will arrive.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Age of retirement

WOMEN often say, "I don't know what I'll do when my husband retires. Fancy having him round the house all day. It will drive me mad." When my husband retired at 70, suffering from ill health, his doctor said, "Keep him occupied. He will not live long idle." I took him out every day—gardens, beaches, and daily tram outings. I packed lunches and we had glorious days together for seven years. They were the happiest of our forty-four years of marriage, and I now have his diary to read and cheer me up with his happy thoughts of those days.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Florence Caldwell, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Sop to Pop

WHAT a farce Father's Day is to most fathers. Over the preceding twelve months he has been bullied, flouted, or completely ignored. If his opinion has been asked, it was only so that he couldn't say he had heard nothing about the matter. At all times he has been expected to comply with the wishes of one and all, without argument. On this one special day in the year he is supposed to be the grateful recipient of a three-and-sixpenny present, as a reward for his kindness and generosity to an adoring family.

£1/1/- to "Poppa to Six" (name supplied), Warragul, Vic.

Always a bridesmaid

• Mrs. J. B. Wilkinson asked (23/9/59) whether her sister's performance of being a bridesmaid five times and invited to fill the role seven times at only 18½ years old was a record. But several readers can beat that.

BY the time I was 19½ I had been a bridesmaid seven times. Since my marriage, at the age of 21, I have been a matron-of-honor on one occasion.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Noeline Scarlett, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.

MRS. WILKINSON'S sister-in-law does not hold the record. I have been an attendant at eleven weddings, six times as a flowergirl and five as a bridesmaid. A cousin of mine, Lois Grote, has been a flowergirl three times and a bridesmaid on seven occasions. On the male side, another cousin, Keith Nitschke, of Littlehampton, S.A., has been best man or groomsman seven times.

£1/1/- to Margaret Pym, Rockleigh, S.A.

WHEN I was 18½ I had been a bridesmaid seven times, and a few months later I again filled the role for the eighth time.

£1/1/- to Miss D. Vecchio, Ayr, Qld.

MY cousin, who is only 17½, has been bridesmaid seven times, and is soon to fill the role again. She has also been a flowergirl three times.

£1/1/- to "Sobber" (name supplied), Beechwood, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH only 16½, I have been a bridesmaid six times and invited to fill the role seven times.

£1/1/- to "Wondering," (name supplied), Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Isolated lessons

UNTIL making our home on an island at the beginning of the year, I had never realised the thoroughness of the Education Department's correspondence lessons. At first I had misgivings about being able to help my two fourth and sixth grade children with their lessons as well as coping with a two-year-old. However, after sitting up a few nights studying the instructions, I found my own sluggish brain stimulated; and since the children have been receiving this teaching as individuals they have learned self-reliance, their writing has improved, and I think they have a better chance generally than children in overcrowded schoolrooms.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. D. Smith, Eclipse Island, via Albany, W.A.

Accepting gifts

MANY people seem to resent being under an obligation to anyone. When they accept a present they immediately plan what to give the donor in return. If a friend brings a piece of cake they run to the pantry to give her a jar of jam. I think this swapping of presents takes all the pleasure out of giving and puts friendship on a business basis.

£1/1/- to "Mira" (name supplied), Killara, N.S.W.

Hand-feeding

TELEVISION is having a sad effect on children's table manners. Many eating the evening meal in front of the set are getting out of the habit of using knives and forks, eating like little savages, stuffing food into their mouths with their fingers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Massingham, Turramurra, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"YOU look worried," my wife said.

"I am worried," I replied.

"What about?"

"Jam. A jam manufacturer says it is taking a hiding. It is losing its popularity. They can't get enough money for jam."

"That's very sad," she said. "Cheer up, though. Think about peanut butter instead."

But I could not. It was distressing for me to see jam in a jam.

My love of it began early in life. Persons who should know have told me that when I was a child my face was often smeared with jam.

It is somewhat cleaner now, but jam still goes into it. I wipe lots of jam off my children's faces.

You do not fully appreciate this country's glorious jams until you go abroad.

Large areas of the world, you find, are almost jamless. In Europe you have to battle to get it. After a fuss they bring you a speck of inferior jam in a tiny little jar that

JAM TODAY

looks as if it has been borrowed from a doll's house.

America, jam-wise, is not much better.

Why is jam having such a sticky time?

I think it is handicapped, like tripe, by its homely name.

Jam, one must face it, does not sound glamorous. There is an un-



pleasant nervous condition known as the jam-jams.

A lady of fashion will admit to gobbling caviare, filet mignon, and Camembert cheese. But she does not like it known that she has had

a good tuck-in of bread and jam—even if there is nothing she enjoys more.

Sometimes the makers try to give jam more romance by calling it conserve.

I have heard that there is a difference between jam and conserve, but I'm hanged if I can see it. The conserve name has not caught on, anyway. People still refer to jam as jam.

If it is to make a comeback, there will have to be a campaign to foster jam-mindedness. I suspect that the makers are sitting too complacently on their jam.

They must remind the public of its splendid past. When the Queen of Hearts made some tarts, what sort were they? Jam tarts.

Famous swimmers and cricketers should be persuaded to testify that they train on jam. Lovely actresses could declare that they owe their beauty to jam (by eating it, that is, not by rubbing it on their faces).

I believe that we jam-lovers can still save jam if we only stick together.

CHILDREN'S PARTY TREATS-WITHOUT COOKING



Children love these dreamy "Cookless Specials" you make with COPHA



"Even a little girl can make these exciting party surprises," says Betty King, Home Economist of World Brands.

The secret is Copha's famous Melt 'n' Mix method; only one mixing bowl and a few minutes needed! The "sweet-tooths" will purr with pleasure—but, (whisper it!) these treats are really wholesome.

FRUIT AND NUT SLICES

Crush finely 1 lb. plain biscuits with a rolling pin, combine in basin with 3 oz. (1 cup firmly packed) brown sugar, 3 level dessertspoons cocoa and 1 level teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup chopped, dried fruit and 1 cup crushed nuts. Melt 4 oz. Copha shortening (it should be warm, not hot) and mix in 3 tablespoons dark jam, one tablespoon each milk and orange juice. Add liquids to dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Knead the mixture (in the basin) with the hands. Shape into a roll about 1½" diameter, and roll in coconut. Wrap in grease-proof paper, and chill until firm. Cut into slices before serving.

CREAMY COCONUT ICE

Place in basin 1 lb. icing sugar—sifted, ½ lb. coconut, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 2 egg whites (slightly beaten). Melt 4 oz. Copha Shortening over gentle heat—it should be barely warm, not hot. Pour onto ingredients in basin and mix to combine thoroughly. Press half mixture into shallow cake tin (8" or 7" square). Colour remaining mixture pale pink and press onto white mixture. Stand in a cool place until firm and cut into blocks.

MOCHA FUDGE

Sift 1 lb. icing sugar and 4 level tablespoons cocoa into basin. Add egg, ½ lb. fine coconut, 1 oz. chopped nuts and 1½ cups chopped raisins or dates. Melt 4 oz. Copha Shortening—it should be barely lukewarm. Add 1 tablespoon each lemon juice and coffee essence. Pour onto ingredients in basin and mix well to a soft mixture. Press out into a shallow cake tin (7" square) lined with grease-proof paper. Stand in a cool place or refrigerator until firm, cut into blocks.

Recipes forwarded monthly—to holders of Betty King's easy-reference Recipe Folder. The folder costs only 2/6, including postage, from "Betty King," Box 3680, G.P.O. Sydney.

CO. 50 HPC



Veal turns into chicken in this

Chicken Veal Mornay

Here's how Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup helps you to perform miracles with inexpensive meals.



BETTY KING RECIPES

Cook 1 pkt. Continental Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups water 7 mins. Melt 1 oz. Copha and mix in 3 level tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup milk and the soup, stir till boiling. Mix in ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ cups diced cooked veal. Place in ovenware dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and 1 cup buttered bread cubes. Brown in moderate oven.

Soup works wonders in these recipes, too!

RAGOUT OF BEEF AND MUSHROOM

Made with Continental brand Mushroom Soup—Cut 1½ lb. bladebone steak into cubes and cover well with 3 level tablespoons flour. Fry till well browned in 1 oz. Copha. Add a diced onion and brown lightly. Mix in 1 pkt. Continental Mushroom Soup, blended with 1 pt. water and stir till boiling. Add 1 cup sliced carrots and ½ cup each sliced parsnips and celery. Cover and simmer 1½ hours. Serve hot with savoury rice or fluffy mashed potatoes.

IRISH COUNTRY STEW

Made with the hearty pea and beef puree of Continental brand Pea Soup. Blend 1 pkt. Continental Pea Soup with 1 pt. water. In a casserole arrange layers of neck chops, thickly sliced carrots, parsnips and onions. Pour soup over these ingredients, cover and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove lid and top with sliced potato. Sprinkle with cayenne and bake, without lid, a further 20 minutes.

Betty King

Home Economist of World Brands

Taste that chicken—lots of it . . . because Continental Chicken Noodle Soup is so rich in real chicken it gives a real boost to the flavour of any dish. And that same chicken richness explains why you enjoy true home-made taste in the soup itself.

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W.B. & W.P.C.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 21, 1959





Now is
the time
for

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by **YARDLEY**

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11/6

At Chemists and Stores.

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Scholl "Soft-Grip" Elastic Hosiery

NEW NYLON SOFT-GRIP TOP
Support without constriction. Gives greater comfort, longer wear.

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Invisible when worn under usual stockings.

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So light on your legs yet provide 100% correct surgical tension.

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Fit like your own skin. Gives your tired aching legs perfect support.

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Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS

Banish nasty cradlecap 4 weeks treatment 4/10

Curlypet

WORTH REPORTING

DIMPLED 21-year-old Crown Princess Beatrix of Holland captured the hearts of all Americans when she recently visited the States.

Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, says:

"She is probably the most popular and beautiful woman ever to drive up Broadway in an open car—under 150 tons of pastel-colored ticker-tape.

"For 11 days the blond, pink-cheeked Princess went



BEATRIX... she's an informal Princess who won America's heart.

through a taxing schedule of official events, retracing the steps of early Dutch settlers in the New World.

"Beatrix, who was a plump and beguiling baby, has become a slightly plump, beguiling young woman of impeccable manners.

"Her successful New York tour was her first mission for the country she is destined to reign over.

"On her way to America by ship, 'Trix'—her childhood nickname—cut a completely informal picture.

"Fellow passengers described how the Princess lounged on the deck in blue jeans, swam daily in the pool, sunned herself in deckchairs, and danced every evening.

"In the States her faultless English and obliging manner charmed reporters.

"Beatrix told us she was studying sociology and law at the University of Leyden, and was trying to do the six-year course in five.

"She lives in a few rooms at the University and cooks many of her own meals.

"She loves dancing and beautiful evening clothes which 'make you feel different.' She likes yachting in her two sailboats, ski-ing, swimming, and horse-riding. And she sculpts and paints 'fairly well,' but cooks and sews badly.

"Asked what was the greatest challenge of being a princess, she said, 'Press conferences,' and grinned.

"Of all the gifts and souvenirs bestowed on her, perhaps the most intriguing was the one she got at West Point Military Academy... a cadet captain, 6ft. tall, in full-dress uniform with a silver sabre.

"Unfortunately, the captain was made of wax."

Call of the hunter

THE magnificent photograph of a charging elephant featured in our article "Call of the Hunter" on page eight of our July 15 issue was taken by Mr. William David Hewison.

"It's one of a series of photos I have about elephant hunting," he said. "I took it in Amboseli National Park, at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, in Kenya, while on holidays six years ago."

A professional photographer, Mr. Hewison has taken hundreds of pictures of wild animals and native tribesmen over the past six years. "I travelled throughout Africa and India freelancing and working for the British Government," he said.

"Photographing wild animals isn't dangerous work," Mr. Hewison said. "But you must be with someone who's an expert driver and is at the ready to shoot off at a second's notice if something goes wrong."

Mr. Hewison and his family came out from England to settle in Sydney twelve months ago. "It's not the first time I've been in Australia," he said. "I was born here. We moved to England when I was two years old."

Violin with a prison record

FRENCH violinist Devy Erlih, now in Australia for a series of A.B.C. concerts, plays a Guarnerius violin. And the violin has an unusual and romantic story.

It was made in 1726 while Guarnerius was serving a gaol sentence for killing a man while drunk.

In gaol he fell in love with the gaoler's daughter. She used to bring him wood so he could carry on with his violin-making.

"Prison wood," they call it now," says Mr. Erlih as he talks proudly of his violin treasure, which is insured for £10,000.

"You can easily tell which violins are made from 'prison wood' because it is different from that which Guarnerius usually used."



DEVY ERLIH... his valuable violin was made in gaol.

A MAN we know was telling us some of the fascinating things Customs people find on immigration forms...

Take the case of Mrs. Robert Newton, wife of the late actor.

When she entered Australia, she filled in her immigration form—using a little initiative.

In the space describing build, she put "Terrific."

Saying it with sketches

"WE'LL call the feature 'Around the World in 21 days,'" Mrs. Juliet Pannett's London editor told her. "So make sure you get back in three weeks."

As guest of an airline, Mrs. Pannett went along on the 21-day jaunt to make on-the-spot sketches for her magazine, "The London Illustrated News."

Having sketched her way through Keflavik in Iceland, New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, and Fiji, Mrs. Pan-



SHIRLEY ABICAIR... her face made a sketch for a London artist.

nett was in Australia to decide what is typically Australian.

"I spent a happy day at Port Kembla, drawing the steel plant with that beautiful bay in the background," she told us. "Beauty at an industrial plant is something never seen in England."

Mrs. Pannett likes sketching views. But portraits are her favorites.

"Character and strong features are most important in a subject," she said. "I find children very hard to draw, as there's nothing to grab hold of."

"I sketched three interesting Australian faces in London recently," she added, "pianist Eileen Joyce, Covent Garden's prima donna Sylvia Fisher, and ballad singer Shirley Abicair."

* * *

AFTER carrying a party of schoolchildren to Lagos for the holidays, a British plane radioed London airport: "Found Lagos ex BA 259/068 one black-and-white school tie stop one school mackintosh blue stop one book entitled 'How to Avoid Matrimony' stop please advise disposals."

YOUR VOYAGE TO EUROPE



A Romantic fun-filled Holiday



when you travel

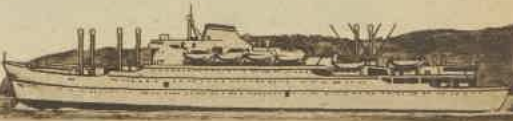
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PREMANTLE:	GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, 17 Phillimore Street, Tel. L 1178.

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* Reg. Trade Mark



With these insoles walking's a pleasure. Latex foam cushions every step. The only insoles made of Schotex—hygienic, air-ventilated foam. 5/9 pr. Men's & Women's, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe dealers, Scholl depots.

Take the guesswork out of planning your new home. CONSULT OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES. For addresses and service details turn to our Home Planning page in this issue.



A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge on application to Shell Dealers.

QUEENSLAND . . AUSTRALIA'S TROPICAL PARADISE

Whilst 80 per cent. of this huge northern state is open pastoral country, it is the luxuriant coastal belt that holds most interest for the tourist. Here, for a distance of some 2,500 miles, one can see sub-tropical and tropical trees, palms and shrubs, together with gorgeous, exotic and native flowers in breathtaking profusion. Likewise, the coral "gardens" of the Great Barrier Reef offer fantastic spectacles of rare beauty. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

FREE TOURING SERVICE. Shell offers you Australia's most complete range of touring literature to assist you in your motoring travels. This comprises clear, accurate road maps, general touring information such as road conditions, location of motels, camping and caravan sites, as well as tips on what to take, how to pack and even suggestions on how to keep the children amused. In addition, you will receive a personal introduction card to all Shell Dealers along the way. All you need do is apply to a Shell Dealer, telling him where you want to go. And remember, wherever you go throughout Australia . . . You can be sure of SHELL.



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DISCOVER AUSTRALIA WITH SHELL



DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

• The two resort fashions illustrated below are chosen for a reader's holiday wardrobe. Paper patterns are available for the designs.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I would like a couple of patterns suitable for a beach holiday up north. I want a sunsuit and, if they are still being worn, a blouse and separate skirt. I have a ballerina to wear in the evening."

Separates are an excellent choice for a holiday wardrobe, and more so when they are interchangeable. The two designs illustrated below are in this category. The skirt can be worn with a matching blouse and contrasting cummerbund; it can also be worn with the sunsuit. My material and color choice is flower-printed cotton, featuring pas-

tel and deep rose-pink on a white ground. The cummerbund is in deep rose. Paper patterns are obtainable in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you oblige me by telling me what you consider the most popular style for summer?"

The most popular design in summer fashions is a slim or full-skirted shirtmaker, firmly belted at the wearer's natural waistline. For day wear this design comes in cottons and firm-weave silks and rayons. The shirtmaker appears again for late-day wear in soft silks and sheers; at this hour the

belt is often replaced by a cummerbund.

"I WANT to wear a rather dressy suit to an afternoon wedding. I have purchased the material, but I can't think of a design. The material is a pale yellow shantung, and I did think of white touches. I am very fond of French styles, and have copied several from The Australian Women's Weekly."

One of the prettiest Paris-designed suits of the season is by Pierre Cardin. The design has a short, approximately waistlength, jacket, finished with a large white organdie bertha-style collar. The neckline is finished with a white organdie rose. The skirt is slim and rounded over the hipline with trouser pleats. Made in yellow shantung and worn with white accessories, the suit would make a perfect ensemble to wear to an afternoon wedding.

"WOULD you answer a query for me? I am to be married for the second time, and a friend told me I should wear a plain suit or a tailored frock. Surely this would not be necessary. I am still young, and I want to look pretty for the ceremony, which is late-afternoon."

Of course you must look pretty for your wedding. An attractive and correct choice would be pastel-colored chiffon in street-length, worn with a hat made in spotted tulle. The hat could match or contrast. Your future husband would no doubt like to give you flowers for the ceremony; if so, keep them simple.

"I AM off for a cruise at Christmas - time, and I realise I will need sports clothes for the daytime; but I am not sure about dressing in the evenings. Will it be necessary to take a proper evening frock?"

Not really. During the past few years dressing for ship-board life has become rather informal. You will change for dinner, but you need not dress up (meaning formal dress) unless you wish to. A ballerina and one or two afternoon dresses will be adequate.



DS373.—Skirt, blouse, and cummerbund in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36 in. material and 1 yd. 36 in. contrast. Price 4/6.

DS374.—One-piece playsuit in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Feel that TACT GLOW from top to toe

FEEL REALLY CLEAN



Tact soap

keeps perspiration **Odour-Free***

GENTLE TACT LATHER leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated. . . and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant G11 which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour . . . keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.



Beauty in brief: **KEEP YOUR SKIN FRESH**

By CAROLYN EARLE

• Don't take a good skin for granted. Even the freshest complexion gets a bit out of hand sometimes and has to be coaxed back to glowing health.

IF your face looks tired, lie down for five minutes with feet higher than your head. Then take a bath, and work some face-cream into your skin with the steam. Wash, splash with cold water, and apply make-up.

Remember, a spoonful of face-cream massaged into your skin is better than a handful piled on it.

A parched skin, in contrast to the dewy

freshness of a young one, makes you look older than you are. If your skin looks dry, two applications of a cream or liquid cleanser will clean it without drying.

A model hint is to put a film of cream on your face as soon as you wake in the morning. Even if you can leave it on only for five minutes, it smooths the way for make-up.

JUNIOR FASHIONS

- You can make these delightfully appealing children's designs, which are the last word in junior summer fashions for play, school, and "going out" wear. For your own "little miss" or schoolgirl, choose gay and colorful materials as shown here. Back views of the designs, with details of how to order the patterns and materials required, are given overleaf.



"JILL AND JUDY" (5479).—Pinafore dress, with full skirt, suits a wide age group. It looks attractive in a bright color worn with a neat check blouse.



"SUSAN" (5458).—Pinafore effect is achieved in this pretty dress by use of contrasting checks repeated in collar.



"AMANDA" (5454).—Party dress in crisp organdie. Slotted sash of velvet ribbon and frills are pretty touches.



"JENNY" (5459).— Loose coat, with cape collar and cuffed sleeves, can be made in color to match a best dress.



"PENNY" (5480).—Charming dress with buttoned round collar suits a wide range of ages and lends itself to color change.



"MARY" (5481).—Attractive print in cotton with contrast on yoke has been used for this unusual dress with a round deep collar.



"ANNE" (5484).—Bound flap pockets, with buttons on bodice and skirt and matching roll collar, add contrast interest to this dress in a design which suits many ages, is useful, yet pretty enough for party wear made in an attractive printed cotton, dotted Swiss voile, or checked taffeta.



"SALLY" (5482).—Shortie pyjamas with frilled trimming on sleeves and at neckline to delight any little girl. Make them in seersucker or another non-iron cotton for coolness and easy washdays.



* It's the S-T-R-E-T-C-H
that counts

... in Checkmates and Spun Mist
ultra sheer nylons by Prestige.
These delicate wisps of fashion
have the secret strength of stretch
inserts that give freedom of
action, wrinkle-free fit
and wonderful wear.

CHECKMATES—15 denier full-fashioned ultra-
sheer with ladder-resistant
mesh construction and knee-
action insert. 15/11.

SPUN MIST—15 denier full-fashioned ultra-
sheer with new stretch insert
in the welt. 12/11



Prestige

Fine Hosiery, Lingerie and Fabrics

Prices may vary in some States.

7250

CHILDREN'S PATTERNS

See pages 36, 37, and 39

● Here are sketches showing
back views of the junior fashions
in color. Material requirements,
sizes available, and details of how
to order are given under each
sketch. When ordering give both
name and number of the pattern.

● Children's Patterns may be
obtained immediately from
Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.,
645 Harris Street, Ultimo,
Sydney. Mail orders to Box
4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tas-
manian readers should ad-
dress orders to Box 66-D,
G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand
readers send orders to Box
6348, Wellington. No C.O.D.
orders will be accepted.



"AMANDA" (5454) —
One-piece dress, re-
quires: 1½-2yds. 36in.
material; 2yds. ¾in. vel-
vet ribbon. Sizes: 2, 4,
6, and 8 years. Price 3/-.
6, and 8 years. Price 3/-.

"SUSAN" (5458)—One-
piece dress, requires:
1½-2yds. 36in. material;
¾-1yd. 36in. contrast.
Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8
years. Price 3/-.

"JENNY" (5459) —
Coat to cover summer
dresses, requires: 1½-
2½yds. 36in. material.
Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10
years. Price 3/-.



"JILL, JUDY" (5479)—
Pinafore, 1½-2½yds. 36in.
material; blouse, 1-
1½yds. 36in., ¾-1yd. 36in.
contrast. Sizes: 4, 6, 8,
10 years. Price 3/6.

"PENNY" (5480)—One-
piece dress, requires:
1½-3yds. 36in. material,
and ¾yd. 36in. contrast.
Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10
years. Price 3/-.

"MARY" (5481)—One-
piece dress, requires: 1½-
2½yds. 36in. material, ¾-
1yd. 36in. contrast.
Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10
years. Price 3/-.



"SALLY" (5482)—
Requires: 2½-3yds. 36in.
material, 1½yds. 1½in.
lace edging. Sizes: 4, 6,
8, 10, 12, and 14 years.
Price 3/-.

"ANNE" (5484)—One-
piece dress, requires: 1½-
2½yds. 36in. material,
¾-1yd. contrast. Sizes: 4,
6, 8, and 10 years. Price
is 3/-.

"YVONNE" (5487) —
French-style tailored
coat, requires: 2-3yds.
36in. material. Sizes: 4,
6, 8, and 10 years. Price
is 3/-.



"ELISE," "MICHELE," "LOUISE" (5486)—Skirt, blouse, and romper suit,
requires: 4-5½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Price 4/6.

Patterns for Juniors

Paris 4-piece

● French children's fashions are noted for their charming simplicity, as shown in these designs, for which you can buy the patterns. The coat, effective in cotton checks or stripes, has its own pattern. The romper suit, blouse, and skirt are all in one pattern. Details of how to order and materials required for the clothes are given opposite.



"YVONNE" (5487). — Simple topcoat, smartly tailored in Raglan style in pink-and-white check cotton. Striped or plain poplin or gingham would be smart, too.



"LOUISE" (5486). — Comfortable romper suit for beach and play wear in simple checked gingham. A swimsuit could also be cut from this pattern.



"ELISE" (5486). — Full skirt on soft wide waistband makes an attractive outfit worn with the blouse, which is also included in the pattern. Choose any print, color to suit.



"MICHELE" (5486) (below). — Loose easy-to-make blouse, which can be worn over romper suit, shorts, or with skirt (below left).

True beauty



Add "bulk" to your daily diet and Nature's richest reward will be yours!

Beauty treatments, cosmetics, special creams highlight your beauty, but, True Beauty comes from within. This much you know. What you may not know is that your beauty from within depends, almost exclusively, on what you eat.

The food we eat has never been more varied, more convenient than it is to-day. But, we pay a price for this. To-day's easy-to-prepare foods are highly refined, often over-processed. The taste and texture remain but something else is missing—vital "bulk."

"BULK" IN FOOD

If we ate the same food as our ancestors, many modern "ills" would never occur. For the "bulk" Nature puts into food ensures faultless functioning of the human digestive and eliminative system. "Bulk" allows the intestinal muscles to grip waste matter and move it through the system.

Unfortunately, this "bulk" is the missing element in many of to-day's foods. Without bulk, our internal muscles, with nothing to grip, grow flabby.

The system becomes clogged. We begin to experience the unpleasant symptoms of irregularity and incomplete elimination—the headachy tiredness and "half health" that take a fearful toll of energy and looks.

WORKING AGAINST NATURE

You cannot hope to end irregularity by

working against Nature.

Yet laxatives and purgatives can do just this. The magazine of the British Medical Association, "Family Doctor" issued this grave warning on the subject, distributing it to doctors and clinics throughout the country:

"The constant use of purgatives may do more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralysing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

"This fact was known in A.D.100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since."

"If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

This advises you to stop bullying Nature! Restore the "bulk" missing from your diet and you'll be working with Nature to remove the cause of your irregularity, something no purgative or medicine can do.

REPLACING THE BULK



Bran is the outer layer of wheat.

In no other food is "bulk" so ideally found as in Bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat. Kellogg's process and shred this bran into a delicious breakfast cereal flavoured with malt, sugar, and salt. Its name is All-Bran.

ENJOY TRUE BEAUTY

All-Bran, the nut-sweet laxative cereal has a flavour many people prefer to any other. Sprinkle it over your present breakfast cereal; cook with it, or enjoy it by itself with stewed fruit, milk and sugar.

Gently but firmly your internal muscles will respond to All-Bran's Natural bulk. Within a few days your system will be functioning the way Nature intended.

As well as natural bulk, All-Bran is rich in Vitamins B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one.

Millions of women the world over have gained new health from All-Bran—health that shows itself in clearer skin, gleaming hair, new sparkle in their eyes!

Now that you know the secret of how to work with Nature, why not take advantage of this promise:

Enjoy delicious, nut sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and double your money will be gladly refunded.

**REACH FOR NEW HEALTH,
NEW BEAUTY IN ALL-BRAN
— MADE BY KELLOGG'S.**



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his hands in front of him and said: "Put the handcuffs on me, and I'll write the Ballad of Aberdyll Gaol."

Well, poet he might be, but a little drunk he always was, and he didn't have to tell me that between half past seven and half past eight: on the night he'd been down at the Aberdyll Gaol.

And that's where I went to see Evans the Pub. I went in the back way, which is along a dark little passage, and as I passed through the door someone coming out bumped into me. It was young Phillips the Rolls that is Sir John's chauffeur—a good-looking, well-set-up young fellow with fair hair.

I said: "If you're going up to the Hall to drive Sir John out somewhere, Phillips, you'd better wipe the lipstick off your face." Snap in the middle of his right cheek it was and he looked proper foolish.

Halfway down the passage Nancy Evans was tidying her hair in a wall mirror. Now, you couldn't miss Nancy, dark, all curves, and as good-natured as a spaniel. I gave her an affectionate pat and went into the bar, and she went round behind the counter and pulled the my usual glass of half-and-half. As she handed it to me she said: "That's thirty shillings you've got on the slate, Mr. Hughes."

"I'm expecting a legacy at

the end of the week," I said. "Where's your da?"

"In Cardiff, where he has been these last three days—so if you're snooping around about the old onion you can forget it. My da wouldn't do such a thing."

"Your da," I said, "would give you a spanking if he caught you kissing young Phillips. And so would Williams the Onion. I thought you two were promised?"



"We've been walking out for three years. It's a long promise. And young Phillips is a mannerly chap."

"If Williams won the cup this year he'd have five hundred pounds. More than enough to set up a house," I said. "If someone didn't want you and

him to marry, look you, it's tempted to pinch the old onion they might be to give themselves more time to get you to change your mind."

"If pigs had wings they'd fly," "And where were you between half past seven and half past eight night before last?"

"Looking for gold at the foot of the rainbow, Mr. Hughes."

She was a saucy bit, but I liked her.

"And where was young Phillips?"

"How should I know?"

"Then I must have been dreaming," I said, "because on my way here that night I could have sworn I seen him and you sitting on the railway embankment not far from Williams' cottage. The foot of that rainbow must have been mighty narrow, for you were both squeezed tight to get under it."

"At your age," said Nancy, "you want glasses."

"I see well enough. Still, though the onion's been stolen, no harm's done."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Williams is no fool. He means to get that cup and the money. I wouldn't tell you this if you weren't practically his fiancée, but he's got another little patch of ground up behind the rectory. He's been growing another prize onion there in secret."

I finished my beer and went out. I couldn't help chuckling at the memory of Nancy's face. I may be old, but there's nothing you can teach me about love.

It was as clear as day that Nancy didn't want to marry Williams any more, and that between her and young Phillips they had done away with the onion. All I had to do was to watch in the little bit of ground behind the rectory that warm summer night and I was sure that either Nancy or Phillips would appear to steal the other onion.

Just before dark I went up to the little bit of ground by the rectory. I waited there for about two hours and then things began to happen.

There was a noise at the far end of the ground, and then another at my end, and then right across the way from me I heard somebody stumble against a wheelbarrow.

I stood up and switched on a torch and swung it round in a circle. First of all I saw young Nancy and Phillips, blinking in the light like a couple of young owls. Then, swaying by the wheelbarrow was Morgan the Waterworks, and away on my left was Jones the Police.

I gave a little laugh and shook my head. Pretty sheepish they all looked.

"Welcome, friends," I said. "Nancy's been talking in the pub, is it? And you've all come to steal the onion."

P.C. Jones, who was in uniform, drew himself up and said with dignity, "I'm here to protect it. Same as you, man."

from page 19

Morgan comes weaving across to me, his eyes shining, and said: "Morgan becomes a doer. Found my courage at last, man. I've come for that onion."

"So have Nancy and I," said young Phillips, with his arms round Nancy. "And we would have taken the first if we'd thought of it. We love each other and she don't want to go through with it with Williams. Can't see any girl wanting to be known as Mrs. Williams the Onion for the rest of her life."

"That's right," said Nancy. "Mrs. Phillips the Rolls for me. I love him."

I looked around at them all and then I said: "You'd better all go home and I'll forget about this. Williams hasn't got a second onion up here."

You should have seen their faces. Anyway, after a bit of argument they left. But I sat there a while, thinking like, Then I went to see Williams.

"Williams," I said, "there's practising a deceit you've been."

"Go away, Hughes, man," he said. "I am on the horns of a dilemma."

"True," I said. "Proper stuck, too, you are." I told him what I had done and I finished: "But none of the people that come up to the rectory had so much as a spade in their hands. They were going to pull up the onion. But your own was dug up. The work of a true onion lover who couldn't bear to damage so much as a hair of a root."

I walked to a little recess in the corner of the kitchen and pulled the curtain back. There, planted neat and beautiful in the centre of a wooden tub, was the onion. Man, it was a size.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

He shook his head. "It's this dilemma," he said. "If I'd have won the prize this year I'd have got five hundred pounds, and then I would have had to marry Nancy. We're promised."

"And you don't want to marry her?"

"No, man, I don't. She's a nice enough girl. But my heart is with that old onion and every-

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorises you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

—Oliver Wendell

thing that grows. What I want is to take that five hundred and start a nursery garden business with it. That would mean a lot of hard work and no time until much later for marriage. But I'm a man of honor."

I said: "Williams, man, if you'd had eyes for anything but your onion you'd have saved yourself a lot of trouble. Put it back and win the prize. You don't have to break your word to Nancy. She wants to marry Phillips the Rolls. She don't want to be Mrs. Williams the Onion."

"She don't?"

"No. Put it back and I'll tell Sir John some story that'll cover you and also do me no harm so far as my fifty pounds is concerned."

You should have seen the way he went over and lifted that tub so lovingly. Once a man like Williams falls in love with a vegetable, his eyes are closed to all women.

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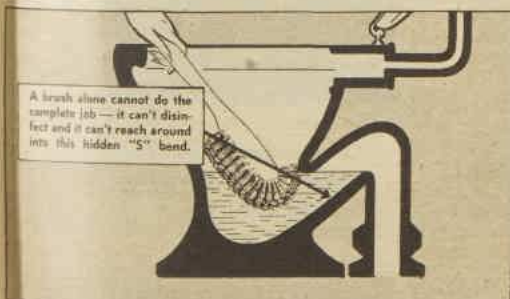
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Anton Wolhar. The Ukrainian was swaying a little and his eyes were wild.

"It is well," he choked, "for those who have two women. All I ask is to have one . . . to have my own wife and child."

Prue rose at the same time as Smoke Lawless. "He is sick," she said in a fierce whisper, "you must not use your 'discipline' on him."

"Be quiet. Mind your own business." Smoke approached Wolhar. He gave his shoulder a friendly slap.

"Go back to your friends, Anton."

"What of you? You have friends as well. You have women friends. Not one but two."

"This moment, perhaps, but not tomorrow, Anton, not ever any more."

"What is there tomorrow for me, Mr. Lawless?"

"Go back . . . sleep on it . . . I'll tell you in the morning."

Smoke went out to the porch and shouted, "I'll tell you all in the morning. But go back now. Go back, I say. Back."

They hesitated. They spoke between themselves. They looked up at him. He did not move and he did not shout again.

Presently one turned . . . then another. Wolhar stumbled out and joined the retreat. In five minutes the steps were empty once more.

Smoke Lawless wheeled back into the lounge. He was white with fury. He flung at them with contempt. "Now see what the tender sex called Woman has done."

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 21

"Smoke darling—"
"Hold your tongue, Wilga, I'll have you out of here tomorrow. When I return I'll make arrangements, Miss Brierly, for you."

He threw himself out of the room. Too startled for any discussion, Wilga and Prue went to their own rooms and shut the doors.

Prue must have slept eventually, for when she opened her

—he promised to see them." She bit her lip. "But of course he'll come straight back."

"That's it, he won't be back. He gave orders for everything to resume as usual."

Rolf paused.
"He said he would be gone a week."

Prue had never known before



"I forgot to tell you, dear. I loaned the spare to Mary Blake."

eyes Rolf was by her side with the tray.

Gravely he said, "They are gone, Prue. Mr. Lawless came to me early and said they were leaving."

Prue whispered, "But the men

that sometimes seven days can seem like so many years."

Rolf was not happy over the change.

"The men believe Mr. Lawless is gone to negotiate a new scheme of things," he said worriedly. "They talk of houses that will spring up soon, families that will arrive . . ."

"Shouldn't we tell them?"
"Let us have inaction for a while, Prue. It is at least a breathing space."

Then all at once there was no time for inaction. Things began to move.

It started with Wolhar. Rolf reported to Prue that Anton's roommate had complained that the Ukrainian had kept him awake all night with his groans. She knew that Anton was on a broken shift, and when he came up at noon, pale and edgy, she sent for him and suggested he did not return to the drill until she had called Doctor Lucian.

"I am all right. There is nothing wrong with me. If there is nothing wrong then I must go down once more. That makes good sense."

"It makes bad sense if you become ill down there and we have to write to your wife and worry her."

"My wife . . ." The torn look in the man's eyes shattered Prue.

"You will see Doctor Lucian," she coaxed.

He hesitated and Prue went across to the phone.

There was no reply from the surgery. Remembering Geoff's anticipation that from now on he would be very busy, she rang another project doctor.

As the other receiver went off the hook her blood chilled. Above the whisper of the wires, above the voice that answered hers, came a high, strident, treble, constant wail, the signal, she had been told soon after her arrival in the Authority, that there was trouble down a shaft.

She inquired briefly, knowing this was no time for conversa-

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I'm glad it is happening like this.

Rolf and Prue went into conference and decided to put Mrs. Wolhar when she arrived in Smoke Lawless' room.

"Later we can plan something," said Rolf a little uneasily. "We have at least four days before Mr. Lawless returns."

Prue, equally uneasy but determined not to show it, asked wonderingly, "What can we plan, Rolf? Short of releasing Anton from Falcon, finding him a job where he may have his wife and baby with him, what can we do?"

Rolf spread his palms helplessly. "I do not know, Prue. I am only hoping that it will all solve itself."

Anton was still a bed case. That was obvious. Prue insisted he remain where he was, though it made the accommodation in an already confined unit one room less.

She instructed that a settee be carried to a corner just outside Lawless' bedroom, then she made it up. In this way she would be close, if she were needed, to the young wife.

Running down that evening to the store Prue was aware of a different atmosphere in the air. She heard voices singing, someone whistling; when she passed a group of men they greeted her eagerly. She knew they all knew that tomorrow Mrs. Wolhar was coming; she knew that they were all behind her in this.

Mr. Eisikovits had a warning, though: "You understand what you are doing?" he warned disconsolately.

"Yes, I am bringing a wife to Falcon's Neck." The men's approval had stimulated Prue.

"And what will happen after that, young lady?"

Prue borrowed words Rolf had said. "I do not know. I am only hoping it will all solve itself."

"And such solving!" anticipated the Hungarian darkly. "Every man will believe his wife should come. You can't favor one and turn your back on another."

A little deflated, Prue left the store. For the first time in her programme of impulsive action she thought seriously of what she had done. She had deliberately flouted Lawless, intentionally gone against his law.

It was too late now, however. Prue had everybody's blessing except that of the cautious Eisikovits—and Smoke Lawless, of course.

In the morning they decided that Rolf should go to the Coora airstrip. She stood at the window watching and unconsciously praying—praying that they would be here soon, well and happy, that everything would be all right.

Then the jeep was climbing the last steep hill, and Rolf was waving joyously—and Mrs. Wolhar was waving, too, from her side.

She got out quite briskly, bundled up against the weather. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks were rosy, she wore a large, pleased smile.

"It is a happy time, very happy," she beamed broadly, "you are good; he is good." She looked shyly at Rolf. "I say to him go fast to my Anton and he say not too fast for the small one. He is careful and kind and I shall tell Anton we call the baby Rolf."

The camp that night was not just exuberant; it was positively ecstatic. Guitars strummed from the barracks. An Italian sang clearly and beautifully in a triumphant baritone. A zither played.

Anton was allowed up for dinner. Prue did not allow herself to think what Lawless would think—and say—when he knew. Anyway, Anton and Nina would be gone then, of course.

But at midnight she knew that Nina would not be gone. The girl called out to her,

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 43

calmly, quite serenely, very contentedly. "I think," she announced proudly, "the small Rolf will soon come."

Putting aside any thoughts of Lawless, any thoughts of herself, any thoughts of anybody save Nina, Prue rang Geoffrey. "Can you come at once, Geoff?"

"An emergency?" "It's Wolhar's wife. She's a little early but quite normal and very happy about it. I know it will be all right."

"But how is she there?" "I sent for her."

"Does Lawless know?" "He's away."

"Never underestimate," said Geoff, "the powers of woman."

Bibs, booties, bonnets, and bunny-rugs came in by the dozen.

Among the costlier presents were a christening robe, a frock and jacket outfit, a beautiful shawl.

Prue looked at Rolf in puzzlement and he smiled. "They come from our store, of course. There is nothing these project shops do not stock. You commented yourself on the bolts of material hanging with the smoked hams. The men have been customers for such things as these—he touched the babywear—a long time."

Because the gifts, although handsome, bore obviously the shop-bought touch, Prue, between tending Nina and the baby, was delving in soft white wool and producing dreams of little white garments.

Rolf came and stood beside her, watching her fingers fly.

"Prue, I have been thinking it will be a great shock to Mr. Lawless if he has not already heard of the baby through the grapevine, and somehow I do not think he has, otherwise he would be already here."

Prue agreed readily to that. Two more females in his precious Falcon would have fetched Smoke Lawless, if he had learned of it, from the very ends of the earth.

"I think," continued Rolf, "we should try to contact him."

"But where?" asked Prue. "You said yourself he just went away for a week."

Rolf hesitated, watching her sensitively. "The young lady he went with . . . Miss Bevis . . . we could ring her home."

Far back in Prue's mind irked the realisation that she had thought of it but refused to face it. She had pictured Lawless in Sydney, Melbourne—anywhere but a few miles, as the crow flies, from here. She remembered Rolf saying once that the pair, Wilga and Smoke, had grown up together, that their childhood homes had been on the same mountain.

She went into the office and was glad that Rolf did not follow her there.

The voice came lazily over the phone, huskily, disturbingly. There was only one person with a voice like that.

"This is Miss Briery, of Falcon's Neck, here, Miss Bevis."

"But of course, the lone female. Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Briery?"

"Yes, please. You can bring Mr. Lawless to the phone."

"I'm sorry, he's not around at the moment. Is it very important? Could I pass the message on?"

"No. It is not important," she said.

"Yet important enough to ring," commented Wilga lazily, "Miss Briery, what is all this?"

"I don't understand you."

"Odd, because I understand you perfectly. You were prying, weren't you? Prying and spying on Smoke and me. You wanted to see if we were up here together. Well, now you know."

The unveiled venom in the husky voice appalled Prue—and yet in a way weren't

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SUMMER ZINNIAS



THE dozen or so zinnia varieties include dwarf bedding types about 9in. high and giant dahlia-flowered types (pictured here) that grow to 4ft. Others worth trying are Fantasy (quilled petals), robusta (medium height), pomponne types (about 12in.), lilliput (18in.), picotee (frilled edges darker than the petals), and peppermint stick (striped and spotted blooms). Zinnias need full sun. Spray fortnightly with D.D.T. to check spotted wilt.

In twenty minutes I'll be there." He came in fifteen.

Geoff looked at her with incredulity. "This is the one thing I never in my wildest dreams dreamed of, a baby at Falcon's Neck. Prue, make a dream I did dream come true. Let me win a wife at Falcon's Neck."

"Geoff, this is neither the place nor the moment. Mrs. Wolhar is waiting—and small Rolf."

But it was not a Rolf. At dawn, calmly, without any undue fuss, a third female took up residence in womanless Falcon's Neck.

"You must call it Nina now," beamed Prue to the father.

"No, we have already decided. We talked it over last night. It is Sweet Prue, Miss Briery. My wife says so as well."

Miraculously, the presents rolled in. It was miraculous, for where, wondered Prue, were the men getting them?

They buy them on payday and post them up to their wives."

"I should think," said Prue, looking at the merchandise, "that the store has not so much in stock now. Mr. Eisikovits must be cleaned out."

"He is to such an extent that something very surprising is happening. Eisikovits is closing up while he drives into Coora for more goods."

"He must feel cheerful about wives at the Neck now," said Prue meaningly, "now that it has brought him so much extra trade."

"He is not so bad, John Eisikovits," placated Rolf, "it is not only the replacement of goods that takes him to Coora, he wishes to make a gift to this baby himself. He is going to bring back a pram."

"A pram! That is really a very substantial gift."

"He has done very well," reminded Rolf, "so perhaps he thinks it would be an impressive gesture to return some of his gains."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 21, 1959

Old-fashioned gingerbread

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● Many of the Shires of England and Scotland boast their own gingerbread recipes, but they all have one thing in common — a delicious, rich, spicy taste.

ALL the old-time recipes vary slightly, but most types of gingerbread are dark, moist, close-textured cakes which are served cut into blocks or squares. A lemon-flavored icing, poured over the gingerbread and allowed to set before cutting, provides a sharpness which is an effective contrast to the flavor and texture of the cake itself.

The use of golden syrup or treacle, or a mixture of both, is a matter of personal choice. Treacle usually makes a heavier, darker, more tangy gingerbread than golden syrup.

Most gingerbread cakes are best if left to "mature" for a day or so before cutting.

Spoon measurements in these recipes are level, and the standard eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

SNOW-CAPPED GINGERBREAD

Half cup bran breakfast cereal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup treacle or golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup softened butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut.

Measure bran cereal, syrup, butter, and boiling water into mixing-bowl. Add egg and beat well. Let stand about 5 minutes. Sift together flour, soda, salt, and spices. Add to bran mixture, stirring only until combined. Spread in greased shallow tin (7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.). Bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes. Beat egg-whites until frothy, add sugar gradually, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in half the coconut and spread mixture over warm gingerbread. Sprinkle with remaining coconut. Place cake 4 inches under grill and grill slowly until coconut browns, about 2 to 3 minutes. Cut into squares to serve.

ENGLISH GINGERBREAD

Seven ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, pinch salt, 3oz. chopped dates, 5oz. treacle or golden syrup, 2oz. lard or margarine, 1 egg, 3oz. brown sugar, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little extra milk.

Sift dry ingredients and add dates. Warm treacle and lard until melted, then beat egg and sugar together. Add these two mixtures to the flour alternately. Stir in milk and, lastly, the bicarbonate of soda dissolved in milk. Mix thoroughly and pour into a greased tin (7 or 8 in.). Bake in a moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

FRUITY GINGERBREAD

Two and a half cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 1oz. shredded peel, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 4 tablespoons golden syrup or treacle, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift flour, soda, salt, spice, and ginger, rub in butter, and add the sugar, peel, and sultanas. Mix to a soft mixture with golden syrup mixed with beaten egg and milk. Pour into greased tin and bake in very moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Turn on to a cake-cooler, when cold cut into blocks.

EGGLESS GINGERBREAD

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 3oz. margarine or lard, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 4 tablespoons milk, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, extra walnuts to decorate.

Mix flour, salt, and spices. Chop walnuts, add to flour. Melt margarine, sugar, and syrup with the milk in a saucepan, taking care not to overheat them. Stir warm liquid into flour mixture and mix very thoroughly. Lastly, add the bicarbonate of



soda dissolved in a little water. Pour into a well-greased tin, decorate with extra walnuts, and bake in a slow oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

GINGER PARKIN

Six ounces wholemeal flour, 4oz. fine oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each mixed spice, ground ginger, and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 4oz. margarine or lard, 3oz. brown sugar, 5oz. golden syrup, 1 egg, milk.

Mix dry ingredients and rub in fat until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Warm sugar and syrup in a saucepan, but do not overheat; stir into dry ingredients, add the egg and a little milk if necessary; mix well. Bake in a well-greased shallow tin in a slow oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

CHERRY NUT GINGERBREAD

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. blanched almonds (or chopped walnuts), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 4oz. butter or substitute.

Sift flour, ginger, and salt; add sugar, cherries, and almonds. Dissolve soda in milk, mix with beaten egg, golden syrup, and melted shortening. Fold lightly into dry ingredients. Fill into greased paper-lined slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, top with lemon-flavored icing, decorate with nuts and cherries. To serve, cut into squares.

HONEY GINGER CAKE

Three cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger or 2oz. chopped preserved ginger, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. peel, 6oz. raisins or sultanas, 2 medium-sized bananas, 3 eggs, 4 tablespoons honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Spicy Icing: Cream 2oz. butter or substitute with 4oz. icing sugar, 2 teaspoons orange juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and ginger. Decorate with chopped ginger or nuts or leave plain.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter. Add chopped peel, raisins, and mashed bananas; mix well. Fold in eggs which

MID-MORNING SNACK of snow-capped gingerbread squares is even better served with an icy lemon drink. Gingerbread's spicy taste makes it a favorite with all the family. See recipe far left.

have been beaten with honey and milk. Turn into greased-and-lined 8 in. tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Ice when cold with spicy icing.

SCOTS GINGERBREAD

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 12oz. plain flour, 4oz. oatmeal, 4 tablespoons milk, 12oz. treacle (slightly warmed), 1 dessertspoon ground ginger, 4oz. chopped peel.

Cream butter and sugar, add flour, oatmeal, milk, treacle, ginger, and peel. Mix well together and bake in a greased shallow tin in a moderate oven 45 minutes.

GINGERBREAD MEN

Six ounces plain flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, pinch spice and cinnamon, 3oz. margarine, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. golden syrup, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons cold milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, currants, cherries, silver balls.

Sift flour and spices. Melt margarine in a pan, add sugar and syrup. Pour into the flour, add egg and, lastly, milk in which soda has been dissolved; beat well. Pour into a greased-and-lined swiss-roll tin and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn on to sugared paper and leave to cool. Using a biscuit-cutter or cardboard outline, cut the cake into "men." Add currants, pieces of cherry, and silver balls for the eyes, nose, and mouth.

WHITE GINGERBREAD

Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 large egg, 4oz. sugar, 1oz. ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in yolk of egg, add flour, baking-powder, and ginger. Whip egg-white until stiff and fold into mixture. Press into a greased slab-tin, cut into squares. Bake in a moderate oven until a pale golden color.

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FRUIT-FILLED STEAK served with garden peas, tomatoes, and mashed potatoes makes an appetizing and nutritious dinner dish. See recipe for tutti-frutti steak on this page.

● A steak dish flavored with a fruit medley of bananas, apple, and prunes wins the £5 prize this week.

THIS unusual fruit filling can be used for individual veal steaks, or pork, lamb or veal chops. Spoon measurements are level.

TUTTI-FRUTTI STEAK

One and a half pounds round or topside steak, 2 small bananas, 1 apple, 1 lb. stoned dessert prunes, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 tablespoons flour, fat for frying, 2 cups water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt and pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 dessert spoon each Worcestershire sauce and brown sugar.

Cut a deep pocket in side of steak. Prepare filling: Combine sliced bananas, diced apple, chopped prunes, sugar, and cloves in basin, fill into pocket in steak. Secure opening with cocktail sticks or coarse thread, roll in flour. Heat a little fat in pan, add steak and brown on all sides. Remove from pan, drain on kitchen paper. Blend remainder of flour with a little water, place in saucepan with remaining water, vinegar, nutmeg, Worcestershire sauce, and brown sugar. Stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place stuffed steak in large saucepan or casserole, pour over sauce, cover, and cook slowly 1½ to 2 hours. Serve.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Gerdt, 5 Windermere St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

PARADISE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 scant cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2-3rds cup milk, 1-3rd cup crushed pineapple, coconut, 1 pint cream, cherries.

Beat butter and sugar until creamy, add egg-yolks and vanilla. Sift flour and salt, add to mixture alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into greased ring-tin; bake in moderate oven 45 minutes, cool. Cut in halves crosswise. Whip cream, divide into two parts. To one half add pineapple, coconut, 1 pint cream, cherries. Spread remaining cream over top, decorate with coconut and cherries.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Dew, c/o "Kippilaw" Past. Co., Goulburn, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

LEMON pudding with coconut meringue is a light refreshing sweet for family dinner. It costs approximately 3/6 and serves 4 or 5.

LEMON PUDDING WITH COCONUT MERINGUE

Three tablespoons cornflour, 1 pint water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 and juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 4 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, 2 tablespoons coconut.

Blend cornflour with ¼ cup of the water. Place remainder of water in saucepan with sugar, grated lemon rind and lemon juice. When boiling, remove from heat, quickly stir in blended cornflour. Return to heat and simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Remove from heat again, beat in egg-yolks and butter. Mix thoroughly. Turn into pie-dish, allow to become quite cold. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Fold in coconut, spread over pudding, place in very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve cold.

Baby's layette

SISTER MARY JACOB, our mothercraft nurse, has designed a practical and pretty 12-piece layette that includes patterns for a carrying coat, two different styles of nightgowns and dresses, a petticoat, cotton shirt, matinee jacket, two pairs of pilchers, rompers, bonnet.

Priced at 3/6 a set (post free), the patterns are available at our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please print name and address clearly when sending your order.

Complete your make-up with

Lournay

Wite'n' day
24-HOUR LIPSTICK

in latest fashion colours

does not fade, smear or kiss off



T165

fine...fine...fine

the perfumed flattery of

Lournay

FACE POWDER

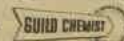


Fluff on this delicate Lournay face powder and see how it clings without caking or streaking. It does not smother the natural loveliness of your skin as heavy face powders do. See how Lournay hides every tiny imperfection and gives your skin a faultless finish that lasts hour after hour.

8 HEAVENLY SHADES

Frangipani • Dawn Pink • Peachbloom • Magnolia
Golden Glow • Roseglow • Sunkissed • Gipsytan 6/6

Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Stores throughout Australia.



KIDNEY TROUBLES?



Then start a course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisonous toxins are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches or hot flashes, start the MENTHOIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere. M7

DEARBORN'S PURE MERCOLIZED WAX FACE CREAM



Look younger with a clear smooth and healthy complexion. Give your skin the best beauty treatment available today.

The loveliest girls use it!

AT ALL COSMETICS & STORES

CUSHIONS EVERY STEP makes walking WONDERFUL

Dr. Scholl's latex foam cushion ends pain at heel of foot. Relieves callouses, stops burning, "high heel" soreness. Loops over toe—no adhesive. 5/9 per pair. Men & Women, at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's SUPER-SOFT BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION



FOR LOVELIER HAIRSETS Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10 5/- Quickset with Curlypet!

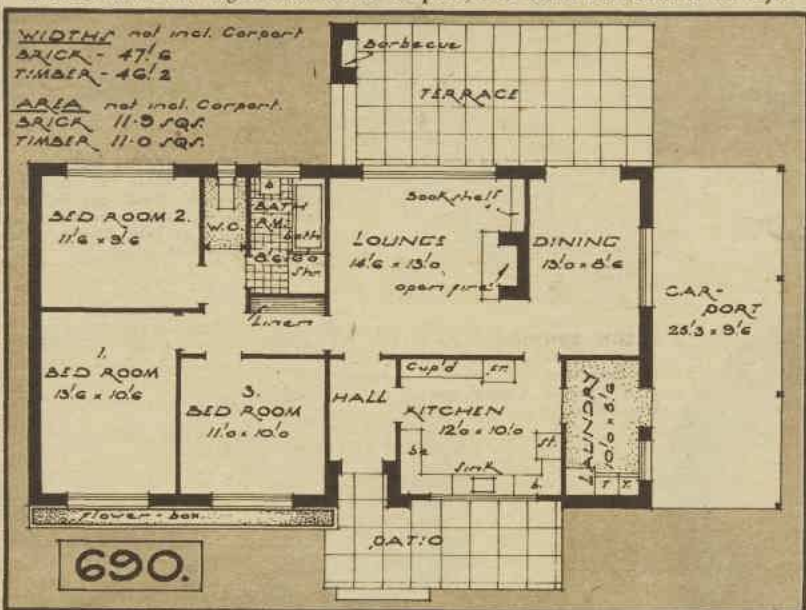
Dear Angela, Here you really do differ from all the others the night we met? Oh was it your morning freshness... STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE WITH Staincoat The Quodrant you can trust

For people who think—The Observer Australia's first fortnightly review. 1/6 from your Newsagent.

IN RANCH STYLE



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the simple but pleasing exterior. The kitchen is on the right next to the carport, and main bedroom is on left.



FLOOR PLAN illustrates the compact design of this home. The rear terrace includes a barbecue. Living-room has an open fire and built-in bookshelf.

- This week's "signature" home plan has been designed to suit a site with a rear view. It has three bedrooms, spacious living-rooms, and an attractive terrace at the back that is ideal for summer.

THIS design, No. 690 in our series of standard home plans, has been designed by Adelaide architect Mr. R. R. Milton-Hine. The plan, and all our other standard home plans, can be bought for £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres whose addresses are listed below.

The home illustrated above has three large bedrooms with easy access to the bathroom and separate toilet. This whole section is well screened from direct view from the living-rooms and entrance. Costs vary considerably from one State to another. As an approximate guide only, costs would be in the vicinity of £5500 to £6000 in brick, and £4000 to £4500 in timber and/or fibro.

For more accurate costing, please consult the Home Planning Centre in your capital city.

There is a wide range of standard plans on sale at our Home Planning Centres, but if you would prefer a design of your own, our experts will prepare one to suit your individual requirements for the fee of £1/1/- per square based on total area. The minimum fee is £10/10/-.

As a basis for your own

individually prepared plan you can, if you wish, select features of any of our standard plans. You can add your own ideas. Experts at our Centres will advise and prepare the new drawings.

For a fee of only £2/2/- you can have a ground-plan sketch prepared for you. This is a sketch drawn to scale of your special design, and is useful before a final decision is made, as it will show the overall area of the house and the positions and sizes of the rooms.

It would be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

There are hundreds of variations of our standard designs available. Every plan we publish can be erected in any building material selected by readers.

Each plan is guaranteed to be acceptable to local councils, and is available in the mirror reverse position, which may make it more suitable to your land. There is no extra charge for these variations.

Many home-planners feel they require assistance in planning a house to suit their land. If the site is in the metropolitan area we will arrange for one of our representatives to meet you on your land to discuss design for the fee of £5/5/-.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page and all our other standard home plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set (five copies of plan and three copies of specifications) from any of our Home Planning Centres.

These Centres have been established in conjunction with the leading stores in which they are situated. Addresses are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
HOBART: FitzGerald's.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.



You should talk to the "Wales"

Sending money anywhere in Australia or overseas is simple, safe, and inexpensive when you do it through the "Wales". You can get a bank draft to send yourself, or they will send the money for you by surface mail, air mail, telegram, or cable. This service is available at any branch of the "Wales" whether you have an account or not.



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Over 1,000 branches and agencies throughout Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua and New Guinea; and three branches in London

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"THE SWAN" Design reproduced by courtesy of Monsieur Claude of the Rene Henri Salon.

Get a little glow on!

The skill of an artist's hands is often enhanced by the materials chosen. That is why Vitapointe of Paris, the world-famous hairdressing and conditioning cream, is used in the leading salons of Paris, London and New York, and now, too, in Australia.

Vitapointe is extra light, non-greasy, and conditions hair as it adds instant shining beauty. It protects hair against the drying and bleaching effects of harsh sun, wind and salt sea air.

Use Vitapointe daily to dress and condition your hair and get a little glow on.

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

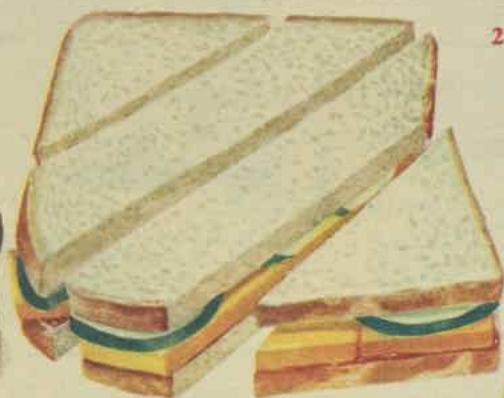
Vitapointe OF PARIS

V.62.22

The Perfect CREAM HAIRDRESS AND CONDITIONER

15 nutritious lunchtime sandwich ideas for teeners-on-the-go!

Still at school—or out in the world—teenagers need nourishment at lunchtime . . .



1 CUCUMBER SANDWICH
Butter two slices of bread. Fill with peanut butter, slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and cucumber.



2 FISH SUPREME ROLLS
Butter three slices of bread (crusts trimmed). Combine two tablespoons Red Feather Fish Supreme; 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1½ teaspoons lemon juice; ¼ teaspoon salt and pinch cayenne pepper. Spread bread with mixture and roll up like tiny swiss rolls.



3 CHEESE AND PINEAPPLE BURGER
Split and butter a bread roll. Spread with Kraft Mayonnaise. Cover one half of the roll with a lettuce leaf, a slice of pineapple, ham and slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Top with other half of roll.



4 BACON BUNWICH
Split and butter a bread roll. Fill with slices of tomato, Kraft Cheddar Cheese and crisp bacon.



5 TWO-IN-ONE SANDWICH
Butter three slices of bread. For one filling use a lettuce leaf and well-seasoned scrambled egg. For the other use a lettuce leaf and slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Top with last slice of bread.

Here's another 10 economical ideas to make lunchtime a daily surprise time.

Quick sandwich fillings

- Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with chopped celery and Bonox.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with sliced pickled onions.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with sliced sausage and tomato sauce.
- Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese with raisins and chopped nuts.
- Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese with curried egg and chopped parsley.

Interesting lunch-box ideas

- Pack a piece of cooked poultry or rabbit, tomato, celery and sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Add a few buttered crackers and an apple.
- Pack a buttered bread roll, some cooked sausages and slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

Place washed lettuce, a tomato, and some spring onions separately in a plastic container.

- Pack a Kraft Cheddar Cheese sandwich and a banana. Place lettuce and radishes separately in a plastic container.

Sandwich fillings to make up the night before

- Combine 2 tablespoons chopped celery; 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ½ teaspoon lemon juice and one 1½-oz. can sardines, drained and mashed.
- Combine 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped; ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon curry powder.
- Combine 1 tablespoon well-drained crushed pineapple; 2 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; and 1 dessertspoon chopped walnuts.

mellow **KRAFT CHEDDAR**
is your best cheese for sandwiches

Full-of-flavour Kraft Cheddar gives family sandwiches sustaining goodness, because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. And Kraft Cheddar is *all* good food—no waste . . . no crumbling . . . no rind.

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, 1-lb. packet, the family size 2-lb. pack.



K Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses

Wilga's words true? She had wanted to know. And now, as the girl had stated, she knew. Miss Bevis was speaking again.

"I'm glad this has happened. It will help to put any ideas you may have had right out of your head. Smoke Lawless is my property. He always was; he always will be. Hands off, Miss Brierly—though I think that warning is scarcely necessary. I can hardly picture Smoke being even remotely attracted to a pale little import like you."

Now there was not only venom; there was downright rudeness. Too late Prue wished she had never put through the call. Perhaps, though, it was better to know things—know, for instance, that their being together now was no innovation. What had Wilga just said? "Smoke is my property. He always was."

She did not say goodbye to Miss Bevis. Dumbly she replaced the phone.

Rolf came in, his eyes searching Prue's.

"You contacted him?"

Prue said, with an unhappiness she could not conceal, "He's there, but he was just not around."

"Oh, well," he remarked at last, "we will keep an eye out for him."

But for all their vigilance Smoke Lawless strolled in at an hour when he was not expected—when Prue was giving Sweet Prue her bath.

He strolled over to the table and drawed, "Do I have to wear a mask?"

Prue started so violently that the baby's face puckered.

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 44

"It is obvious that as well as ballistics," said Smoke, "you have not undergone a mothercraft course. Sure you can cope?"

"I can cope. I have been doing so since Wednesday."

"Wednesday." He looked at the baby speculatively. "Am I to gather that that is when this child was born?"

"I mean at Falcon." Courage came to Prue. "It was born in your house," she said. Typically, he showed no reaction.

"I think," he said deliberately, "you had better finish the infant and then explain."



"Yes." The monosyllable was not very informative, Prue knew, but suddenly she seemed bereft of speech.

"Rather early, isn't it, for a child to travel?"

"It hasn't travelled. It—it was born right here."

"You mean—in the Authority?"

"I'll be waiting for you, Miss Brierly."

"But not in your room," she called desperately. "The mother is there."

"Is it safe," he asked, "to wait in my own office?"

"Yes, though it's a little crowded at present. We've been too busy to remove the pram and stroller and things."

The rest of the bathing was a nightmare, but at last Sweet Prue was dried, powdered, and nightgowned. At the door she stopped involuntarily. Nina Wolhar was sitting up looking very radiant and very animated. And sitting beside her, perched on the bed, was not her husband but Lawless himself.

Nina accepted the baby, prattled gaily about its nose, its mouth, its beautiful crop of really non-existent hair.

Presently Lawless arose. "I have things to attend to," he bowed. To Mrs. Wolhar's delight he bowed also to the baby.

"I will see you in my office," he said to Prue.

PRUE lingered as long as she could attending to details, then, aware she could not put the matter off any longer, she went.

Smoke Lawless was examining the gifts as she entered. Before she could speak he wheeled around and demanded, "Let me get this straight first—was all this"—he waved an arm to the baby paraphernalia—"one of your schemes?"

"Of course I didn't scheme it. Did I scheme for you to go away? Did I plan that you should not be found when I rang the Bevis' to tell you about everything?"

His eyes narrowed at that last.

"Sit down, Miss Brierly," he said. "Tell me everything from beginning to end."

She did so as simply and briefly as she could.

"You acted from your heart," he said when she stopped.

"Is there something so very wrong," she demanded, "in that?"

"When it is not accompanied by reason, yes. You and Rolf have used no reason. Consequently you have put me in a spot."

"A spot?"

"Miss Brierly, use your sense. How can I get rid of the Wolhars now? How can I dare to? Look at these presents. This baby is the camp's baby. They'll never let it go."

"Does that matter so much?"

"Of course it does, you little fool, because it doesn't finish there. Will one man be content

to admire another's baby when his own is just as dimpled and just as bonny—but over three hundred miles away! He'll want it down as well. And its mother. And its brothers and sisters. Soon we will have a family community. We will have what I had once before, then wisely discontinued. We will have what I vowed I'd never have again."

He was pacing the room as far as he could before he was stopped by a pram or a bassinet.

"Never underestimate the powers of woman," he said as Geoff Lucian had said, but his voice held no admiration, it held angry defeat.

"You need not take on like that," she flung at him.

"What do you think will happen if I go out now and say to the Wolhars, 'All right, here's your pay, go.' What do you think will happen if I say to the men, 'Get back to your work, we resume as usual.' What do you think, Miss Brierly?"

Prue said lamely, "I don't know."

"Then let me tell you. They'll resign. They'll collect their little white envelopes and they'll leave Falcon. You've undermined my authority. I can't fight back. I have no weapon. All right, smile. You've won."

This was no triumph. Prue knew that. She said uncertainly, "I only acted, as you accused, from my heart. If I forgot to include reason you must forgive me, Mr. Lawless. I do most sincerely, most humbly, ask your pardon for that."

The earnest apology took him unawares. The quiet sincerity, the gentleness of it, disconcerted him as he had never been disconcerted before.

"All right," he said, "we'll say no more about it. The other projects, of course, will be laughing their heads off at me. Lawless, they'll grin, has met his Waterloo at last."

"I am smiling," said Prue impulsively, gently, very sincerely, "I am smiling, and it is not because I am amused but because I am very grateful to you."

There was a long silence in the room. Smoke Lawless stared down at her. It was a long, enigmatical look.

"Are you smiling, Prue?" he said at last. He stared deeply, probably, at her . . . then all at once he was smiling, too.

Once he had surrendered himself to fate Prue found that for Smoke Lawless there were to be no half measures.

For several days there was no mention between them of the vital subject of his capitulation. He dictated as usual, then day after day retired not to the shaft but to a corner of the office, where he huddled over some map or graph.

At last, persuaded by the anxious Rolf, spurred on by the wistful eyes of Benito, Arne, Johannes, a dozen others, she dared ask Lawless if he had thought any more about the future policy of the Neck.

"Quite a lot, Miss Brierly. I pondered a lot before I finally committed myself to paper. I have been waiting for your comments—and criticism, Miss Brierly. Don't tell me my work has been unnoticed." He waved a lazy arm to the east wall.

Wonderingly she advanced on the large map now hung there. She saw at once it was the one he had been poring over.

"Falcon's Neck," she read.

"Key to Future Progress."

Her eye ran over the details with pleasure, satisfaction—but incredulity. "It's wonderful,"

To page 53

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Anstraliens suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.

4/6 PER BOTTLE,
SUFFICIENT FOR
8 SHAMPOOS



Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

True Fragrance

The true fragrance that is you is not simply a matter of perfume put on as an afterthought. It goes much deeper than that. First, you want the impeccable personal freshness that an all-over wash or bath with mildly medicated Cuticura Soap alone can give you; it cherishes your skin like an expensive beauty-cream, softening and deep cleansing—a soap for sheer skin beauty all over! Then for lasting freshness—dust yourself with silk-soft Cuticura Talcum. And clear those irritating spots, pimples and blemishes quickly with soothing antiseptic Cuticura Ointment.



Cuticura

SOAP • OINTMENT • TALCUM

Keep a young skin always—with Cuticura

Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get DOAN'S today!

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well with

Weekend



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Don't let germs wreck children's health!



Reach for Listerine!

Epidemics and infections can spread like wildfire! Protect your children with Antiseptic Listerine . . . regular gargling with Listerine kills germs before they can start their dangerous work!

YOUR No. 1 PROTECTION
AGAINST INFECTION



LUCAS



Here, there, go everywhere . . .

Go everywhere in easy wear, easy care LUCAS Nyaloc, the miraculous knitted 100% nylon fabric. Won't crease, dries in a twink. Marvellous for busy summer days . . . for the young and the young at heart.

8994/79: Slim little sheath of Nyaloc, with the season's loveliest neckline. Brilliant colour scattered over a white ground in sizes 14-38 for 5 ft. 4 inches and under 12½-20½ £9/19/6


8977/83: Cool flattery of a fishtail-like collar and a gently flaring

skirt. Lucas recipe for a really successful Spring, white Nyaloc printed with coin spots in all your favourite colours. Sizes 14-40 for 5 ft. 4 inches and under 14½-20½ £11/11/0

8997/82: A fine tracery of ferns suggests the bliss of woodland shade. Styled by Lucas in Nyaloc, with a softly gathered top, knotting at a cool deep neckline. Sizes 36-42 for 5 ft 4 inches and under 14½-22½ £11/19/6

Other Nyaloc styles from £6/19/6

LUCAS
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MADE FROM  YARN

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to Lucas, 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, makers also of fine lingerie.



* *Cattleyas* require glasshouse culture and warmth. Their large flowers bloom in a wide variety of colors and combinations of colors. Blooms cost up to £4 each, and are suitable only for corsages or exhibitions.

ORCHID CULTURE

CYMBIDIUMS, dendrobiums, and many cypripedium orchids are easy to grow. The aristocrats of the family, cattleyas and their hybrids, need to be grown in mildly heated glass-houses.

Cymbidiums are grown usually in pots filled with compost composed mainly of old tan bark, peatmoss, leaf-mould, chopped todea fibre, and barks of various kinds, topped off with sphagnum moss.

Cymbidiums can be raised from seeds (taking seven or more years) or from back bulbs, which usually take about four years to flower.

Dendrobiums, both native and introduced, are usually potted firmly in todea or osmunda fibre. They dislike frequent division and will not flower for several years if disturbed too often.

Cypripediums are terrestrial orchids and do best in fibrous loam. Many of them, being natives of tropical countries, will flower only in heated glass-houses.



* Popular cymbidiums comprise *Profita Luath* (red, in front) and *Girahween Alne Bank*, at the rear. They are hybrids and require a glasshouse.



* Tropical hybrid cypripedium, variety *Matchless*, should be grown in a glass-house. Bush-house types are described in the story above.

HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN



ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly . . . after one lather . . . your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair!

Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.



Give your hair
that shining look-again look
with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3

R074

Page 51

LOOK! ADDED BRILLIANCE
LOOK! ADDED BRILLIANCE
LOOK! ADDED BRILLIANCE

It's true! Your next gleaming, dazzling Surf wash will prove it! Now Surf has added brilliance. Now Surf will give your wash a startling cleanness and whiteness — a cleanness and whiteness you wouldn't have thought possible. Surf with *added brilliance* is a washday triumph! Buy Surf for your next washday — thrill to the world's cleanest, whitest wash — a wash now with a new gleaming, dazzling *added brilliance*! Surf with *added brilliance* — in the same blue and yellow packet.



THE CLOSE-UP LOOK PROVES IT!...
SURF GIVES THE WORLD'S CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH!

she said eagerly, "but of course it couldn't be done."

"Why not?" He had lit a cigarette and joined her. Together they looked at his proposed settlement complete with hall, school, canteen, church, medical centre, housing, centre, shops.

She glanced outside and said helplessly, "On this steep ground?"

"In these days aspect and elevation offer no obstacle. If needs be we can cut a mountain right off. But I don't want to do that. I value my mountains. Deep contouring will be sufficient."

"It's a lot of work," she murmured.

"You should have thought of that before you started the mowhall," he answered quite agreeably.

He grinned almost boyishly. "I hate to take all the credit away from you and Rolf, Miss Brierly, but I was defeated even before you defeated me. Some camps are temporary. Causeway, for instance, has already finished its contribution to the

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 49

Scheme and is now closed for all time.

"But Falcon's Neck is here forever. In this undertaking are so many key things we can never shut down. We are destined to become more than a matchbox community perched on a mountain top. I realised it all along but believed that the furthering—the female part of it, I mean—could come much later. Now, however, the decision has been taken from me."

He shrugged in a manner that indicated to Prue that it was not such a disastrous business after all.

A little encouraged she asked, "Won't a township such as you have planned here take years?"

"No . . . we'll begin that at once," he said, to her delight. "The accommodation won't be what I'd prefer it to be, but that can improve as time goes on. Get out Records, Miss

Brierly; also the men's applications to have their families with them."

"How long does it take to build a house, Mr. Lawless?"

"Too long. I intend buying them instead."

"Prefabricated like the houses in New Damsite?"

"Yes. We're lucky, Miss Brierly, some will be free. I told you Causeway had moved out. Their units will now be ours."

"Can they be moved?"

He raised his brow, but he was not annoyed; she could see that. "Listen, Miss Brierly," he ordered.

Prue listened to a rumbling noise—but not from the compressors in the gorge as usual but from an electric drill on the mountain.

"Why, they're working now," she said excitedly.

"They'll have a road by the end of the week," he promised, "a house one day after that."

It was universally agreed that the first unit of all should go to the Wolhars.

Prue had the amazing sight of a three-room building climbing up the mountain road, of its being craned off on to waiting blocks. The inevitable ladder steps appeared like magic, a plumber and an electrician performed miraculous acts of speed.

Anton and Rolf darted round with pails of quick-drying paint in attractive colors, Nina and Prue hung curtains and polished furniture.

There was a lot that was not done, of course, the finished product would not have suited many, but Nina had never had a house of her own before.

Sometimes it seemed unreal to Prue, that she was dreaming all this, the way the rest of the houses followed suit.

As fast as a house sprang up like a mushroom a man applied and was allotted residence.

PRUE and Lawless worked endlessly over Records and Applications. When it came to the allotting of the units they were determined to be scrupulously fair.

It was only right that a large family should have first priority. Admittedly the Wolhars were a small circle, but they had been the beginning of all this. Compassionate reasons, too, were considered.

Of course there was friction. No scheme is ever perfect. One of the men haunted Prudence. He accosted her whenever she left the office, when she went down to the store. He even came to tapping on her bedroom window, but Rolf, hearing, put an end to that.

"I'm sorry for him, but he's well down the list," said Prue wearily. "He'll get a place in time, but he'll have to wait his turn."

"Married, of course?" asked Rolf.

"Yes, but we're not accepting applications so far unless there are children, or compassionate priority. He has neither. I am sorry, as I said, but one can't go against the rules. He'll just have to wait."

It appeared, however, that this man would not wait. He had his eye on a grey house. Prue had had her eye on it, too. It was just the house for the rebel Ludwig, who had placed his car on the track that night and later been "disciplined" by his chief.

Prue liked Ludwig. He had taken his medicine like a man. Rolf had confided that Ludwig was eligible for a unit. He had a wife and a family of four.

She knew Ludwig was sorry for his action. His only reason for not telling her was his inability as yet to cope sufficiently with her language.

She was angered, bewildered, very let down, therefore, when Smoke came up from the shaft one afternoon and said, "Miss Brierly, the grey house, Unit 35 —"

"Yes, Mr. Lawless?"

"It has been allotted to that fellow Lebrun."

"There is no compassionate angle," protested Prue, "no reason at all why he should have a unit before so many others more deserving. The men will resent it."

"The men—and you—will do as I say."

Still Prue persisted, emboldened by the knowledge that this time she was right and he was wrong.

"I can't understand you, Mr. Lawless, you make a rule, then you break it. Probably he will only live there until the novelty of acquisition wears off, then he will be back in the men's quarters, his wife back in Sydney."

"Which would leave the grey house once more vacant," pointed out Lawless, "so why make such a fuss?"

"It's the principle. It's also the house. It's too nice for that fate."

"What fate did you intend for it? Did you think of hanging up a little 'Reserved' notice and later purloining the unit for yourself?"

"Unmarried people have not the right of application," she reminded coldly.

"But married people have." His eyes had narrowed. "By the way the Neck is growing there's going to be a fine opening for a medical practitioner here quite soon. Much more lucrative, I should imagine, than—Goshawk, for instance." He paused. "Was that your scheme for your grey house, Miss Brierly?"

"It was not. I simply did not want it to go to him, to Lebrun. I thought of Ludwig."

"Ludwig!"

"I know you dislike him, but —"

"Just because I find cause to discipline people does not mean I bear a grudge. You might keep that in mind, incidentally, as regards yourself."

Prue flushed.

"About this Lebrun—" she said evasively.

He crossed the room to her. His hands dropped to her slim shoulders.

"Stubborn little devil, aren't you, determined to have everything at once. All right, to quieten you I'll tell you, but if you ever breathe a word outside of this room I'll beat you to a pulp. Understand?"

He said it jokingly, but she could see it was a serious matter with him and that he was not really joking.

"I give my promise, Mr. Lawless," she said.

"Good girl." He took something from his pocket and rattled it in his closed palm.

"Lebrun brought this along. Know what it is?" Smoke opened his big hand.

She saw a lump of rock that was veined in lustrous yellow. It looked like . . . it couldn't be

"Yes," he nodded, "it's gold."

"Gold! Where?"

"In the tunnel."

"What will you do?"

"It's done. The wall has been sealed and covered."

"And Lebrun?"

"To shut him up I thought I'd allot him a house."

"You thought . . ." Quickly she pounced on the uncertainty she had seen growing in him even as he talked.

She looked at the metal curi-

ously. She realised that Smoke held in his hand a little thing that could change a nation's destiny.

No wonder Smoke had believed he must appease Lebrun. "It might have petered out or it might have been rich, but either way it had to be killed," he was telling her.

"Here with our Authority we have a key to wealth that is much surer, more human. There's eight years of hard work behind us, but a mightier country before us. Yellow seam or constant stream — tell me, Prue, did I do right?"

He seldom called her by her name. She could tell that he had been affected deeply by the decision he had been called upon to make. She thought of the physical treasures virtually untouched yet in this country, how greater wealth than mere gold must spring from harnessed waters.

"You did right, Smoke." She was unconscious that she used his name in return. "But has it to be Ludwig's loss?"

He grinned suddenly, unex-

pectedly. "I suppose I could overcome it. Lebrun was always a habbler, anyway, and would probably be disbelieved. Without evidence, too, how can he back up his statement? And there won't be evidence. Not even in this desk."

He wheeled round.

"We'll make a sacrifice of it," he said firmly, "we'll go to the top of the cliff and throw it into the gorge."

Together they climbed to the summit. A light snow was just beginning. It was the first fall of the year.

There was a bitter wind, yet somehow Prue felt warmer than she had ever been before.

Somewhere ahead of them, predominant over the others, loomed Kosciusko.

Smoke threw the nugget out with such force it almost whistled through the air.

"For you, Mother Mountain," he said.

Then he turned slowly and looked at Prue. It was an odd

To page 55

I have lighted

my lamps . . .

. . . and their flicker is soft and gentle in the quietness before the night flashes into a tempestuous merriment of sound and colour.

Everyone has a New Year of course—but we still claim that our *Divali* is something new . . . the riot of colour and laughter, the gentle flicker of the oil lamps, the frightening noise of fire-crackers as they whizz across the sky . . . a warning to the spirits of evil, a welcome to Lakshmi, golden goddess of prosperity. In fact, there's something special about all our festivals . . . there's something special about India. We would so love to show our country and its ways to you. Why not stop-over awhile and see India on your way to London with

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AN 183

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Left: "Climax", striped elasticised cotton knit £6/19/6.
Right: "Sun Goddess", ombre satin cotton £4/15/6.



Left: "Sea Spree", awning stripe calf huggers, 49/11; with cotton cable knit overblouse, 42/6. Right: "New Twist" and "Spic 'n Span", contrast cotton knit overblouse, 42/6; with classic Tussock poplin shorts, 39/11.



Left: "Clear Sailing", Tricel permanently pleated skirt, lastex bodice £8/19/11. Right: "Ribbanaire", multi-stripe cotton two-piece £4/19/11.

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Left: "Soft Touch", pure silk and very feminine £6/15/6.
Right: "Water Way", classically simple in Helanca nylon knit £7/19/11.



Left: "Bahli Hi", Jamaica short 39/11, with midriff overblouse 49/11.
Right: "Bahli Hi", tapered Slim Jims 34/6, with cardigan shirt 69/11.



Left: "Desiree", Helanca nylon sheath in Empire line with contrast cuff £8/8/6. Right: "Upper Level", moulded jacquard lastex sheath in Empire line £8/8/6.

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look, enigmatical and unrevealing as ever. It told her nothing at all.

Without warning he drew her carelessly and yet somehow compellingly to him and brushed her forehead with a light, dedicating kiss.

For that was all it was, of course, a dedication. A dedication to Mother Mountain of our lump of gold — and one magnificent car.

He was pleased with her for her co-operation. He was rewarding her and she was accepting it calmly like the sensible girl she was.

Only she was not calm, and suddenly Prue knew it. Her heart was racing, her senses seemed living flames, there was a job in her throat.

He did not see it and he must never see it. He belonged to Wilga Bevis. Wilga had said so herself.

She withdrew by pretending to huddle deeper into her coat. "I want to go back, please, Mr. Lawless, I'm cold."

That brief co-operation that had set them tramping to the top of a mountain with a purpose in view had broken instantly with the withdrawing of Prue into her coat.

To Lawless it must have seemed withdrawal of spirit also. His arm slipped away, his face had resumed its cool mask. On their way back to the office and in the weeks that followed he was his old detached self.

With the increased population, work had trebled.

On top of it all was the new load of personal contact. Although Prue loved that part of her work and was grateful a hundred times a day that her childhood had led her down international avenues and taught her to speak many languages, none the less it made an extra burden, and anything extra in this huge, teeming hydro-electric world was a little too much to bear.

As she filed, typed, interviewed, interpreted, she was sharply aware that it was not really the work that was becoming onerous, it was the curious heaviness in her heart. Rolf, for once, was not watching her with his usual vigilance. A letter had come to him. It announced the date of his naturalisation.

Mr. Esokovits, now that his business had increased, had taken on the services of Maria De Caria, the pretty black-eyed daughter of Benito who worked with Anton and Ludwig on the diamond drills.

Hungarian and Italian, it made no difference. Cupid, it appeared, obeyed no international rules.

Prue wished the little church

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 53

Lawless had promised her would soon go up. She urged him on, telling him they might be needing it shortly.

"A wedding—" he echoed, "but you told me you wanted it for the Wolhar christening."

It was erected a week after. It was wooden, not granite, and it had no steeple, but it was the only white building in the nose-gay of gay colors, and the snow, now six feet deep, matched its pristine walls. Inside there was to be a pink ceiling and a blue chancel, and when it was finished it would belong to every worshipper and every creed.

Prue's summer wardrobe, brought out so briefly, had now been replaced at the bottom of her cases.

She found her supply of skirts and jumpers insufficient and had to shop for more at Coora.

All the children had their own little skis and sleds. She loved standing at the window watching them come down the smaller hill that had been made into a nursery slope.

"Ever feel like trying your hand at that?" asked Lawless, coming up behind her one morning.

"I used to ski when we were in Europe."

"Of course. I forgot. The diplomacy girl."

Flushing slightly but determined not to show her annoyance, Prue said, "I suppose I've forgotten now."

"No one ever forgets. We'll go tomorrow."

"No, thank you, Mr. Lawless, I have no ski-ing clothes."

LAWLESS was away all day. When he came home that night he threw a box on her bed. "See how they fit."

"What are they?"

"Open up and discover for yourself."

There was a ski-ing outfit, complete with stocking cap, scarf, tunic, pants, boots, gay-topped socks, gloves. The color he had chosen was a deep, glowing primrose.

"I—I don't know what to say."

"There's not much choice, really. You answer either, 'No, thank you,' or 'Thank you very much.'"

"I could," alternated Prue with a spontaneous quirk, "remark, 'You brought the wrong size.'"

"But I didn't."

"How do you know?"

His eyes flicked over her and their expression was enigmatical. "The size is right," he said, and left it at that.

But Prue did not know where she should leave it. She fingered the clothes dubiously, took them up, put them down.

"Is it so hard to accept them?" he asked carelessly, his glance on the cigarette he had paused to roll.

"It is, Mr. Lawless," she said nervously.

"All right," he said easily, "don't get so upset about it. I had forgotten you took your pattern of life from your name."

Some people have food, but no appetite; others have appetite, but no food; I have both. The Lord be praised!

—Oliver Cromwell

She looked at him inquiringly and he went on carelessly.

"Prudence . . . it's a cautious, circumspect little handle, isn't it? 'Wisdom applied to practice,' so my dictionary says."

She was relieved to leave the question of the clothes for a few moments.

"Have you been looking me up in the dictionary?"

"Why not? It's the only way I have of getting to know you, Miss Brierly. Every time we begin to talk you climb girlishly into your coat."

Her eyes dropped. She was remembering that brief moment on the summit above the gorge and his light, meaningless kiss. They could have talked then, she thought, only there had been someone between them . . . Wilga had stood invisibly yet quite definitely there.

She now stroked the soft, warm outfit reluctantly.

"I can't take it. It's too expensive."

"All right. Have it your own way, you cautious, circumspect, discreet, but entirely infuriating, aggravating girl."

He banged the lid back, threw the parcel into a corner.

"You have a bad temper," observed Prue mildly.

"I have not your name to live up to," he returned.

"No. You have one of your own though—Hart."

"If you think I purchased these things for any such reason as my name might indicate, you are mistaken. I bought the outfit because in a place like this one must stay fit, and to be fit one must exercise, and

ski-ing is the only answer to that."

She crossed to the corner and picked up the parcel. "I could pay you back each white-envelope day."

He shrugged.

"If you agree to that I'd be pleased to have the clothes."

His smoke-colored eyes had narrowed. "Very well, Miss Brierly, ten shillings per fortnight, starting from your next pay."

He was right—the suit did fit her. In fact, it could not have fitted better had she shopped for it herself.

The color suited her. In a company of mostly bright reds she looked like a daffodil. Geoff Lucian told her this as they assembled with Rolf, Lawless, and a dozen other adults on the higher hill.

"Get it locally, Prue?"

"I think so."

"You think so?" He looked at her shrewdly, a question in his eyes.

"Mr. Lawless bought it for me. I'm paying it off in instalments. I've had so much expense with extra winter clothes . . ." Her voice went lamely off.

One by one they took off, Prue a little nervously at first, but soon finding, as Lawless had said, that this was a thing one never forgot.

Down they stemmed, first one ahead, then the other. Rolf was lovely to watch, Geoff surprisingly efficient, the dozen experienced Germans and Poles and Italians graceful in their practised turns.

Then Lawless came, tall, strong-limbed, running surely too rapidly for such a mountain of a man.

They were all abreast now; they were abreast for several seconds. Then Lawless was smoothly outrunning them . . . not merely outrunning them but suddenly, imperiously, irresistibly taking Prue as well.

"Now," he called, and he stopped evenly within a yard, stopping her with him by the assurance of his presence, the note of partnership in his voice.

The others were still descending. They watched them together in a single triumph.

Lawless put his arm on her shoulder, and this time Prue did not creep farther into her coat.

The momentous night of Rolf's naturalisation was now only a week away.

It was taken for granted that many of his friends would attend the ceremony. Prue, Lucian, and Lawless had been personally invited. A number of the Falcon Neck's workers were going in on lorries, partly to give Rolf moral encouragement, partly to see how things were done so they would know all about it when they came to undergo it themselves.

The naturalisation was at Coora. There were no other Falcon candidates, but Geoff Lucian had said that Goshawk had four.

She suggested a celebration afterwards, and Rolf was pleased with the idea.

"I shall make a cake and write Australia on it," he planned. "We shall have punch and beer."

Rolf thought a lot about the suit he would wear to the ceremony and also turned his attention on what Prue would wear.

"I wish you," he said shyly, "to buy a new gown."

Prue hesitated, and Rolf rushed in eagerly.

"You must forgive me, Prue, but I would like it so much I have asked Mr. Lawless to bring one out with him."

Since when, she asked, when at last she escaped from Rolf and all his plans, have I been

incapable of building my own wardrobe? She flushed with embarrassment when she thought of Lawless handing over not just articles of sportswear this time but a dress.

It was more than a dress, however. Like the ski outfit that had not stopped at tunic and pants, it included a gossamer underslip, cobwebby stockings, evening sandals with heels like slender stems.

PRUE touched the pale blue that was the same color as the sky in the morning above these mountains and wondered.

"How much was this frock, Mr. Lawless?"

"Oh, Brierly, take the gift graciously and forget about your name."

He strode out with his usual intolerance, leaving the box on the table.

She sighed as she held the dress against her. Without shaping it to her slender body she knew it would be a good fit.

She put it back and went into Rolf's kitchen.

"It's lovely, it's really a glorious gown, but—"

"Then I am happy, very happy. No more, please." His eyes sought hers.

Prue said, wearily at first, then with a hint of resigned laughter, "No more, then. No more except—thank you very much."

She trusted that this would conform to Lawless' "graceful acceptance."

It was a cold, clear night when they left for Coora. Rolf had seated Prue by herself in the back seat of the seldom-used

big car — "I do not wish your gown to be crushed" — and got in beside Lawless.

Lawless looked a different man in formal navy, taller, less rugged, infinitely more suave.

Prue did not join in the conversation. These dark winter evening landscapes always fascinated her. When they reached the flatter country she wiped the mist from her window to peer at the firs and Lombardy pines, set out, it seemed, on wide tablecloths of snow.

Presently Coora's lights sprang up at them and the snow dwindled, but the cold persisted.

Prue drew her wrap around her and made ready to run swiftly to the hall as soon as the car stopped. There, she knew, it would be bright and warm.

Lawless joined her, but Rolf went across to the other candidates for naturalisation. Presently the fifteen of them were ushered into the hall; a little later their friends were beckoned in and seated as well. Prue sank into her chair and looked around.

At one end of the room, just above the impressive red leather chairs of the candidates, was a large portrait of the Queen. There was a Union Jack one side, the Australian Ensign the other; there was a wreath of laurel, a rising sun of scarlet poinsettia, yellow wattle, and a single waratah.

There were not many speeches, and they were short and simple and addressed to the fifteen in the impressive red chairs.

But finally the mayor rose and talked slowly, quietly, and

To page 63



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Rings on her fingers



ALLURING actress Jill St. John has had many gifts from her fiancé, Lance Reventlow. They will wed soon.

★ Red-headed starlet Jill St. John, who is engaged to Woolworth heir Lance Reventlow, one of the world's richest men, still has no ring on her third finger, left hand.

"DIAMONDS are beautiful, but they look like glass on me," she pouts prettily. "If I do have an engagement ring, it will have to be jade or emerald."

Let no one get the impression that 19-year-old Miss St. John is without jewellery. Lance has already given her rings for at least five fingers.

Contradictorily, one of these has a cluster of 24 diamonds set in the shape of a rose—her favorite flower. And, glassy-looking or not, Jill manages to wear it.

The other rings have stones of imperial jade, peridot (her birthstone), antique Persian turquoise, and emeralds, set clover fashion.

She also has a solid-gold bracelet to snap round her ankle and a gold whistle charm inscribed: "To prove I'm at your beck and call — Lance."

Lance, who declares he's ready to be becked and called, is over six feet tall, brown-eyed, dark-haired, and 23.

Son of Barbara Hutton's second husband, Count Haugwitz Reventlow (four other husbands followed), Lance inherited £11 million on his 21st birthday and was given a £90,000 Hollywood home by his mother.

Miniature racing cars

The hill-top house has every luxury — color TV in each room, a huge swimming-pool, built-in cookers and refrigerators, and a miniature car racing set in the living-room, where numbered vehicles whizz around a track.

Until his thoughts turned to starlet Jill, Lance Reventlow's

whole life was the car-racing world. He designs cars, races them expertly, and loves nothing more than talking technicalities with mechanics.

Jill, who appeared with Clifton Webb in two films, "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" and "Holiday for Lovers," is remarkably beautiful, has a figure of 36-21-35, and the genius-rating intelligence quotient of 162.

Liked a cash register

Always an unusual little girl, Jill didn't like playing with dolls as a child. Her favorite toy was a cash register equipped with stage money.

At the age of five she was a midget-sized film actress and she kept making films and TV series until she was 12.

She dropped out of films to concentrate on education, but came back into the Hollywood whirl at 16, when she was offered a film contract.

The same year she married Neil Dubin. They soon separated and the divorce was made final some months ago.

Jill is enthusiastic about many things — flying (Lance has an aircraft), falconry, food (particularly *pate de fois gras*), and fashionable clothes.

"Of course, when it comes to footwear," she says, "there's no stopping me."

"I own 150 pairs of shoes."

Miss St. John likes luxury.

"I've got the biggest bed in Hollywood," she states. "It's got a quilted headboard and measures eight by nine feet."

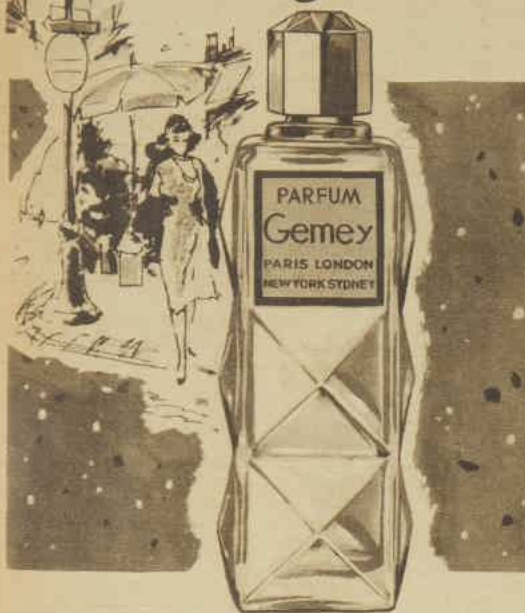
"It takes me 20 minutes to make in the morning, but who cares? When I sleep in it, I feel like a princess. And that makes it worthwhile, believe me."



TWO LOVES in life of Woolworth heir Reventlow are Jill St. John and racing cars. In picture (inset) he drives. Above, he gives a kiss to Jill.

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★★ DANGER WITHIN

Drama, with Bernard Lee, Richard Attenborough, Richard Todd, Michael Wilding. Embassy, Sydney.

BITAIN can always be relied on for an absorbing, well-made P.O.W. escape story, strongly cast and entirely credible.

While not the greatest of its kind, this one is well directed by Don Chaffey. It is based on fact mixed with fiction.

The scene is set in an officers' camp in Northern Italy — time, 1943 — and concerns a specially well-reconstructed mass escape and the exposure of an informer.

Suspense and character are splendidly sustained, and the last 20 minutes is gripping.

An admirable cast is headed by Lee (senior British officer); Attenborough, the camp's bespectacled Billy Bunter; Todd, touchy head of the escape committee; Wilding, a smart Grenadier Guardsman; and Dennis Price, whose only interest is his camp production of "Hamlet."

In a word... **ABSORBING.**

★ **HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**

Mystery thriller, with Peter Cushing, Andre Morell, Christopher Lee. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

BASED on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's classic thriller, and set in the sinister swamps and moors of Dartmoor, England, this entertaining film proves quite gripping, although the hair-raising horror and suspense promised never eventuate.

We see world-famous legendary detective Sherlock Holmes (Peter Cushing) and his equally famous assistant, Dr. Watson (Andre Morell), battling valiantly against tarantulas, escaped murderers, and the "hound of hell."

Christopher Lee is quite likeable, though dull, in the role of the last Baskerville, doomed to die, as had all his forebears, at the jaws of the hound.

None of the others in the cast is outstanding, save Miles Malleon, who is really delightful as the birdlike, sherry-drinking Bishop Frankland. — C.P.

In a word... **ENTERTAINING.**

★ **SOME CAME RUNNING**

Drama, with Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Dean Martin. In color. St. James, Sydney.

It is unusual to find either Sinatra acting in or Vincente Minnelli directing a film quite so commonplace and generally uninteresting as this small-town drama.

Sinatra plays a once-promising author, who, after a drinking bout, is put on a bus by his friends, and wakes up to find himself back in the hometown he left years ago.

With him is an adoring little

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

Film Parade

flooze (MacLaine) whom he picked up the night before. It is an interesting role, and earned the actress an Academy Award nomination, though, I feel, a little over-played.

Special object of Sinatra's resentment and bitterness is his elder successful businessman brother. As played by Arthur Kennedy, he is the film's most real character.

Early in the piece there is promise in Sinatra's reactions to small-town pretences and values. But this is soon lost in the unfolding of a story made more trite by the unsuitability of Martha Hyer in the role of sympathetic schoolteacher and Martin as the professional gambler with whom the hero teams up.

Hyer cannot act and Martin does not try.

In a word... **UNDISTINGUISHED.**

★ **THAT KIND OF WOMAN**

Drama, with Sophia Loren, Tab Hunter, Jack Warden, Barbara Nichols, Keenan Wynn, George Sanders. Prince Edward, Sydney.

FROM a movie with that kind of title, it would probably be foolish to expect anything other than this kind of story.

The supremely unimportant point of whether Loren will become the wife of her rich protector (Sanders) or give up a life of luxury to marry Army paratrooper Hunter (picked up on a train) is the sole question examined during the course of the film.

Hunter, poor good-looking young man, seems forever doomed to appear a boy sent on a man's mission. He just looks as though he doesn't understand. His lack of acting resourcefulness is greatly shown up by Warden's splendid work as his staff-sergeant pal.

Close-ups of Loren, certainly a highly attractive woman, help to spin out a thin story. In a word... **THIN.**

Movie gossip

"OKLAHOMA" girl Shirley Jones has been signed to a straight dramatic role in "Elmer Gantry," which also brings back former musical star Don Ameche. Don has been working in TV, and Shirley has made some not very impressive movies in England.

★ ★
FORMER starlet and friend of Frank Sinatra, English Shirley Ann Field, gets her biggest break to date in "The Entertainer" opposite Sir Laurence Olivier.

Shirley's role has been specially written into the film by author John Osborne and co-writer Nigel Kneale. As with "Look Back in Anger," the film will be produced by Harry Saltzman and directed by Tony Richardson.

★ ★ ★
RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, one of Britain's most consistently popular actors for many years, now has finally taken the plunge and formed his own production company.

Partner in the new venture — Beaver Films — is screenwriter and actor Bryan Forbes.



BRITISH actor Richard Burton and his wife, Sibyl, who are expecting their second child. Burton stars in "The Ice Palace," which The Australian Women's Weekly ran as a serial last year.



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Michel "STAYS ON LONGER"

"Open House" big success overseas

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The American market is wide open for Australian-made TV shows, which can be produced more cheaply and effectively than all but the top-flight American shows, according to Mr. John Bryden-Brown, managing director of Marketing Services (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

AND Mr. Bryden-Brown should know, for he recently returned from America, where he negotiated the sale of "Roy Acuff's Open House" — a series produced earlier this year by M.S.A. and Sydney's Channel 9 for local and overseas distribution.

"In America they're just waiting for someone to come over with Australian shows," he said. "They can't understand how people can buy so much TV from them and not try to sell anything."

"They don't want the 'fair dinkum' Aussie-style of show, with kangaroos jumping out of every scene, which is where so many people have gone wrong in trying to sell Australian drama, etc., overseas."

"All they want is good TV entertainment. Australians would be crazy not to take advantage of the opportunities there."

Mr. Bryden-Brown said many Australians looked disbelieving when he told them that Australia could produce TV shows more cheaply and

effectively than all but the top-flight American shows.

"But it's true," he said.

"While no one could compete with the States when it comes to turning on the star programmes, such as the Perry Como Show, Perry Mason, and a score of others seen on Australian TV, it's a different matter when it comes to the next level of productions."

"All the Americans — from performers to technicians — are such expensive workers if they're any good that they can really be used only in big-money shows."

"The talent available lower on the scale is much inferior to that available in Australia."

"Because of this we can produce good TV at a price which makes it an attractive proposition in America."

Everywhere in America Mr. Bryden-Brown found TV, recording, and film people impressed by the standard of the "Open House" kinescopes, and the talent of Australian artists, particularly an harmonica group, The Four Clefs.

The series was finally sold for an undisclosed figure to a syndicate in Nashville, Tennessee, the home of country music.

This syndicate is distribu-

ting the 39-episode series everywhere except in Australia.

It is budgeting to gross 1,600,000 dollars, more than £A700,000, from the series, which will begin running on 80 American stations before Christmas, on Britain's ITV and European stations just after Christmas, and on Melbourne's Channel 7 and Sydney's Channel 9.

Before the series was sold to the syndicate, the films were shown to TV people in Hollywood and Los Angeles. These included the Desilu Co., who were amazed at the quality,



THE AMERICAN CAST of "Roy Acuff's Open House," a 39-episode TV series produced at Sydney's Channel 9 earlier this year for world distribution. This cast was supported by 18 Australian artists. Roy Acuff is the third man from left.

tions stowed away somewhere? You know, that skirt that will come in handy some time, the dress that would be terrific — if you could do the impossible and remake it with the cowl neck at the back instead of the front?

Don't hang your head if you have. I'll bet none of us is quite 'as bad as some of the film companies.

not so brash. The new Dr. Kildare, as planned, is going to be quite a character, a combination of the original young man and his film mentor, Lionel Barrymore's crusty Dr. Gillespie.

I could easily be wrong, but it all sounds a bit of a mess to me. Remember that cowl neckline job?

★ ★ ★

"GUNSMOKE'S" Marshal Dillon, James Arness, hopes he may be able to visit Australia next autumn.

I hope he comes, more so since meeting the other Arness, his young brother, Peter Graves, here to play the lead in "Whiplash," a new TV series based on the history of Cobb and Co.

As I said last week, if Marshal Dillon did come, I'd like him to bring Chester, too. It wouldn't seem right to me if Chester didn't limp along behind the Marshal saying "But Mr. Dillon" in that wonderful drawl of his.

When I said this to Mr. Graves, he agreed, but asked "What about Doc and Kitty? Don't you want them along, too?"

"Have the four of the along; they are 'Gunsmoke'."

Carried away by Mr. Graves' obvious enthusiasm for "Gunsmoke" (Sydney's Channel 9, Mondays, 10 p.m.), told him that he was known a nest of fans in our office. "Marshal Dillon's brother."

Although he was in the throes of being feted as a guest of honor, Mr. Graves was hurt a bit. He was pleased. He laughed and said, "Well, don't blame you; Jim's a great fellow."

"He's terribly interested in Australia. He makes quite a lot of personal-appearance tours."

"Jim's a tremendous man he went on (as if we didn't know), 'shoulders that will and much taller than me. He's a good actor, too. 'Gunsmoke' made him that way."

TELEVISION PARADE

and made an on-the-spot offer of a quarter of a million dollars for the series.

Mr. Bryden-Brown said that as a result of the "Open House" success his firm was now working on two more TV series for world distribution.

One is dramatic, one musical, and they'll also be made at TCN, Sydney's Channel 9.

HAVE you a collection of cast-offs and an equally large number of good inten-

One of them has found dear old Dr. Kildare in their attic and plan a slick renovation for TV so that it will be just this season's dish.

Dr. Kildare will be played by Lew Ayres, who played the role in the original movie series. But time has passed, so Dr. Kildare won't be the young man in white he was.

He'll wear his years as they are now, or to put it gently, be a more mature character,

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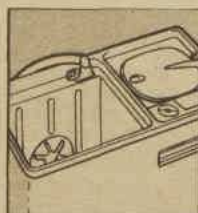
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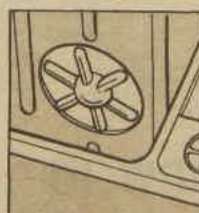
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distinctly. He spoke as to each alone.

"Ours is a freedom, with the only restriction interference in others' freedom. You will have the asset of a free country but we will have the asset of you. We don't expect you to become one of us overnight; you can't shed loyalties like trees their leaves in autumn; but we hope this land will become your permanent abode because we need you, too."

The first aspirant, an Estonian, stepped nervously forward. As he took the oath his voice shook.

Then Rolf, stateless Rolf, was advancing, and unaware of her action Prue's hand had nervously grasped at Smoke's.

Slowly Rolf repeated after the mayor the Renunciation of former Allegiance, then he took the proffered Bible in his right hand and made the new oath.

"I renounce all allegiance to any Sovereign or State of whom or of which I may be a subject or citizen."

"I swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, her heirs and successors according to law, and that I will faithfully observe the laws of Australia and fulfil my duties as an Australian citizen."

The mayor took back the Bible and inscribed it, the minister blessed it.

"You are now an Australian citizen and a British subject," Rolf was told, and he was given the Bible on which his oath had been taken, and his certificate.

The others advanced shyly, came back triumphantly, then everyone stood and sang the anthem.

Your permanent abode . . . the words echoed in Prudence as she obeyed the mayor's smiling injunction to join in the supper that had been laid and to please "mingle."

Perhaps it was the warmth

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 55

after the cold outside, the flowers, the anthem, the end of something inspiring, but they all mingled as surely they had never mingled before.

Prue spoke with them all, joined in the excited chatter.

And all the while she was marvelling at the pure, unmistakable love of everyone for one another.

"Your permanent abode . . ." She repeated these words to herself as the gathering ended.

Lawless came up and told her that Rolf would drive her back to Falcon. "I have been asked to stay on to a district conference. I won't be far behind. I'll come with Eisokovits in his Land-Rover. He's staying as well."

The cold outside took her breath away. Rolf clasped her hand in his and together they ran from the hall.

Once within the car Rolf put on the heater and piled around the rugs.

"What felt the best, Rolf?" Prue asked.

Rolf did not have to consider. "I believe it was those four words of the mayor, 'We need you, too.' It is curious, Prue, but I have never thought of it like that. It was always my need, not theirs. But now I know it is not so, and it makes me a little prouder, not so much a debtor."

Rolf started the engine and they set off carefully. There was still no snow at Coora but the streets were as slippery as ice.

They reached the highway and it was difficult going now, but their wheels were well chained, their foglights demisted the thick haze ahead, and Rolf was an excellent driver.

Prue leaned back in the car, happy for him.

Afterwards she could not remember at what moment she knew the danger, heard the dull sickening crack.

The pine fell swiftly, totally without warning; it was not very loud, the impact did not seem very great. But it cut sharply and cleanly halfway through the car and halted it instantly. Its great trunk stopped only a few inches from where Prue sat.

She did not scream, it had happened too quickly for panic.

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your former self.

—Hindu Proverb

She turned her glance on Rolf.

At first she believed he had escaped by inches as she had, then she peered closer and thought instead that he might have sustained a slight head wound.

It was so little, so unimportant-looking, that tiny oblong of congealing blood. It was too trivial a thing, surely, to mean much.

She waited a moment for the shock to leave him, for him to turn his gaze back to her.

A minute went past. The shock should be leaving him now. Rolf should be responding.

She leaned over as far as she was able, but the gaze was fast blurring, the lips stiffening, the eyes beginning to glaze.

"I'll go for help, Rolf," she said. With difficulty, laboriously, he answered, "No matter now . . . stop with me . . . just stop."

She did not protest, she simply put her arm about him. He died a short moment after that.

She did not know how long she sat there. She was aware of nothing, neither pain, sorrow, even fear of another tree crashing.

She wished she could cry but there were no tears. She wished she could go for help but her limbs would not move.

Then from somewhere in the deep void crept fragments of odd sentences—Rolf's sentences that he always had accompanied with that lovable little gesture of his fine hands.

"Male and female," she heard Rolf's voice, "created He them." She looked at his face, the dear kind face of the man she had come to love in her few months here as one loves a brother, and was surprised at its peace and contentment.

Again she heard his voice. This time it said happily, "And God saw that it was good."

Something was coming. With difficulty the sound penetrated to her. It was not until the yellow foglights came up behind that she knew it was a car. She heard a door open, running steps, she listened dully to a voice she recognised as Lawless.

"Prue—" it said. Then another voice—that would be Mr. Eisokovits—called, "She's all right, it missed her—but it hasn't missed him. We'll ease Rolf out, Mr. Lawless. We can't leave him like that."

Prue murmured expressionlessly, "It doesn't matter any more. Rolf is gone."

Lawless looked at her sharply, probably.

"Go for Lucian, John," he ordered, "or Macrae if he's nearer."

When the Land-Rover had turned and started down the track towards Coora Lawless lifted Prue from the smashed car.

He did not put her on her feet but held her. It was just as well, for as soon as the cold air reached her the enormity of everything reached her too, and the pain of it drained the blood from her head.

She crumpled up like a child, unaware of strong arms, of protection—or anything. When her senses returned she was back at Falcon and in bed.

For a while she stared at the ceiling, wondering, trying to remember things.

A voice, a woman's voice. Mrs. Wolhar's or Mrs. De Caria's, whispered, "Lie still; call if you need me."

Need . . . Realisation came rushing in with the word and with it all the pain and futility and helplessness. It came with the memory of Rolf's voice stating something that could not matter any longer, saying proudly, "We need you, too," the mayor said. But there would be no need—for Rolf—ever any more.

She pushed her fist against her mouth to force back her sobs. She was still fighting them when she heard the steps along the hall, saw the door open and Lawless come in.

His hands were thrust deep into his pockets, his face wore that enigmatic look, his eyes were hooded.

Dully but surely it came to her that the comfort for which she had been waiting would never come—from him.

"What is wrong with you? Why don't you talk to me?" she asked.

LAWLESS shrugged, went to the window, and turned his back. Over his shoulder he flung, "It is scarcely time for idle chatter, is it? How would you have me converse?" "Not—not as though you were accusing me. Not as though I was the cause of—of what has happened."

"You are too sensitive; you imagine things."

"What do you mean?" Her tone was incredulous. He couldn't mean . . . he couldn't be so cruel . . .

But he did mean it. He was as cruel as that.

Tautly she accused, "You resent my being here and not Rolf."

Icily he returned, "I am not quite ruthless, you know I wouldn't mean that."

"How would I know, I know nothing about you."

"That is entirely your fault." "You have never encouraged me to learn, Mr. Lawless, you have always been hard and unjust."

"Then let me right that injustice now by telling you that there is no resentment that you escaped, Prudence. The resentment is of a different sort."

She asked starkly, "Then what is it?"

Gruffly he said, a vein in his temple throbbing, "Resentment that fate—or Mr. Piper—or anyone—ever sent you here at all."

Uncomprehending, she asked, "Have you found me so impossible to live with?" "No," he answered brutally, "but—Rolf did."

There was a sharp silence. The deliberate cruelty in his words, the oblique hint, shocked her.

Presently she stammered, "What are you saying—no, no, it doesn't matter; I understand, of course. You are stating that

but for me, but for my being here, Rolf would still be alive."

"They are your words," he said.

He turned from the window. "If you must have it, yes. Ordinarily, and by ordinarily I mean before you came, Rolf would have stayed on in Coora until I had finished my business. He always stayed with me. He would not have left when he did—and been killed."

"So I am to blame. Now there will be another cross."

Her voice had risen hysterically.

Quickly he came over to her. "Cut that out, Prudence, don't speak like that," he said.

As she still shook helplessly he put out a hand and took hers.

"Control yourself. This is no time for heroics. I'm sorry I spoke as I did. I, too, am overwrought."

"You spoke from your heart," she said dully.

The tears came then, hot and blinding, and he sat on the bed beside her and let them fall.

"Cry," he encouraged, "it will do you good."

Presently the crying stopped. She looked across at him.

"I'll leave, Mr. Lawless," she said.

"As you wish, but if propriety is disturbing you don't give it another thought. There are many here in Falcon who could take up residence, make a third. We could even run to a woman chaperon." In spite of his determination to speak impartially, again crept in that bitter note.

"I'll leave," she repeated.

He took a letter from his pocket. "This," he said, "might help. Didn't you say your

friend in Queensland was finding you a job?"

She took the letter but did not open it.

"When you accept the post," he advised coolly, "intimate to your future employers that you cannot start at once."

Her glance flew up.

"Because," he resumed carefully as though to a child, "that would not be possible; Prudence. The law will require you for evidence."

As she did not speak, as her eyes widened, he said more kindly, "I would have spared you the ordeal if I could, helped you to get away from something that has become so distasteful, so intolerable, but it is beyond my power. You were with Rolf, you and you only, you will be required therefore at the court."

She waited for him to go. There must be nothing left for him to tell her, he must have said it all.

Haltingly he suggested, "There's one thing more—"

"Yes?"

"Rolf. The little church, it has not been dedicated, not opened, but the minister from Goshawk feels we should not have Rolf's service elsewhere than here."

Dully she answered, "There was to be a christening, a wedding, happy things, not—"

He cut her short sharply. "What shall I tell the Reverend Mr. Flett, Miss Brierly? No—or yes?"

She said, "Yes."

He went then, leaving her with the pain fresh in her heart again.

Her hand moved restlessly over the sheet and encountered

To page 66

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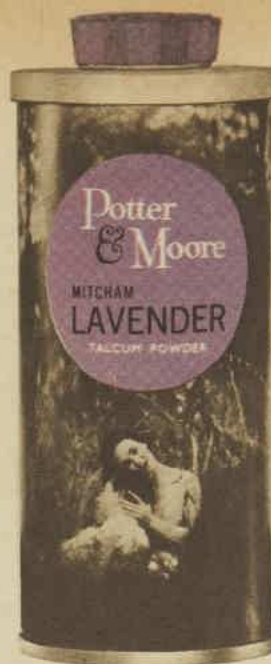
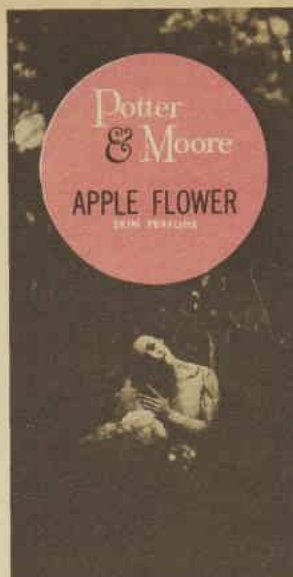
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"ANNABELL." Belted one-piece in no-iron striped cotton poplin. The color choice includes navy and white, red and white, lilac and white, pale blue and white, pink and white, and aqua and white. Ready Made: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 78/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 79/9. Postage and registration 4/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 54/6. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.



"ROSEMARY." One-piece dress designed with a flattering princess-line silhouette. The material is crease-resisting coin-spot poplin. The color choice includes navy-blue, Swiss-blue, and red, all printed with a white spot. The cuffs are white poplin. Ready Made: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 87/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 91/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 54/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 56/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

"CAROLINE." One-piece in no-iron hounds-tooth printed cotton with white tie. Color choice navy/white, red/white, Swiss-blue/white, green/white, pale pink/white. Ready Made: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/17/9. Postage and registration 4/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/9. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.



"MARTHA." Slender-line one-piece finished with coin-spotted tie. The material for dress is in sundek, obtainable in white, lilac, pale pink, turquoise, red, navy-blue, and black. The tie is in no-iron coin-spot cotton in matching or contrasting colors. Ready Made: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/2/6. Postage and registration 4/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 71/6. Postage and registration 4/9 extra.



"DIANA." One-piece in rose-printed no-iron cotton with green cummerbund. Color choice includes pale pink/pale green; pale orange/pale green; rose-pink/pale green; aqua-blue/pale green, all on a white ground. Ready Made: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 84/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 87/9. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 53/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 57/6. For both postage and registration 4/9 extra.

Clare's letter. She slit the envelope and withdrew the sheet slowly.

"Darling, I've done it," Clare wrote, "I've got you a post as I told you. Put your notice in at that icebox and take the first plane north."

"No need for warm clothes although it is officially mid-winter. It is always balmy and warm up here."

"Wire me, Prue, and I'll be at the airstrip to meet you."

"All my love, Clare."

She put the letter down. It should be something she thought, to know that she had somewhere to go when she left Falcon, that she was not purposeless, yet somehow it did not mean anything, nor bring any comfort at all.

To establish her independence Prue got up.

She was angry at how wobbly she felt, angry, too, at her agitation when she heard steps climbing the crude stairs outside the unit.

When Lucian came in she said with relief, "Oh, it's you, Geoff."

"Is that pleasure because it's me or thankfulness that it's not Lawless? He rang me that he had given instructions for you not to get up." He had taken her wrist when he came to her side and now he stood quiet a moment.

Presently he nodded. "You're all right, poppet," he said.

"Fit to travel?"

"As far as Goshawk?"

"Much farther, Geoff, than that."

"Then the answer is no."

"Too late, you shouldn't have told me I was perfect in the first place."

He cut short a sigh. "I wouldn't have, Prue, if I'd have thought I stood the smallest chance."

She looked at him fondly. She would miss Geoffrey Lucian. "When your holidays come round, fly north," she invited. "I have a nice friend, Clare."

He grinned at that, had coffee with her, rose to go.

"Prue," he said tentatively, "Rolf never suffered. If he did it was very briefly, only for an instant. And he was smiling, my dear."

She nodded, biting her lip. "And God saw that it was good," she was thinking.

Aloud she said, "Yes, Geoff, I know."

She did not see Lawless any more that day. He sent a written message that arrangements had been made for a service the next morning.

Ten days had gone aching by. Often they seemed to Prue like so many years.

The little church had opened its doors for the first time when Rolf had left for the final time.

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 63

My heart is not saying goodbye, she realised curiously

She stopped at Goshawk to have a last word with Geoffrey. She found the surgery deserted.

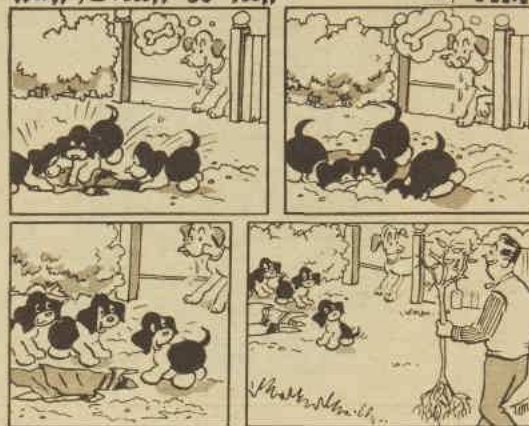
"Heinz," she called, and Geoff's help came out, wiping his hands on a towel.

"Dr. Lucian is not here, of course, Miss Prudence. I would go, too, but someone must stop in case of emergency in our own camp. At least I know a little if not much." He shrugged.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"What do you mean, Heinz? Has something happened, has someone been hurt?"

Even as she spoke she heard the shrill constant siren across the gorge that in her preoccupation must have eluded her before.

"Where?" she panted, knowing before he told her.

She was already running back to the jeep as he answered, "The Neck."

As she approached Falcon she could see the women climbing down their ladder stairs, most of them still in their household aprons, all wringing their hands.

She saw them rush past the jeep to the head of the small railway. On the little platform the guards stopped them.

Prue jumped out of the jeep and ran into the unit calling Smoke's name.

He was not there, of course—he would not be in the office—he would be with his men, down there. He would be with them because Smoke Lawless was like that.

The rooms were quiet. Everyone in Falcon must have run to the landing platform. That's where she should be, assisting the guards to keep the women back, trying to reassure and comfort.

But at this moment she had no comfort in her, only the need to be comforted herself.

"Smoke, darling, where are you?" she cried brokenly. Suddenly as crazed as the others, she raced out of the house.

As she ran, cunning came to her.

A woman would not be permitted down the gorge—but manpower would be needed, to remove debris, to clear a path, to help bear the injured—even the dead.

She wheeled back to the unit lobby where the waterproofs were always thrown. Fortunately, because it had been a cold morning, she was wearing her slacks.

She pulled on the waterproof, slipped her head into a helmet, pushed up her hair.

She reached the platform as another load was going down, and jumped aboard.

Down below there was remarkably little chaos. Everyone seemed to have a job to do, there were no idle hands.

The tounarockers came crashing out one after the other, filled with hastily gathered earth waste. The jumbo was being run up to the ominous new facet of rock and the men who operated the machines were climbing in and starting the drills.

It all could have been an ordinary shift except for that hateful whine and the workers' set faces. Obviously there had been a sudden patch of rotten granite, a subsequent failure of

been trapped with him up fire to the top. "You're off till your normal shift tomorrow. Have a drink at the Neck expense."

He called as an afterthought, "Tell all the women to go home—that their men are safe." For the fraction of a moment, for an infinitesimal second, his eyes met Prue's.

He shook hands with Lucian Macrae, half a dozen others.

This was Prue's chance to escape. She tried to slip past him unnoticed. Without raising his eyes, without putting out a hand, he said, "Wait please."

She obeyed like a chastened child. Slowly the project emptied itself of all men not working legitimately on the shift.

The jumbo ran up to a rock time facet, the drills started, the compressor roared, work started again.

The little train took the load of men up, came back and loaded Prue and Lawless.

By the time they reached the top everything was normal. The women had returned to the homes, their men with them. Lucian's and Macrae's cat were gone.

"We'll walk to the summit," said Lawless.

"I can't—the bus comes three."

"We'll walk to the summit," he said, as though she had opened her lips.

As they climbed to the top she stole a quick glance at his face. It was harder than usual, she thought, just as intolerant, the eyes enigmatical as ever, the lips a straight line.

She remembered the last time they had climbed up here together. It had been to throw away that small but important nugget. He had made it dedication to Mother Mountain, then turned and given her a light, dedicating kiss.

She had evaded him; she had to because of Wilga. There was still Wilga, so she would have to evade him again—but he kissed her, could she evade him, could she, she asked.

She loved this man. Ruthless, impatient, hot-tempered, dominating, intolerant, as most often intolerable, she loved him with all her heart.

But he would not come to her again, his eyes told her. They considered her coolly, deliberately, lengthily now that they had reached the end of the cliff.

"Why did you go down there?" he flung at her.

"I thought I might be able to help."

"So you could have—on to you are a woman and you place was with the women, we did you do such a mad thing as that?"

She looked at him helplessly hoping he would not press for a reason. How could she say, "I had to go, I had to be near you, Smoke, can't you see that?"

But it was no use, he had come a step closer. "Why do you go, Prudence?" he demanded harshly. "Was it just to be near Lucian, or to be in the swim of everything, or was it—"

His hands were on her shoulders. So long as he had not touched her she could have resisted him. But with the impact of his fingers now her courage fled.

"I only thought about you. Now it was out. Let him smile if he liked, let him tell this incident away in his memory and bring it out later to tell her."

She did not look at him otherwise she would have known that her next words were unnecessary, she would have seen the dawning triumph in the smoky eyes.

"I know I was not privileged to think like that because—because of Wilga," she blurted "but sometimes there is a

To page 68

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XMAS PUDDING

STRAWBERRY CREAM

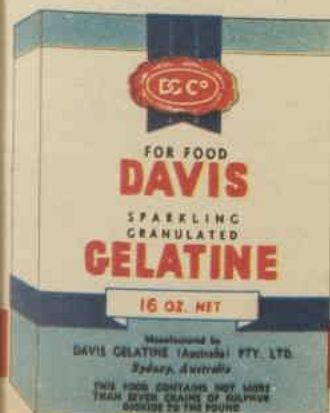
*Try these delicious
recipes*

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(6 servings)

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1 envelope or 3 tea-
spoons Davis Gelatine
dissolved in hot
water | 2 oz. shredded peel |
| 4 oz. sultanas | 1 oz. crystallized
ginger |
| 1 oz. currants | 1 oz. blanched
almonds |
| 4 oz. drained cherries | 2 bananas |
| 2 oz. seeded raisins | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sherry |
| 2 oz. prunes or figs | 2 tablespoons lemon
juice |
| | 4 tablespoons sugar |
| | Piece of lemon rind |

Wash and prepare fruit. Cook sultanas, currants, raisins and prunes in a little hot water for 15 minutes to plump them. Strain. Shred almonds, slice bananas, slice cherries, cut ginger, prunes or figs in small pieces. Mix together, place in a basin. Pour over 2 tablespoons sherry, cover firmly. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water in saucepan with sugar, lemon rind and juice; bring slowly to boiling point. Strain, add dissolved gelatine and add cold water to make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Add balance of sherry, pour over the fruit. Chill, serve with cold custard, cream or ice cream.



STRAWBERRY CREAM

(6 servings)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 envelope or 3
teaspoons Davis
Gelatine | 2 bananas |
| 3 tablespoons hot
water | $\frac{1}{2}$ large can un-
sweetened evap-
orated milk
(chilled) |
| 16 oz. can straw-
berries (chilled) | Vanilla essence |

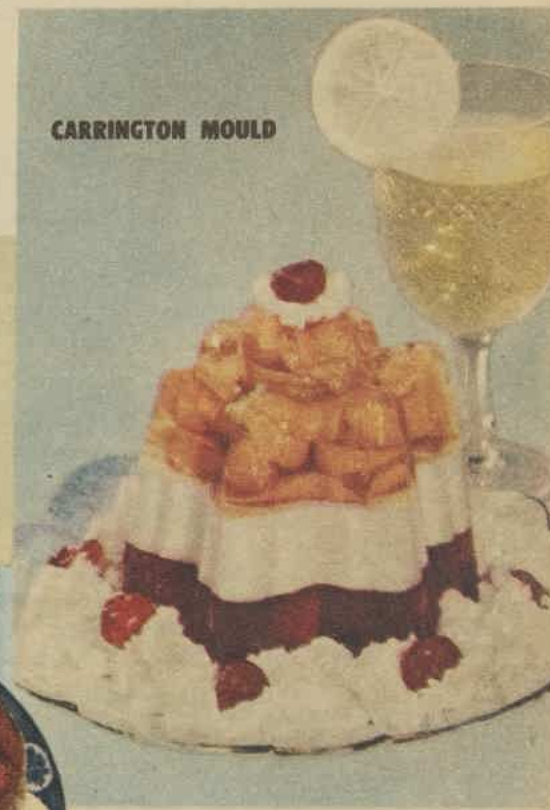
Drain syrup from strawberries. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add at once to syrup, mix well. Whip evaporated milk, adding syrup while beating. Add a few drops of vanilla and continue whipping till thick. Fold strawberries and sliced banana through mixture. Chill. Serve with cream or ice cream. If liked a layer of berries and sliced banana may be set on bottom of mould. Set in a little of the strawberry syrup mixture.

WHEN A RECIPE SAYS GELATINE

IT MEANS

DAVIS GELATINE

CARRINGTON MOULD



CARRINGTON MOULD

(6-7 servings)

- | | |
|---|--|
| Davis Gelatine | 1 tablespoon lemon
juice |
| Small can peaches or
pears, apricots, etc. | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) milk |
| Sugar | Cochineal |
| | Vanilla essence |

FIRST LAYER: Dissolve 1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, add 3 dessertspoons sugar, lemon juice and strained juice from peaches. If necessary, add water to make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint liquid. Pour a little in a round cake tin or mould; when firm, arrange sliced peaches. Pour in a little more liquid to cover. Leave to set. Place remainder of jelly mixture aside.

SECOND LAYER: Dissolve $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Davis Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water; cool, add to milk. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar, few drops vanilla essence. Stir until sugar dissolves. Pour carefully on the peach layer, which should be firm.

THIRD LAYER: Take the jelly remaining from the first layer. Re-melt, if set, by placing the basin in hot water. Colour with cochineal. When cold, pour over the milk-jelly layer which should be firm.

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Continuing ... THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 66

rhyme or reason in one, and I
did it because I was compelled."

His hands dropped away
from her. He must be very
angry, she thought.

Deliberately he asked, "Why
do you say you were not privi-
leged to because of Wilga?"

Her glance flew up. His face
was unrevealing again.

She said simply in the direct
way she had learned in these
Alps, "You are her man."

"Have I said so?"

"You took her in your arms
that afternoon we came from
Coora, and kissed her."

"Yes," he admitted soberly.

"I did do that. Do you know
why? One reason was to show
the men watching from the
barracks steps that I still called
the tune; the other, the real
reason, was because you had in-
furiated me, Prue. You went

same as he was, a man from
Snowy River."

Prue murmured, "The man
that holds his own is good
enough."

She looked at him wonder-
ingly. "Yet you were kind to
an old lady who didn't want to
leave her home because of the
floor of a bathroom; you were
kind to Mrs. Wolhar even
though she had taken your
room."

He shrugged his great shoul-
ders, his eyes looked almost
whimsical.

"That was after the burgeon-
ing. Strange to think spring
can push its way into frozen
ground. But it happens every
year at Falcon. It happened
this year to me."

Our new serial by suspense writer Ursula Curtiss

NEXT week we begin an exciting new serial, "THE
STAIRWAY," by Ursula Curtiss, one of today's
leading writers of suspense fiction, who wrote the serials
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In "The Stairway," Ursula Curtiss presents a house-
hold of luxury dominated by a sadistic husband and
father. Madeline Potter, after six years of bitter
marriage, realises she can no longer live with her husband,
Stephen, and makes an appointment with her lawyer.
Her only fear as far as divorce goes is that she may lose
custody of their small son, Matthew.

Before Madeline can keep her fatal appointment her
husband dies from a fall from the stairway of the house.
Only one person is a witness to the fall—Cora, a middle-
aged relative whom Stephen installed in the house to
spy on Madeline.

Ursula Curtiss has written a brilliant psychological
drama. Don't miss next week's opening long instalment.

out time after time with Lucian,
you went out with Rolf, yet
you grudged two hundred yards
down a busy street with me."

"Did it matter?" she flung
bitterly. "I mean, does per-
sonal equality mean so much to
you? Have you always to be
as good as or better than the
next?"

"It was not equality, you
blind little fool, it was some-
thing else."

Stubbornly she said, "You
love Wilga, you stayed with her
at her home. When I rang she
could not find you."

"She could not find me be-
cause I wasn't there, had never
been there. I went with her as
far as Coora, then left her to
get back to Saddletop herself."

He looked at her steadily.

"I don't know what Wilga
has told you, Prudence, but I
am telling you now that I have
always despised her, I despised
her even as a child. I have de-
spised her more since. She was
always arrogant, autocratic,
self-centred, grabbing. When
she grew up she was callous as
well. She would come here to
the Neck at any odd moment
her fancy took her. She was
after the Chief."

He shrugged carelessly. "But
when she saw it was to no avail
she amused herself with my
right-hand man. Curt, that
was his name, took it hard when
he learned how little she really
meant." He paused. "He went
to pieces. He rests out there
with Rolf."

Prue waited. Presently Smoke
spoke again.

"Every bad thing in my life
has been associated with a
woman, Prudence. My mother
went away when I was very
young, but not too young to
sense my father's broken life."

"He brought me up tough.
He brought me up to be the

She longed to ask how it
had happened, who had brought
it, but there was still something
to be said.

"Rolf," she whispered in re-
proachful reminder, "the things
you accused were bitter, cruel."

"Forgive me, sweetheart. I
loved that boy."

Sweetheart ...

The word hovered in the cold,
clear air waiting for recapture.

Would she reach up and take
it or would she wait for an-
other soft endearment to make
quite sure?

Suddenly he was wheeling
round to her, taking her shoul-
ders, forcing her to look, with
him, over the gorges, over this
whole white ancient, rugged
frontier country.

Down there were men with
theodolites ... with drills,
dynamite, bulldozers. Down
there were rock tunnels, race-
lines, aqueducts ... the
ghostly outline of Old Damsite
even now submerging forever,
New Damsite thrusting its
young roots into the slopes five
miles away.

"This is no valley beautiful,"
he said harshly, "but this is my
country. If you are my woman
you must understand now that
here I belong."

If you are my woman ...
The five words thrilled through
her.

She turned and looked at him,
seeing for the first time the
quiet intent of his smoky eyes.

He looked at her and waited.
He had asked no actual ques-
tion, but still he waited.

"I am your woman," she de-
clared slowly, wonderingly, ex-
ultantly.

"I am your woman, Smoke
Lawless, so here we belong."

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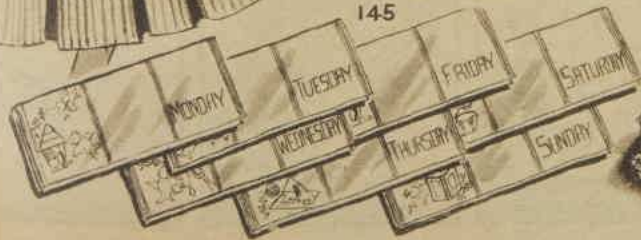
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* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning October 19

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
Luck in popularity.

* That famous magnetism of Aries stands you in good stead. You are in demand on social occasions, loved ones are indulgent, probably spoil you a little, but your happy response pleases all with whom you come in contact. If you're in love, whether single or married, the man in your life will do his utmost to be charming, attentive.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in a crowded programme.

* Whether at home or abroad you'll hardly have time to catch your breath. You've laid down a schedule that would floor most people, but Taurus are strong-minded. You may undertake spring-cleaning at home, attend committee meetings, discover new scope for a special talent. Your beloved is likely to feel he's just part of the landscape.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, rose.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in social life.

* There is a wave of social affairs that swamps you with engagements. Through friends at a party you may receive information that could have important results for you. Don't hesitate to explore new places to eat, new types of amusements. As you widen your horizon, you set the pattern for the next twelve months.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, blue.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck in hospital.

* Home entertaining can be a pleasure with an individual flavor not obtainable elsewhere. Whether you're considering a large group in your garden or just one person for dinner in your flat, the trick is good organization. Prepare simple dishes in advance if you want to be in the lounge with your guests rather than hustled in the kitchen.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, any pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in short journeys.

* Escape from the daily grind is likely to become a must just now. The weary housewife, children studying for examinations, father who wants a change of scene gain a new lease of life by taking that long-talked-about trip. If young, a four some may provide sociability, perhaps be the means of meeting a new heartthrob, certainly fosters romance.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, grey.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
Luck in a new job.

* Whether you're doing it for love or money, the commencement of any task is exciting. If in paid employment it means new work mates, surroundings. If a voluntary worker it can mean becoming acquainted with a new group, different methods. If you are tackling an untamed domestic art it gives you joy. Fancy cooking, amateur re-stocking are tops.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, green.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in a last chance.

* If you do not grab opportunity now you may have to wait. People events tend to highlight your special gifts, but if you let matters slip you could be passed over through sheer lack of advising; the world doesn't realise what you have to contribute. If in love, don't let shyness, convention, or inhibitions hold you back. Only the bold win.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve.
Gambling colors, mauve, green.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck in playing the lone wolf.

* There are times when the crowd irritate, do stupid things. If you can't join in with a whole heart, remain quietly alone. Your judgment, commonsense are reliable guides; even good friends go off on a tangent. Don't make an issue of it; go your own way, make excuses that will not hurt. Teenagers should not be pushed into awkward situations.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, black.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck through group activities.

* Whether you're winding up the season or starting a new one, members show increased enthusiasm which you can direct into the right channel. You might celebrate the success of a member, find new scope for an organisation to which you belong, or decide on a programme for the future. Don't be afraid to express your opinion.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
Luck in taking command.

* Family, friends, associates frequently dither. After due consideration throw your weight in the scales, this could help an important decision. Don't try to force your opinion, but say what you think is the best course. Even at present are likely to back you up in the immediate future. Refrain from "I told you so" if they refuse your ideas.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in ambition.

* The girl, whether 16 or 66, who has no ambitions, hopes is a colorless individual. Choose a modest target which you know you can hit, then raise it to a greater challenge which requires more effort, skill, work. Your beloved will admire you for your strength of character, which refuses to stay at the bottom of the ladder.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Gambling colors, navy, white.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in the morning.

* There's nothing like an early start when you have a big task on hand. Whether you are house-cleaning, addressing circulars for an organisation, making telephone calls, don't postpone action or you will never catch up. If you are facing a tough interview, have a request to make, barge in and get it over with. Explanations grow harder if delayed.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



All cheeses
taste better with



Arnott's
CRISP

Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn
Age 32 1/2

Last week Mummy took me to a Pet Chop to Buy a Puppy on a count of my Pet Frog ran a way.

ACTUALLY HE DIDN'T RUN BUT MORE LIKE HOPPED.

PS: it's called a Pet Chop cause if you Pet the wrong kind of Animal in there, you could get your finger CHOPPED OFF.

YOU CAN TELL WHEN A PUPPY IS HEALTHY CAUSE HIS NOSE IS WET. WITH THE IT'S JUST THE OPPOSITE.

We all most bought a DOG THAT WAS a BOXER, ONLY IT'S GOOD WE DIDN'T, AS I WOULDN'T WANT A DOG WHO COULD BEAT ME UP.

A Dog is some TIMES called MAN'S PEST FRIEND, THAT on a count of you gotta TAKE him out for his Exercise EVEN if it's RAINING.

Also when you buy a Puppy Dog, it's good if he GOT a Pet-AGREE...which is a Thing THAT if HE don't have one, PEOPLE CAN'T AGREE on what kind of a Pet he is.

an other Thing you gotta watch out for when you Buy a Dog is that He don't have Height-Rophobia, (which means he's a-SCARED of Height) OR ELSE you'll never Be able to TRAIN Him To SIT UP & Beg.

So finely we Didnt Buy A PUPPY BUT GOT a Gold FISH in Stead. Anyhow he's EASIER To feed AS ALL you gotta do is REMEMBER To Give him More Water AS SOON AS He drinks UP what's in the bowl.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUI

I WISH YOU'D STOP ASHING YOUR CIGARETTES ALL OVER THE CARPETS.

WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT TO THE BACK LAWN AND SMOKE?

I CAN'T DEAR, THERE'S NO TO PUT THE ASHTRAYS

WHERE
WERE
YOU ...



WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS ON THE BEACH?

So you're missing all the fun, staying away from beach parties, letting everyone else have a wonderful time—while you hide away with your monthly "problems"!

Surely by now you've heard of Tampax internal sanitary protection. Invisible and unfelt when in place, it never can show and no one can know your secret. What's more, it prevents odour from forming and telling tales!

Tampax is the *daintiest* protection in the world to insert and dispose of. Your fingers never touch it. Another nice thing about it, spares go easily into your handbag.

Enjoy the freedom of the beach—swim if you want to—use Tampax! Have done with bulging pads and belts! Wear the sleekest bathing suit under the sun—and be beauty on the beach or in the sea, just as you choose!

Don't let summer fun pass you by. When problem days come round, be modern—use Tampax. Two absorbencies, Regular and Super, at chemists and stores.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

happy feet happy days

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin and quickly end those aches and pains, heal blisters and sore heels and soften corns.

For skin dryness, rashes, roughness, cuts, bruises, burns, etc., there's nothing to equal Zam-Buk.

ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM is a non-greasy treatment just as good for foot troubles, muscular pains, strains and is excellent for the hands and face.

SKIN ITCH & TINEA

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, skin-irritations and lines, use laboratory-approved NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clear skin while you sleep. Guaranteed.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA and their geologist friend, Tate, are following up their theory that Dr. Tate's mountain shakes whenever there is a major bomb or rocket set off anywhere in the world. They are also puzzled by the strange, unbreakable pipeline

through the mountain. After one violent shaking they explore the mountain. They find that one part has caved in, exposing a long, smooth tunnel going down into the depths of the earth. They start down it, not knowing what to expect. NOW READ ON:



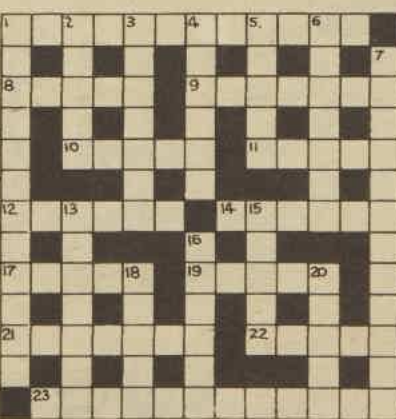
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Later the disturbed queens are artfully surrounded (12).
- None that bears green leaves in forest is open (5).
- I am between a strong red wine and a small company in a colonnade (7).
- You must win in the centre when you oscillate (5).
- Unyielding hind part of a ship (5).
- Knotty with no share (6).
- Spoil the outside and use the centre of a military rifle (6).
- Rubs down mostly with poisonous snakes (5).
- French drunk with a city in Italy near Turin (5).
- Idle cat (Anagr., 7).
- Goodbye in Sydney, in London, and even in Paris (5).
- Instrument of execution with design; and no use to argue about it (5, 7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Shortened hosiery business? No, but it contains all the goods (5-2-5).
- Consecrate while the end becomes less (5).
- Brings on as an inevitable consequence (7).
- Unfastens by putting the fastener in the sun (6).
- And no more manuscript can make standards (5).
- Lingers on the way with toilers (7).
- Court us honey in this rural residence (7, 5).
- Drape is loss of hope (7).
- Central courts of Roman houses (5).
- To topple and to surpass is first rate (6).
- Woman starts the shelters for storing goods (5).
- Advice-boat (5).

Milk
tastes
great
mixed
with
chocolatey

QUIK
INSTANT CHOCOLATE



N583/59



If you go for real chocolate flavour—you'll go for milk-drinks made with QUIK—in a big way! Nestlé's QUIK is real chocolate, finely powdered and specially made to dissolve the moment it goes into milk. So get the tallest glass of the coldest milk, spoon in two teaspoons of QUIK—and start drinking the most chocolatey drink of all!

NESTLÉ'S

QUIK

INSTANT CHOCOLATE

The **NEW** INSTANT COFFEE

It's here! Bushells Instant Coffee — the instant that IS coffee... 100% pure coffee. Bushells make this new Instant Coffee by brewing their famous roaster-fresh pure coffee perfectly — then extracting the water. The remaining tiny flavor-buds change back into perfectly brewed pure coffee the instant you pour on boiling water (or hot milk). They dissolve completely to give you all the rich, hearty flavor and aroma of roaster-fresh coffee. Enjoy Bushells Instant Coffee . . . the instant that IS coffee — today!



Bushells INSTANT COFFEE

the new instant that IS coffee... 100% pure coffee



WHAT IS INSTANT COFFEE?
Bushells Instant Coffee dissolves completely and instantly! It is made from 100% Pure Coffee beans, roasted and ground in the usual way, then further processed by Bushells own Instant Coffee plant so that you can make roaster-fresh coffee — instantly!



ROASTER-FRESH in airtight jars! Bushells Instant Coffee comes to you roaster-fresh in modern, airtight jars, protected by the special flavour-seal. The easy-to-open, easy-to-close screw top lid ensures roaster-freshness right down to the last spoonful.



EASY TO MAKE — "Just a Kettle and a Cup." Use one teaspoonful of Bushells Instant Coffee for each cup — simply pour on boiling water or hot milk and instantly you have delicious, roaster-fresh coffee. Bushells Instant Coffee is quick and easy — just use a kettle and a cup!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 21, 1959

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



SALLY BLAKE,
MELBOURNE'S
EX-BARDOT,
PAGES 4,5

Supplement: Not to be sold separately.

LETTERS

Learn to be nice

I SUGGEST that schools should have occasional lessons for boys and girls on the "niceties of life." Boys could be taught such things as which side of the pavement to walk on when with a girl, taking her arm as she crosses the street, etc. Girls could be taught how to respond to these gestures. If boys think this would be silly they should remember: "Manners maketh man."—J. Bailey, Coff's Harbour, N.S.W.

Rock "degraded"

SOCIETY has too long remained silent on a problem which threatens our adolescents—the primitive jungle beat as embodied in rock-n-roll. This degraded form of rhythm has the effect on those whom it attracts of exciting sinful lusts. Unless modern youth rises above the worship of this form of "music" and looks, instead, to the great heights of Bach and Handel for their musical inspiration, violence and vice will continue to permeate the life of modern youth.—"Four Teenage Crusaders," East Lindfield, N.S.W.

Sickening talk

I AGREE with "Wise Teen" (T.W., 23/9/59) who urged tuition on sex in schools. Although I have left high school I have heard so much stupid talk on sex among teenagers that it has made me sick.—"Stupid Talk," Waverley, N.S.W.

U.S. Critic

I HAVE just arrived from America and I want to compliment you on your beautiful country. But I can't say the same about your singing talent. Surely you can't think Johnny O'Keefe can carry a tune, but he has no style of his own. They should develop a style of their own. I am sure that a country as lovely as Australia should be able to hold her own in the talent field—in her own style.—Lorraine Fordham, Mordialloc, Vic.



LORRAINE FORDHAM
... lovely Australia.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Stay and learn

AS the Intermediate examination draws near, many teenagers will be thinking of leaving and getting a job. As one who left after the Intermediate and who has regretted it ever since, may I say "Don't." That extra two years of schooling will stand you in good stead in your future life.—Margaret Hale, Burwood, N.S.W.

Tell - a - girl

IF you want the world to know you like Mary; if you want John (and probably everyone else) to know you're going to the football, there's one non-failing way of going about it—TELL A GIRL.—John Evans, Lurline Bay, N.S.W.

Neglected

TEENAGERS today tend to forget the amenities offered by public libraries, art galleries, and museums. Teenagers are

seldom found in these places. Every teenager must occasionally have a free afternoon. Why not spend it in a library, art gallery, or museum? The results will be truly remarkable.—Stephen Harrison, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Overall idea

IT is a pity that not more schools have adopted the idea of girls wearing overalls over school uniforms. Our overalls are laundered each week after taking severe punishment from our science and art classes. They keep our uniforms clean and neat, and they have an attractive appearance.—Ann Corben, Beaumaris, Vic.



LEN CUNNINGHAM
... no injuries.

HOMework - OR NOT?

● Jennifer Worner, of Bendigo (Victoria), who wrote (T.W., 16/9/59) that homework should be abolished, aroused a lively correspondence.

FOR ...

I AGREE with Jennifer Worner that homework should be stopped. If you have arranged to go out you have to rush to get your homework done or pay the penalty of extra work next day.—"Down With Homework," Warrnambool, Vic.

HOMework is a brand of evil; it's torture of innocent children unrestricted. It turns plump, sweet little kids into haggard, gaunt, bleary-eyed monsters. Forgive me for exaggerating, but I really think kids would work better at school if they got to bed early.—"A Haggard, Gaunt, Bleary-eyed Kid," Drummoyn, N.S.W.

JUNIOR forms in secondary schools should not be set any homework. At Intermediate standard some extra work is required to help pass examinations, but not so much homework. If we have eight classes a day and each teacher sets half an hour's homework, we sit working for four hours at night, arriving at school next day bleary-eyed.—"Bleary," Red Hill, Vic.

WHEN we have had a grueling day at school I do not see why we should have a second school at home. Teachers

like a night out occasionally, so why don't they put themselves in our position?—Vicki Bennett, Eumungerie, N.S.W.

WE think there should be no homework set at weekends because, after working conscientiously during the school week, teenagers need time to relax and enjoy their social life. Teachers forget about the home chores we have to do at weekends.—Christine Dalby and Eve Jones, Stockton, N.S.W.

HOMework is quite unnecessary and, brother, who likes it? No one in their sane mind would agree to doing homework if they had their say. I sometimes think that the people who set the school syllabus were never young.—"No-hoper," Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

... AGAINST

HOMework is a very good idea, because the extra work gives a child a better understanding of what he has learned.—Judith Flowers, Portland, Vic.

HOMework is not harmful to anyone who is interested in their schoolwork. Anyway, while children are doing homework they are not roaming the streets.—L.M., Lismore, N.S.W.

Is rock safe?

I DISAGREE with Joan Hough (T.W., 23/9/59) that acrobatics in rock-n-roll are dangerous. I have been rock-n-rolling for quite a while and have never injured my partner or myself.—Len Cunningham, Kogarah, N.S.W.

Stop grumbling

THE letter from "Wal" (T.W., 23/9/59) on the causes of juvenile delinquency was one of the most sensible yet to appear on the Letters Page. So many letters are from teenagers grumbling about their parents and not being understood. If teenagers stopped acting like little tin gods and threw away the idea that they should be treated in some special manner because they are in their teens, they would stand more chance of being treated like adults.—"Teen-ager," Merrylands, N.S.W.

Pat sent them

I AM a 15-year-old American girl holidaying in Australia, and I was surprised to read in T.W. letters criticising Pat Boone. I had always thought that American and Australian teenagers had pretty much the same views on most things, but this has changed my mind. Back home Pat is so popular that, in our class of 30 boys and 29 girls, 27 of the girls kept a picture of him in their desks, while only about eight had pictures of Elvis and other singers. After watching Pat at a personal ap-

WHAT AGE TO MARRY?

THE Federal Government will soon consider legislation to raise the minimum age for marriage in Australia.

The proposal is supported by Church leaders and social workers.

In New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland boys may marry at 14 and girls at 12; in South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania the minimum age for marrying is 16.

Do you think the marrying age should be raised—to, say, 18 for boys and 16 for girls?

Write us your views on this subject—in not more than 100 words.

We will pay £5/5/- for the best letter received on the subject, and £1/1/- for all other letters published.

pearance my girl-friend got so worked up that she swooned and had to be revived with cold water, while other girls began sobbing hysterically. All my girl-friends and I consider Pat the most utterly gorgeous, handsome male we have ever laid eyes on, and that has nothing to do with his goodness and decency, although I must admit we are glad our idol has higher morals than some members of his profession.—"An American Boone Fan" (name and address wanted, please).

It's not smart

MOST teenage girls will agree that drink can be the downfall of teenage boys. Many boys, all from decent and respectable families, seem to think that drinking makes them big-time and smart. Girls do not respect boys for drinking; rather they think they are foolish. If boys gave up this bad habit for good, their lives would be 100 per cent happier.—"Down With Drink," Merewether, N.S.W.

Plain catty

THE American writers who criticised Mrs. Khrushchev's dress and hairstyle and different manners were just plain catty. How anyone could be so unkind as to criticise such a rare visitor, and specially one as motherly looking as Mrs. Khrushchev, I don't know.—"Typical Aussie," Camperdown, Vic.

They amuse him

GIRLS really amuse me. I have a teenage sister and she has two friends about her own age who practically live at our home. They spend a great deal of their time trying to live in the lounge-room and now the carpet is the worse for wear. Whenever Ricky Nelson appears on television I can hear an unearthly noise even if I am outside. If it continues much longer I will be forced to buy earplugs.—"Fed Up," Geelong, Vic.

How to pass your exams

● Those end of year exams are getting very close. If you've worked, you haven't much to worry about.

BUT if you've loafed, it's almost too late—though by getting cracking now you may be able to pick up lost ground.

Here are some things you should know about preparing for exams and exams themselves.

They may help you—may make all the difference between a pass or a flop.

The first thing: Don't let that coming exam bluff you.

It may have an important-sounding name, but basically it's no different from any of the tests you've had this year or other years.

It's just another test, and if you can approach it that way you can thumb your nose at the jitters.

One reason for jitters is not the exam itself, but because you were more interested in that coming party or picnic than the dreary Industrial Revolution or that problem in algebra teacher kept nattering about.

Which proves something you know already—there's no substitute for steady work, at school and at home.

At home you should plan a study routine and stick to it. You should have your own desk or table in a quiet place and work there two to three hours each night.

Some students prefer early-morning to night study. They claim they're fresher and more alert in the dawn. But study time is an individual choice.

Don't concentrate on the easy subjects, but set aside certain time for each subject, and always do a little more than

the homework set you. Revise back work, make sure you know how to solve that problem, check your spelling, and so on.

Two to three hours a night for five nights should be enough for you to keep up with your school work and revision, but an hour on Saturday or Sunday, particularly if you're weak in some subject, could make all the difference at the exam.

And don't forget that you should also be reading as much as you can in your spare time—if any.

One certainty is that you can't study and racket around, so that if you want to pass that exam—and you do—you must get plenty of sleep, and must regard parties or late nights as taboo except occasionally at weekends.

And as we've reached the weekend, a game of tennis or a swim will help keep you fit and relax you for the next week's work.

If you work steadily and to a pattern you have a good chance of assimilating most of the information poured into you and of doing reasonably well at the exam.



Studying at his home in Epping, N.S.W., Wilfrid Levy, a prefect at Fort Street Boys' High School, Sydney, is preparing for the Leaving Certificate.

ject—you can tell—listen to him and absorb what he says.

And don't forget that when in doubt, when something isn't clear to you, find out. No teacher will object to being questioned or asked advice. That's what he's there for.

When the exam is close, so close that you're counting the days, last-minute cramming,

an exam, and all the advice in the world won't stop them.

In principle, cramming is bad because it does tend to send you into an exam room with a head full of fruit salad. But in practice cramming sometimes works.

The best advice is avoid cramming—if you can.

To be told not to panic on

word. They ignore that six of the eight points have to be answered. And so on.

The next most important thing is to answer the questions, and to answer them in such a way that you show clearly that you understand them.

Too many students, even though they understand, allow themselves to become side-tracked. Read what you have written and make sure it answers what you have been asked. Remember, too, that bulk, although it may look impressive, is no substitute for quality.

And don't forget to have a crack at every question, and every sub-question, even if you don't know what happens to the angle formed by A-B-X or the theories of Albert Einstein.

You might even gain a mark or two for good imagination.

Try not to be a parrot, for examiners aren't fools. They can tell whether you have learnt a passage by heart—or whether you truly understand your subject. They are looking, among other things, for ideas—your ideas, and the way you express them.

Parrot answers, which prove you have a good memory but little else, could lose you marks, and so could poor writing, including careless spelling, punctuation, untidiness.

The examiner wants to see that full stop or apostrophe.

You'd never believe this, but examiners are human. They get tired and bored, and sometimes mad, and if your paper looks as if it has been written and laid out by an agitated hen your chances of that pass will inevitably be reduced.

Above all, try to show a glimmer of originality, for a sensitive description, an unusual argument, a perceptive appreciation among millions of words examiners read will pay big dividends in marks.

And good luck. You may need it.

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THOSE LAST FEW WEEKS

But you seldom realise until long afterwards, sometime years afterwards, that you could have done much better if you had worked just a little harder and listened a little more to the teacher.

If the teacher loves his sub-

ject—even if you've worked hard, is much more likely to confuse you than help you.

But this ignores one thing—that most students, however brilliant or dull, succumb to that wild urge to cram in those last days or hours before

exam day won't help a bit. But you can reduce that sinking feeling by realising that the exam you're about to sit for is one of the hundreds you've tackled in your school life.

And they weren't too bad, were they?

Go to your exam with this approach, with the correct equipment, a spare pen, a watch, and an aim to get a higher percentage than you think you'll get, and you'll be ready for the worst.

And don't leave that watch at home. Time is the enemy in an exam, and you must be able to tell at a glance how you're going—how many minutes you've devoted to Question A, or how many minutes you can give Question K.

Perhaps the most important thing in any examination is to read your questions slowly and carefully, so that you know what they mean.

After years of practice this should have become routine, and particularly if you have studied, with the help of your teacher, old exam papers and the comments of examiners.

But exam results prove that far too many students don't read the questions correctly. They assume too much. They miss the significance of a key

The party lasts all night

By Robin Adair

● How would YOUR parents like it if you went out on a dinner date—and didn't get home until DAWN?

IF you were a Prescott, Arkansas (U.S.A.), teenager and your dragged-out date was on May 17—they wouldn't mind!

In fact, they'd help you have the all-night date!

The explanation? Well, on May 17 each year Prescott adults hold what they call an Annual All-Night Festival. And it's only for the town's teenagers.

The party starts with a dinner dance. Dress for this and the succeeding

shows is formal. Jeans and sweaters are put into mothballs for this date.

The dinner (and everything else during the night) is on the house for the kids. The food is paid for by civic bodies, and is prepared and served by a volunteer squad of adults.

After the dinner dance the teenage guests of honor are entertained until midnight by a fiesta held in the main street of the town.

At 12 o'clock—when normally parents insist on their charges being home and in bed—the four-hundred-

some date is really just getting under way!

The teenagers pile into the local theatre for a special film premiere.

After the film, professional entertainers (paid by the townspeople) put on a "big show" that lasts until about 4 a.m.

When the curtain has been rung down on the entertainers' last act, the guests are shepherd into a church hall for a break-of-day breakfast.

Then the night-out ends with a 30-minute church service.



THE MANY FACES

SALLY BLAKE

DESIGNER Sally stretches out on the patio of her home at Box Hill while she catches up with her art work — designs for wallpapers, which she hopes to sell.



● Melbourne's answer to France's Brigitte Bardot is trying to get away from the Bardot look that launched her on TV three months ago because she thinks Miss B. is now passe.



TV STAR Sally finds time between rehearsals, TV appearances, photographic modelling, and parades to read her fan mail. She finds it hard to reply to all her fans, but loves receiving letters from them.

THE Victorian Bardot is 18-year-old Sally Blake, less than two years out of school uniform, the silent baby-doll blonde in the "Bandwagon" variety show on Melbourne TV station HSV 7.

Sally flits on and off camera right through the "Bandwagon" show, popping up unexpectedly as anything from a cavewoman to one of Henry VIII's wives. "I'm just being myself, really, because being 'different' is being myself," she told me. On "Bandwagon" Sally never utters a word, but off camera she has quite a lot to say.

"I seem to spend my life talking to people and giving interviews, but I don't make money out of talking," she moaned when I met her.

Just three months ago Sally was an art student at Royal Melbourne Technical College.

"I used to pose for some of my amateur photographer

friends in weekends," she said. "Then a magazine published one of the pictures of me on its cover and I got such a fright."

Soon another magazine published more pictures, and next came a glamorous film offer to the then 17-year-old, who had regretfully to decline because it would have meant going over-

ling jobs. After tasting both fashion - parade and photographic modelling Sally decided she preferred photographic work because she could inject her own personality into it.

"In a parade you only show off the dress and it's not so much fun," she said.

An attractively rounded little 5ft. 3in., Sally is an unusual build for fashion modelling.

"At first I began dieting because I knew photographers liked skinny models," she said. "But being skinny was no good for my part in 'Bandwagon,' so I gave up dieting, and it hasn't affected my modelling career."

"It must be my face — it's rather different, I suppose. And I have got big eyes," she added thoughtfully.

Sally designs and makes all her own clothes—very well—although she doesn't like to admit it because "it's so suburban and ordinary to make one's own clothes."

To get her inspiration, she

By SHEILA McFARLANE

seas for two years and that was too long to be away from home.

"It was to be a wonderful underwater film," she told me. "I'd like to make a complete underwater film for television, there's so much more scope without a wooden floor beneath you. I have some ideas for developing a new underwater ballet technique, too."

The film offer was closely followed by a string of model-

OF SALLY

drapes her material over a dressmaker's model of her figure, then she sketches in detail the dress she wants. Her mother helps pin it together, and Sally sews it up.

She loves very casual clothes, but shies away from wearing them now since she doesn't want to be classed as a beatnik. She was among Melbourne's first, but it isn't "different" to be beat any more.

Sally says she is determined she will not become a "toughened trouser" in the entertainment game.

Fame came easily

"I'm not going to curdle inside like so many do in the fight for fame, because I haven't had to fight," she explained. "It's all come to me without my even reaching for it, and when people have success from the beginning they don't curdle."

"I've been saturated with advice — from everyone about everything — and rather than try to weigh up the best of it I've decided I won't take any of it."

"Advice and criticism run off me like water now; I just trust my own judgment. It's less confusing," she said with a grin.

She very firmly announces she has no ambition whatever — then she launches into a fascinating resume of all the ideas she would develop if she had time.

So far others have always beaten her to it while she has been busy with work already in hand.

"There was the nail polish," she said sadly. "I thought we should start wearing all colors of it to blend with our clothes instead of the eternal reds and pinks."

"So I manufactured some myself and managed to sell the first batch, but then someone pounced on the idea and began turning it out too cheaply for me to compete. There were Pink Fungus (a silvery-beige-green), Rosewood, Christmas Beetle, and Jet Black, and I hand-painted all my own labels."

"Then there were the raffia wigs. I thought them up because we look so bald going swimming in bathing caps. I made the wigs to fit over the caps, but someone interviewed me about them, and next thing there were patterns published for them."

"I was going to breed chinchillas as pets — people are making \$100 a week from it in Eng-

land — and I would have made them all the rage here, but I wasn't allowed to import them."

"And there are great possibilities with shoe heels. If I had time I'd bring out interesting new kinds, shaped like corkscrews, pothooks, and inverted Eiffel Towers."

"Actually I should have been first with the Bardot act, too, but she beat me to it."

Sally has no wish to travel.

"Melbourne is so lacking in atmosphere it's just the place to develop in and better than going off to some famous place," she said. "And it helps a city develop itself if young people stay in it to develop themselves."

"I just wish I had time to write a series of articles on philosophy for teenagers, but life is just so full I can't even fit in lunches now."

"Actually, I've just been to a hypnotist to have my nerves calmed down," she added.

Sally still finds time to do some art work. She designs wallpapers with a friend who is a screen printer, and hopes to put her designs on the market soon, "mostly classical bedroom-type designs of roses and things."

Any day, she might become a singer and composer, too. A local company has asked her to write a song and record it for them.

The words shouldn't be too much trouble — Sally used to write poetry when she had more time — and she is quite musical, loving "all music from the most glorious Bach to the craziest rock."

Sally passed 10 Intermediate subjects, but can't remember quite how many for her Leaving Certificate.

Nine boyfriends

When I asked about boyfriends, she said: "I used to have nine — two of them steady."

"But I find life much simpler without them. They're such a mental strain. Now I only go out with important people for my job, and of course I have to be careful to be seen in all the right places."

"I think I might be ready for marriage at 25. From what I've seen of life I think we are all going through childish phases till then."

Sally's final summing-up was: "You know, I used to think how empty life would be when all that wonderful teenage fun was past. But I'm thrilled to find that beyond it is a life ten times as exciting."



DRESSMAKER Sally shows a model of her figure which helps her with her sewing. She drapes the material over the model, then does a sketch of what she wants; her mother pins, and Sally sews it up.



MODEL Sally, looking smart in a tweed jacket suit, arrives by taxi for one of her appointments. Sometimes she has five in a day. She says that she has a terrible memory and lives by the notes she writes herself.

CONNIE KEEPS A SECRET

From **GEORGE MCGANN,**
in New York

● Tiny Connie Francis, the world's leading girl pop singer, is harboring a secret about her newest hit recording, "Frankie."

THE question that Connie's fans are asking is—*which Frankie is she singing about?*

Is the record dedicated to boy-friend Frankie Avalon, the teenage singing idol, or to her long-time hero Frankie Sinatra (to whom Connie refers reverently as "Mr. Sinatra" in private conversation)?

I spoke to 20-year-old Connie Francis the other afternoon at Sa di's Restaurant, in the Broadway theatrical section, the rendezvous of everybody who is anybody in show business.

She was bubbling, responsive, eager—frank, if you will—in her replies to my questions. But she wouldn't identify "Frankie."

"All I will say is that I'm very fond of Frankie—Avalon, that is," she told me. "And I just worship Mr. Sinatra. He has always been my ideal of a singer. I've never met him but I own every record he has ever made."

One of the things that Connie and Frankie Avalon have in common is their mutual admiration for Sinatra, the girl singer confided.

"Here is a story that your readers in Australia might be interested in," Connie said. "Frankie told it to me when he got back from Australia."

"Frankie has always had three major ambitions—to make a million-sale recording, to own a Thunderbird, and to meet Mr. Sinatra. He achieved the first two ambitions before his Australian tour."

"When I saw him after he got back, Frankie shouted, 'Guess what—I met him in Honolulu!' He didn't have to tell me who he was talking about. I knew right away."

"It seemed Frankie and Mr. Sinatra's paths crossed in Hawaii. Frankie was on his way back home and Mr. Sinatra was on his way to Australia. Frankie summoned up all his courage to telephone Mr. Sinatra and he invited Frankie to his hotel room."

"They had a long conversa-

tion. Frankie was just about bowled over when Mr. Sinatra told him that he had heard many of his records and thought he had a great future. Frankie says Mr. Sinatra is the greatest."

Coming here

Connie has heard so many stories about the wonderful Australian audiences that she is planning a visit Down Under for the end of this year or early in 1960.

"Frankie just raves all the time about his reception in Australia," Connie told me. "I saw Tony Perkins when he got back from filming 'On the Beach.' He said the fans were terrific."

Connie has just completed a European tour—her second this year. She is as popular with European audiences as she is in her native America, having recently been voted "Number One Singer" in a poll of European disc jockeys.

At 20 Connie is a veteran of nearly 10 years in show business. She is from an Italian-American family named Francinera, in suburban New Jersey—a background similar to Sinatra's—and her father taught her to accompany herself on the accordion at the age of four.

Poppa George Francinera, a big, amiable roofing contractor, loved to play the concertina and sing at family parties.

He encouraged Connie to sing the songs she heard on the radio, and told his friends, "Some day that kid will be a great singer."

Soon little Connie (she is only 5ft. tall now) was a familiar sight at church socials, hospitals, and wedding parties in Newark, New Jersey, singing at the top of her childish soprano and expertly elbowing accompanying chords on her big accordion, which almost hid her from sight.

At the age of 11 Connie won a contest to select members of a cast for a juvenile television variety show called "Startime." She changed her name to Con-

nie Francis, and her professional career was launched.

She appeared on the television programme for four years, and developed such a grasp of lighting, camera work, wardrobe, direction, and the rest, that she became an assistant to the producer and even directed the show a number of times.

One more try

She went on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts programme as a straight singer, without her accordion, and made a big hit singing "Daddy's Little Girl." She also signed a contract to make recordings for M.G.M. Records. Meanwhile she was leading a busy double life as a high-school student.

Her success was only moderate, and Connie was dissatisfied with her prospects as a professional singer. At 18 she was graduated from high school and won a scholarship to New York University. Connie was at the crossroads and knew it.

"If I don't hit with my next recording—I am going to quit show business and go on to college," she told her father.

"Try just once more," Poppa George urged. She had been making rock-'n-roll recordings exclusively.

"Take something different—maybe an old song like 'Who's Sorry Now.' You could do it with a beat."

Poppa got out his old concert-

tina and played the 30-year-old melody with a modern jazz beat. Connie reluctantly cut the recording.

Her version of "Who's Sorry Now" was an instant success in America, in Europe, and in Australia. Sales soared past the million-mark, and Connie Francis was on her way to the very top.

She was soon besieged with offers for personal appearances in theatres, nightclubs, and on television. She appeared on the Perry Como, the Ed Sullivan, the Patti Page, and the Dick Clark TV shows. She toured England and the Continent. She was elected "Queen of Hearts" by the American Heart Fund. She was named "Outstanding Catholic Entertainer of 1959," and was awarded the Centennial Medal by Seton Hall University of New Jersey.

Record-breaker

During a 10-day engagement at the Boulevard, a popular Long Island nightclub, Connie broke the attendance records set last year by Johnny Mathis before he went to Australia.

Connie's husky contralto, belying her diminutive stature, caught the ear of teenagers, and they have bought her recordings in record numbers—more than six million in the past two years.

"Stupid Cupid," "My Happiness," "Lipstick On Your Collar," and, of course, "Frankie"

"Lipstick on Your Collar" is one of the hits that has won Connie Francis the title of America's top vocalist.

earned Connie Francis the enviable position of top vocalist in America—first time in many years that a "thrush" had elbowed male singers out of the limelight.

Connie is a shrewd businesswoman as well as a talented singer. She has formed a company to manufacture and market a line of "Connie Francis" products, ranging from charm bracelets and cosmetics to sports clothing and coats.

Connie recently bought her family a charming new ranch-house in Bloomfield, New Jersey.

"Theoretically I live there with my folks," she said. "Actually I live out of a suitcase, since I spend most of my time travelling."

Her crowded schedule does not leave much time for social life or boy-friend Frankie Avalon.

"I had exactly two dates in 1958," Connie told me with a wry smile. "But I've had two dates already in 1959, and the year is not through yet. That's practically a social whirl for me."

● To page 16 for our Connie Francis color pin-up.





MEMBERS of the jazz jury make a study in concentration as they listen to the evidence.

● In jazz talk, you'd say that the jury had both feet in the groove.

THIS jury sat at a special hearing in the U.S. Information Office theatre in Sydney, festooned for the occasion with brilliant record covers.

Jury men and women, 60 members of the R.C.A. Jazz Recording Listeners' Club, had been summoned to pass judg-

ment on unreleased jazz recordings.

Pencils in hand, they listened and nodded sagely, then deliberated and wrote something on little pieces of paper.

And music of the hi-est fi blew hot and then blew cool.

R.C.A. merchandising manager Jim Cuff said: "This is the first jazz jury we've heard about; it may be the first of its kind in the world. Our man-

By JUNE PAGE

aging director, Rudi Tolmay, thought of it.

"These people," he added, nodding at the jury, "will probably help us decide which records are geared to the market."

It was all a terribly serious business, and the jury seemed torn between their heavy responsibility and the joy of simple jazz listening.

They had to assess the qualities of each recording as announced by radio personality Wally Norman. They were asked for their estimate of: the name value of the leader, the

name value of the programme, the value of the personnel, the value of general appeal, and the value of jazz appeal for each disc.

Then they had to answer honestly the question: "Would YOU buy this record?"

So the discs flipped and the pencils scratched and compositions like "The Honey Dripper" dripped on and were fairly judged, perhaps condemned.

Like the programme, the jury was a mixed bag — University students with Hamlet haircuts and corduroy trousers sat next to baldheaded accountants.

Engaged couples keen on jazz and collecting for their musical trousseaus, like advertising copywriter John Harper and his fiancée, Jeanette Smith, said that they were enjoying it and that it was a pleasant outing in the comfortable theatre.

And very young jurymen, like 15-year-old Sandra Moss, a junior typist and a student jazz collector, said they hoped to learn a bit more from the evening.

Everyone seemed to be learning a bit more.

But I'm no jazz juror, so my estimate of the value of all the jazz appeal isn't worth much.

The whole thing seemed a good idea though.

And Mr. Cuff said he thought this jury system might become permanent.

THE JAZZ JURY

Listen Here

CLIMBERS: Looks like the popular Paul Anka is going to make a lot of new friends with his agreeable new ballad-type 7in. single, "Put Your Head On My Shoulder" (W. and G.). It moved fast up Cashbox in the States and is already climbing here. Strong lipside is "Don't Ever Leave Me." Paul wrote both songs, which have been arranged and conducted by Don Costa.

Two sides of some pretty fancy shouting and a steady beat from the Isley Brothers (O., R., and R.) on an R.C.A. 7in. 45. The words might evade you, but the rock comes through loud and clear.

COUNTRY STYLE: A new one, and a not-so-new one, from R.C.A. — Hank Snow's 45 single, a story ballad of a hobo taking his dead buddy on "The Last Ride," with a strong-tempo flip, "The Party of the Second Part"; the other, "The Legendary Jimmie Rodgers," a 7in. EP Gold Standard.

In these four tracks Jimmie Rodgers — no relation, I'm told, to the current singing sensation — shows that he already knew

most of the things about country-style that are known today.

Back in the 'twenties Rodgers trail-blazed country-style as "The Blue Yodeller." Twenty years after his death in 1933, 75,000 people gathered at his birthplace, Meridian, Mississippi, to do him honor, and to unveil a memorial in a park bearing Jimmie's name.

COURTING MUSIC: Gordon MacRae's manly, highly civilised voice, on "Seasons of Love" (Capitol 12in. L.P.), gives the smooth, slow treatment to such romantic favorites as "Indian Summer," "It Might as Well be Spring," "September Song," and — in a swingy Sinatra treatment, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies." Any would make proposing and being proposed to a pleasure.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM: Vintage Artie Shaw, plus three great vocalists, makes "Any Old Time" (R.C.A. Gold Standard Series EP) a candidate for a permanent place in the platter rack. Billie Holiday gives her highly individual treatment to

the title tune (recorded 1938); the celebrated Helen Forrest is featured in the 1939 "Comes Love"; with Lena Horne, heard on the 1941 "Love Me a Little." The Shaw band takes "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me" without a vocalist.

CLASSICS: The first recording featuring brilliant Western Australian schoolboy violinist Geoffrey Michaels sold out within a few weeks of its release last month.

Those who missed out on this fine Philips LP (SL10830) of the Australian Youth Orchestra, conducted by Sir Bernard Heinze, will be pleased to know that it is available again.

The recording, which features Geoffrey as soloist in the Mendelssohn Concerto, was made during a performance of the Youth Orchestra in the Sydney Town Hall last May, when Geoffrey was only 14.

This Perth teenager began studying the violin when he was five, using a quarter-size violin that looked like a toy.

Last year, in his first attempt, he won the instrumental section of the A.B.C.'s Common-

wealth-wide Concerto and Vocal competition, the youngest competitor ever to win it.

The son of a doctor, Geoffrey attends Perth Modern School, plays tennis for his school, swims, surfs, and plays the piano for relaxation.

He practises the violin for two hours each day — not enough according to great Russian violinist David Oistrakh, who heard Geoffrey play when he visited Australia, but as much time as he can spare until he has done his matriculation exams at the end of next year.

Then he will go overseas to study with one of the "great masters."

★ ★ ★
WHAT the big boys who spin the discs are thinking is always worth knowing. Current predictions around Sydney's 2UW are:

Allan Toohey: "Mack the Knife" (Bobby Darin). "An oldie, colorfully revived in a bright, rocking style, that will have the tune way up in the parades before long."

Walter Elliott: "Til I Kissed You" (Everly Brothers). "The

humorous timpani accompaniment and an up-beat pace should prove very popular with teenagers. This disc is rising fast in the U.S."

Sun Lowe: "Come On and Get Me" (Fabian). "An invitation the kids will find hard to turn down."

RECORD BARGAINS

The POPULAR RECORD CLUB'S October L.P. releases are available now at 30/- each!

They are "Tops in Pops No. 4" — 12 current hit-parade favorites; "Holiday in Europe" — the music of seven capitals of Europe, played by the National Concert Orchestra of America; and "Sarah Vaughan in a Pensive Mood" — the one and only Sarah at her best.

To join the Popular Record Club — and, as a member, be able to buy 52/6 L.P.'s for 30/- each — write to Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.



Page 8 — Teenagers' Weekly

THE TEEN OF WORLD

● *Australians this summer will see top girls of world tennis—both*

THEY are Brazil's 19-year-old Maria Esther Bueno, holder of the Wimbledon and U.S. singles titles, and Britain's 18-year-old Christine Truman, runner-up to Maria in the U.S. title and holder of the Italian, Swiss, and French women's singles titles.

They are coming here to contest Australian National and State tennis championships.

Christine Truman will be here to compete in the Queensland championships, beginning on October 29. Maria Bueno will arrive a week later, her first appearance being in the N.S.W. championships beginning on November 12.

Australian tennis fans will warm to both girls—the volatile, high-spirited Brazilian, with her great all-court power game, and the tall English girl, who has been described as "massive and impassive."

Temperamental

They are a contrast in personalities. Christine is ice-calm in play; Maria is liable to fits of Latin temperament that often lead her into serious lapses in play.

Maria wears shorts or dresses on court with equal grace. Tennis fashion designer Teddy Tinling created many special dress styles for her Wimbledon appearances.

Christine, on the other hand, favors severely tailored outfits on the court, although generally she doesn't care much about clothes.

Off court Maria is full of good humor. She likes nothing better than to listen or dance to Latin-American music, with, of course, a preference for cha-cha.

Plenty of tennis and a naturally trim figure mean that she has no diet problems, so she is able freely to indulge her liking for American-style desserts—chocolate cream pie and chocolate ice-cream being her two favorites.

Maria Bueno (pronounced, by the way, Bu-ay-no) speaks good English, with a pleasant accent of her native language—Portuguese.

She had studied to be a schoolteacher before she decided to make a full-time career of amateur tennis.

Maria is a disciple of the big-serve-and-volley game we know so well in men's big-time tennis—and what a serve she has!

A natural, beautifully produced delivery, it can be relied on to chalk up a fair proportion of aces and forced errors.

At net her anticipation and reflexes are fantastic, and her overhead smashing brilliant.

BRITAIN'S top girl tennis player, Christine Truman, hates her height (6ft. 1in.), "except when I am on the court." Christine is the holder of three European titles.

Since aggression is the keynote of game, Maria prefers to play on surfaces, and should revel in conditions provided by fast Australian courts.

Maria's victories at Wimbledon in the U.S. singles this year broke dominance American girls have so held in international amateur tennis.

Maria was the first Brazilian ever to win an international tennis title, on her return to Sao Paulo she given a triumphant reception. President Hubitschek presented her with Brazilian Sports Order of Merit.

Christine Truman is just as devoted to tennis as Maria Bueno.

Ever since she was a child she loved the game.

When her father, a London accountant, realised he had a child with possibilities, he cut down a tree so



Supplement to The Australian W

AGE QUEENS ID TENNIS

en action the two
them teenagers.

Christine could practise hitting a ball against a wall—she was only nine years old then.

At 12, Christine won the British under 15 title, and since then has steadily climbed the ladder to success.

At 16, she played in the Wightman Cup against U.S. and at 17 she was reigning British junior champion.

It was when Christine walloped American champion Althea Gibson, to bring home the Wightman Cup, that she became the idol of British teenage fans.

Christine, at 18, is a delightful girl. Six feet one inch tall, fair and freckled, she hates her height, "except when I am on the court," but refuses to wear flaties. "I like high-heeled shoes," she says, "but not too high." Christine is ice-cool on the courts.



"I only have nerves when I am waiting to go on. After that, I have schooled myself to forget the crowds and concentrate on tennis," she says. "I always play tennis for fun, and I always like to win—whatever the game."

Being famous has only one drawback for Christine. "I cannot relax in public," she says. Christine lives with her family—but her family do not live for her.

Her mother, Mrs. Aimee Truman, says, "I have six children, and Christine is just one of us."

But Christine's triumphs are very much a family affair, and they pile into the family car to see their champion on the courts.

Christine has a lively, fighting spirit and a reputation of hitting her way to victory—especially after a bad start.

But her calm temperament is her main prop in a crisis.

So dedicated is Christine to tennis that she left school at 15 to concentrate on her game. It was her mother who encouraged this.

In her climb to fame, Christine has had many friends, among them the Czech Jaroslav Drobný, who has given her invaluable help.

Christine's diet is just what the rest of the family like—a good deal of protein and lots of fruit.

Christine likes severely tailored outfits on the court, but she is not fanatical about clothes.

Teddy Tinling looks after her tennis wardrobe, too. "But I'm afraid I'll never be another Gussie Moran," she says.

Christine trains very hard, improving her footwork with ballet-dancing lessons, and her wristwork with weight-lifting.

Handsome escorts

She should deny herself sweets, but says, "I love them so much I can't."

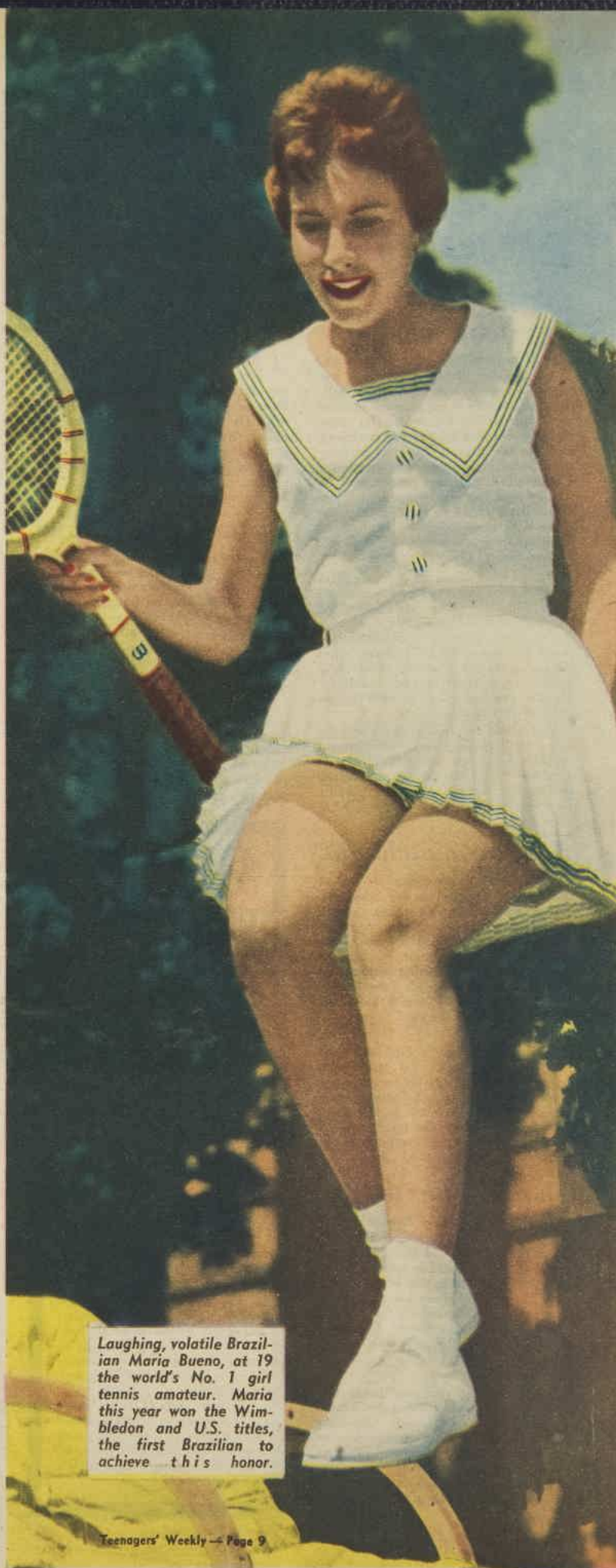
She is too busy for any serious hobbies, for tennis is her whole life, but she does collect gramophone records, and though he says she hasn't any boy-friends, each year she has a handsome escort to the Wimbledon Ball.

Christine's favorite actor is Frank Sinatra, and her reading is mostly biographies of people who, like herself, have achieved success by striving hard all the time.

The presence of both Maria Bueno and Christine Truman should be of enormous value and interest to our leading Australian women players—Mary Reitano, Jan Lehane, Lorraine Coghlan, Mary Hawton, Fay Muller, and Margaret Hellyer.

Most of them have played overseas recently, and now they will have the opportunity to test their ability against the world's two top girls in their home conditions.

DANCING the cha-cha is one of Maria Bueno's favorite relaxations, and here she is dancing it with Peru's Alex Olmedo, Wimbledon and former U.S. champion and U.S. Davis Cup star.



Laughing, volatile Brazilian Maria Bueno, at 19 the world's No. 1 girl tennis amateur. Maria this year won the Wimbledon and U.S. titles, the first Brazilian to achieve this honor.

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

He stood her up

"I AM in love with a boy from work, and every Saturday he took me out. Two weeks ago he went on holidays, and before going told me to keep the Saturday of his return for him. But he never took me out and my friend said she saw him at the local picture-show, although he told me he was broke. I then asked him home to tea, and he seemed glad, but never turned up. Now I find it very hard to work in the same office with him. Should I demand an explanation or leave my job?"

"Sad Sally," Qld.

Do neither. Keep on working; you can't change your job every time an office romance ends; that's silly. As for demanding an explanation, I think you've had a very thorough one. Obviously the young man has had you. You have been stood up, treated rudely, and humiliated in front of your family by his non-appearance for tea. Stop regarding him as a man—he isn't.

You'll find life in the office is quite easy. He'll gladly accept your changed manner of business courtesy. His emotion will be relief that you are taking the whole situation in a poised, adult way, something that was completely beyond him.

Kiss by matchlight

"WHEN my girl-friends and I get a good-night kiss we are often distracted by a friend who strikes a match in our faces. This can be very embarrassing, although he (the one who strikes the matches) seems to think it funny. Our trouble is that without this friend of our boy-friends (the match-striker) none of us would have any transport. He has the car."

"Teens," Vic.

You certainly pay a high price for that good-night kiss. I'd invest in a water-pistol, load it before the trip home, and let the match-lighter have it when he starts his tricks. It will probably be the end of the transport, but who would want a good-night kiss under such circumstances?

Should she tell?

"I AM a girl of 13. I have a brother who is 15. He is buying bullets with his pocket-money and is sneaking my father's gun, which he is not allowed to have. He has done this before, but I have kept it under my hat. Not very long ago a boy sneaked his father's gun and shot himself. Should I tell my parents or not? I do not like being a tell-tale."

"Worried," S.A.

You should tell your parents immediately. I think guns should be treated with the greatest respect. Obviously your father does not feel your brother can yet be trusted with one. I don't think telling your parents this makes you a tell-tale; it is just doing the whole family, your brother in particular, a good turn.

He only looks

"I AM 13 and I like very much a boy of my own age. He is in my class at school, and for the second term he took rather a great interest in me. He would take me out often on dates. But now he only looks at me now and again. Don't you think I should get him interested again, or let it be?"

"Don't Know," Vic.

Let it be.

Pictures are barred

"MY girl-friend and I have a problem. Our parents are very strict and sometimes in the summer our friends go to the pictures on Saturday nights, and we are forbidden to go with them. We want to go only once a week. We are all around the age of 14. Do you think we are too young, or should we try to persuade our parents to let us go?"

"Anxious," W.A.

Every year, more and more, it is proved to me that parents really do know what is best for their children. Evidently yours think you are not yet old enough to be allowed to go to the pictures once a week at night. You

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



THE balmy air of spring calls for something special for Saturday night parties and there's nothing like the flowers of the frangipani to help you.

They give you glamor and their heady scent gives that hint of tropic nights that is so fabulous.

Wear a blossom, fresh, behind your ear with a pretty cotton, fix one to your sandal where the thong goes between your toes. Frangipani flowers are better than bells for this spring's party-girl's toes.

What's more, they look just as good if they're the kind you pluck from a bargain counter for a few pence. So what if the perfume is missing? Personalise them with some of your favorite scent in the centre of their artificial hearts.

If you don't have a thong on your sandals, you can attach the flowers to toe rings made with a twist of soft wire covered with silver paper. They're fab,

100.

Not so sweet

"I HAVE a girl I am very keen on, and from what I can see I think she loves me. But this is where I'm so confused. When we're talking together at a dance she'll suddenly rush off and talk to another boy and look dreamily at him. She is very affectionate, but I do not know what is happening."

"Troubled Teenager," N.S.W.

It's easy enough to tell you what's happening—you're being made a fool of. It's not unusual for a girl of sweet sixteen to look rather dreamily at every young man she meets. And this works in reverse for the boys of your age. That's how it should be. At your age the world should be full of romantic thoughts, not serious romance. Where you've been unlucky has been in choosing a 16-year-old who is not so sweet. No nice girl would rush off and leave you like that. So get yourself another girl-friend—or get yourself a costume fitting for the clown she's making of you.



must obey them. Personally I think a 14-year-old should be able to go out occasionally and I'm sure your parents think the same.

Teenagers sometimes make a great mistake in handling parents. They don't say: "May we go to the pictures tonight with our friends?" They specify every Saturday night, try to make a fixture of the permission, which parents wisely veto.

Remember this when next you want to go out: Ask for just one night, ask nicely, and if permission is refused, receive it nicely. Don't start coaxing, persuading, or seize the opportunity for an Academy Award type of scene. This is fatal. Just take it all quietly. You'll find if you do this your parents will be far more approachable and will be more likely to give their permission for an occasional outing.

On going steady

"I'VE met a very nice boy and he wants me to go with him regularly. I am only 16 and I want to go out with other boys, too. He insists on ringing me every night, and he can't understand why I want to go to dances with girl-friends sometimes. I want him as a friend, not as a boy-friend. How can I tell him so without hurting his feelings?"

"Confused," Vic.

You can never tell anyone something he doesn't want to hear without hurting or upsetting him. Obviously it will hurt this boy when you tell him you feel different to the way he does about your friendship.

I think your instincts are right, but nothing will convince him they are.

Nowadays, with the custom of going steady practised so universally, it is becoming increasingly difficult for a teenager to have a wide circle of friends of the opposite sex. I think both girls and boys are missing a great deal because of this.

It must be excruciatingly dull to do as many girls do—go with the same boy from the time they are at school. Boys are fascinating creatures, all different, and the more you know the fuller life you'll enjoy and the nicer you'll grow up to be.

If you have a number of boy-friends you learn to cope with all kinds of behaviour and situations, you meet more people, your mind is broadened by the differing ideas and opinions you hear. You are improved mentally and emotionally by having a wide circle of friends.

I'm sure you will be much happier if you have a number of boy-friends, but you have to be prepared to tell them the truth about how you feel, whether it hurts them or not.

Mature at 13

"I AM a girl of 13, and to my displeasure I look about 16. When I was at the movies a boy asked me to sit with him. I did so, and afterwards he asked my name and asked me to see him again. Do you think I should, as I'm a bit young to mix with boys yet?"

"Waiting," Queensland.

You're not too young to mix with boys at 13, but you are too young to have dates with boys.

I'd advise you to enjoy the company of groups of boys and girls you meet at school, and in any youth or sports club you belong to, but forget any ideas of romantic interests in boys yet awhile.

Even when you are older, though, remember that nice girls don't make boy-friends through "pick-ups." When this boy you didn't know asked you to sit with him at the movies you should have said a very firm NO!

By agreeing to sit with him you create the picture of a slightly forward young girl. And, you know, I think that might be a true picture, for no 13-year-old really looks 16 — IF she dresses and behaves as a 13-year-old should.

Cradle-snatcher?

"EVERYBODY reckons I'm a cradle-snatcher. What do you think? I am a girl of 18. There is a boy of 16 who lives not far from me, and he likes me very much. Do you think that two years is too much of a difference in our ages?"

"Unhappy," Vic.

Yes, I think you probably are a cradle-snatcher. And yes, I think the two years' difference in your ages probably is too great.

In both instances I say "probably" because age is always relative.

Some boys of 16 can be quite grown-up and self-assured, particularly if they've had to leave school and fend for themselves. Others are still little boys at heart. And in the same way many girls of 18 are poised young ladies, while others aren't past the schoolgirl stage.

These factors must be taken into consideration, but I think the odds are that you are too old for this boy. Later on, when you're in your late 20s, for instance, it wouldn't matter if you were a couple of years older than your boy-friend.

But at your age, when girls and boys are the same age, you'll nearly always find the girl is a couple of years older in outlook.

My advice? Say "Bye Bye Baby" to your young friend, and look around for a nice boy of your own age or two or three years older.



IT'S ALL DONE WITH MAKE-UP

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Here are some speedy ways to improve your looks with make-up. You probably won't need them all, but choose the ones you find most useful and practise them at leisure so that you can put your best face forward at a few minutes' notice.

NEW LOOK FOR EYES.—Make-up was made for the girl with small or problem eyes which need help to gain attention. Light make-up used as shown above removes dark shadows. A touch of light make-up under the brows makes eyes look wide apart. Deep-set or sunken eyes can be brought out by putting light make-up in the corner next to the tear-duct. You can add glamor to small eyes like those of the girl at right by giving slightly more arch to the eyebrows with medium-brown pencil and also by tracing a fine line the full length of the edge of the upper lid. See the difference in the picture at far right, made by widening that pencil line over the pupil and extending it slightly beyond the corner of the eye. A fine line of pencil accents lower lashes. Use bright-colored eyeshadow (never dark), and complete the picture by curling the lashes and brushing mascara liberally on the top-ones only.



THAT NUISANCE NOSE.—It's fun for a girl to have a cute button nose, but a nose without charm or character is a bore. Do you know that you can give an ordinary nose a classic effect by painting a thin line of light foundation along its bridge? In the same way, you can shorten a long nose by putting a spot of dark foundation under the tip, or make a thin nose look a lot better by putting some light make-up along the sides and dark foundation on the bridge. The two pictures at left show how make-up can make a wide and rather flat nose look more slender. A cream or cream-stick foundation just one tone darker than ordinary base (it looks much darker in the picture) is best for contour corrections. The darker tone is put over the ordinary foundation, carried along the sides as shown, and blended so that no hard line remains. Face powder is puffed on the face to give the finishing touch.

CHANGE OF FACE.—Imagine yourself as the girl shown at right, quite devoid of make-up, with eyes that lack expression and vitality, a jawline that is heavy and full, and hair that's all wrong for the shape of her face. Actually, the picture isn't fair, as most girls wear a bit of make-up these days. But look at the same girl with the addition of contour make-up to belittle that wide jaw, a hairstyle to balance it, and accented lips and eyes. To play down a square chin, apply a foundation one shade darker than your ordinary make-up base along the sides of your face and over your jawline, blending edges into the lighter color so that there is no break to catch the eye. Arch the eyebrows well and outline both the upper and lower lashes. A generous mouth not only gives the jaws better proportion, it's glamorous as well. If your chin recedes, reverse this procedure and use a top coat of light base.





"EXCUSE ME, MISS, YOUR SHYNESS IS SHOWING!"

You know the kind of moment. Suddenly, everybody's talking their heads off — except YOU! Shyness? Conquering shyness is like good grooming: you have to spend a little time on preparation. How?

By making sure you're up-to-date on what's happening in this wonderfully exciting, busy world we live in! by Reading—regularly!—the brightest of newspapers: The Daily Telegraph. Every morning, the Telegraph can put a dozen new subjects right on the tip of your tongue!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

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Daily Telegraph

David, at 19, is a knockout

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● It was yet another knockout for featherweight boxer David Floyd. His appearance and manner floored me for the count.

ONE... nice smile. Two... neat gold-tinged curls. Three... even white unbroken teeth. Four... soft voice. Five... "uncauliflowered" ears. Six... the dearest little nose. Seven... gentle manner. Eight... those blue eyes. Nine... spotlessly clean look. Ten... unassuming modesty.

Not my idea of a fearsome pugilist at all. Yet here was his record — at 19 "another Jimmy Carruthers"; the winner of each of his nine professional bouts and six of them by knock-out.

David made his impact on me in the Waverley Tram Depot gym. Recovering slowly from it all, I heard the grunts and thuds of a dozen or so training boxers, and David was saying:

"Yes, I'm a featherweight. Just a skinny little feller, really. Nine stone."

David's trainer, Dick O'Connor, broke in, "He's ranked number three featherweight in Australia."

"Oh, but that's not fair dinkum," protested David. "You can't tell; others may deserve higher ranking."

"The boy's shaping up nicely since he turned pro," whispered trainer Dick. "The money

helps, too. He gets a commission on the gate of all his matches."

"If you're really tops," added David, "you can earn £1000 a fight, but only very few are good enough for that."

David said that his boxing at the moment was tough going. Not so much the matches, but just that he was working during the daytime, too.

"I'm a fifth-year boiler-maker apprentice," he said. "Y'see, I'm a professional boxer, but I don't really want to make a whole profession out of it. If I start getting hurt I'll give it away."

"Being a boiler-maker—I'll be qualified this year — I can earn about a thousand a year. What do I do with the money?"

"I want to get a house and a car and TV."

"Are you engaged?" I asked.

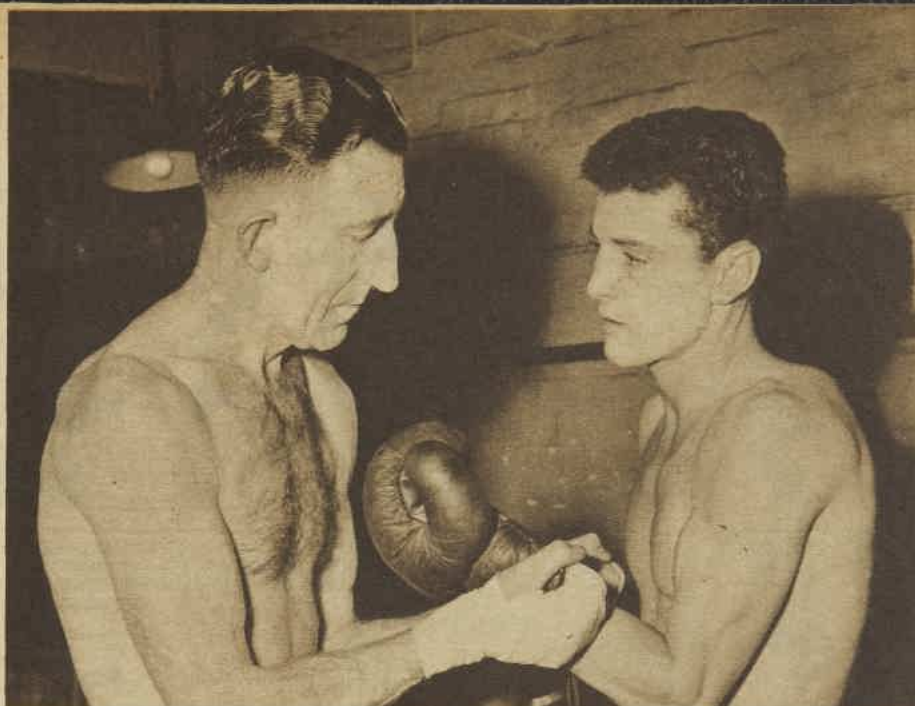
Father soon

David gave a big smile. "No. I'm just married. Married Judy beginning of this year."

David and Judy had been going steady for four years, since they were at school together at Paddington Junior Tech. "She's been to every one of my matches. Every one, she's been in a ring-side seat. But she won't be at the next one," David paused.

"He's going to be a father soon. Aren't you, Dave?" beamed trainer Dick.

Dick's very much part of



Rated one of the most promising young Australian boxing prospects since ex-world champ Jimmy Carruthers, David Floyd prepares for a ring session with trainer Dick O'Connor.

David's life. He stepped into it when David at 11 first came to the Police Boys' Club boxing lessons.

Dick, who is in the fruit business, has been the official Police Boys' Club trainer for the past 10 years. His boys have been in 958 fights. "I've only had 29 losses," said Dick proudly.

His star, David, came to him at the tender paperweight of five stone two.

All David's fighting was done through the Police Boys' Club, because there was no fighting at all at his school.

Off and on, David fought in amateur matches, and, by the time he was 17, he was New South Wales' amateur featherweight champion.

David was defeated by Wally Turner in the final trial for the 1958 Empire Games selection. Wally went on to become a Games gold medallist, so David didn't mind that defeat much.

And he really can't complain about being knocked about—he's been beaten only five times.

"The boxing ring's a jungle," said a worldly wise Dick. "But I teach my boys to punch without getting hurt."

Trains hard

Nodding at his young protégé, he added: "Dave's got no broken nose or cauliflower ears because he's good. Good boxers don't get marked."

"The secret is in fitness. Stand up and show your chest," he prompted David.

David peeled off the top of his tracksuit and stood up, whereupon trainer Dick tossed a punch and then an enormous medicine-ball into featherweight David's solar plexus. Both ricocheted off.

"See, it's regular training that does that," said Dick.

They were school-day sweethearts—David Floyd and his wife, Judy.

And David trains hard. He's up at 5.30 each morning for some roadwork in Centennial Park, which is bang slap against the Waverley gym and about ten minutes from the house in Paddington that David's aiming to pay off soon.

Home from work in the evening, David makes straight for the gym, where he spends a couple of hours doing special boxer's skipping, shadow boxing, and some rounds training in the ring with Dick.

This interview was eating into the training time, and they were both itching to get started.

They put on their giant-sized training gloves and climbed into the ring.

They danced and pranced and thudded and grunted. "This is combination punching," explained Dick, breathless. "That was a left hook," he gasped a minute later.

David was really looking businesslike. I thought it was serious and I'd better go.

WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL DATE ?

● Have you sent in your entry yet for our "Ideal Date" Contest?

YOU are invited to write and tell us, in 100 words or less, what qualities you look for most in your partner for the evening.

Do you like your date to be good-looking — a good dancer—a bright conversationalist—happy-natured?

Is it personality or appearance that counts most with you?

Is the ideal boy-date the

one who asks you where you'd like to go?

Do you like a girl who knows where she wants to go?

We will give £20 each for the best letter from a boy and a girl; four other prizes of £5 each and £1/1/- for every letter published.

Fill in the coupon (below), attach it to your entry, and post it to Date Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Closing date for the contest is November 11.

DATE CONTEST

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 21, 1959

TEENA by Linda Terry



A GUY forgets girls' faults to become a

Cat on a hot(rod) tin roof!

● At the risk of being accused of slipping, I'm not knocking any girlish habits this week.

INSTEAD I'm offering a slice of teenage history.

While sitting the other day in my dentist's anteroom (they call 'em anterooms ever since that hilarious musical about dentists *Ante Maim* came out!) waiting to be called into the chamber of horrors, I read a battered old magazine.

On a dog-eared page I came across a story that was so fascinating I decided to do an extraction myself — and tore it out.

What has all this guff got to do with teenagers?

Well, the story told the tale of a lost teenage art of a few years ago — hot-rodding.

Hot-rodding—the craze for old jazzed-up cars—began in the 1930s in Southern California.

It probably started there because of the area's abundance of old-model cars and because of the stretches of long, straight roads — safe (?) for speeding and other hot-rod high-jinks.

Hot-rodding apparently came to its height in Australia just after the war.

It faded away after a couple of years, but revived in the early 1950s.

A big reason for its clattering comeback seems to have been National Service. Army camps were often far away from the old folks at home—and far from the girlfriend, too.

So if a Nasho had little money but wanted a car he had to be content with an old model.

What made kids turn old cars into hot-rods?

Many young owners of old cars, according to my purloined page, felt that if they had to own "bombs" they might as well try to make them a bit different.

And different they certainly were! The hot-rod was usually a car of 1928-38 vintage, stripped down to the very bare essentials, "souped up" in the engine, and painted in vivid hues.

It was stylish to have a long, swaying aerial (usually without a radio at the other end!) with a "beaver" tail fluttering from its tip.

(Just between you, me, and the beavers, this ornament was a hunk of rabbit fur!)

Apart from colorful paint jobs (orange was popular), hot-rods were made still brighter by the use of signs.

On a part of the car with no door

I AM writing on behalf of several exasperated females who, having just read the latest from Robin Adair, have decided to write in protest at being degraded by a mere male. Why has not Mr. Adair, with his superior intelligence, thought of finding a new job—possibly at the South Pole, where, I believe, there are no females, annoying or otherwise?—"Frustrated Female," *Belmore, N.S.W.*

a fashionable slogan was: "To open, cut along dotted line."

On a rock-hard, unpadded seat an owner would paint, "George Washington had insomnia here."

Around the petrol caps on scores of rods would be painted the invitation, "All donations gratefully accepted."

But perhaps the most popular sign was, "Don't laugh, lady — YOUR daughter might be inside!"

According to a driver interviewed in my story this was not just an idle boast. Hot-rods seemed to get girls in.

"Girls really rev to my heap," he said. "With an old model a feller can get the latest-model bird." (That was slang for "girl" in those days, apparently.)

Why have hot-rods died out? Probably because cheap later-model secondhand cars are available and police are stricter on bombs.

But it sounds as if they were a lot of fun, doesn't it?

I like the part about the girls "revving" to the boys with the blitz-buggy bug.

In fact, I like it so much that I'm thinking seriously of getting me a Fast Four Dodge and giving it the works.

And don't laugh, lady. Your daughter might be inside!

—Robin Adair

OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

They're climbing a rainbow ladder

● All the colors in the rainbow, and many that aren't, have made delightful jobs for Susan Cadby, of Sydney, and Diane Hobden, of Brisbane. They're both working as color consultants with paint-manufacturing firms.

DRIVING her firm's car, 18-year-old Susan dashes around Sydney handing out advice on color schemes for anything from houses, flats, and shops to schools and baby clinics.

Sometimes she visits five homes in one day. "This means five cups of tea," she laughed.

Susan was always interested in art, but after she left Our Lady of Mercy College, Cronulla, at 16, she "just didn't know what to do." She took a business course, but found sweating at shorthand and typing very dull.

So she decided to study interior design at the East Sydney Technical College for three nights a week.

"Six months later I more or less fell into this job, and I just love it," she said.

Part of Susan's time is spent answering telephone queries. This is where she must call on her imagination and try to "see" in her mind's eye the room the caller is describing.

"I answer telephone inquiries for any kind of color problem—it might be colors for a whole room or just a kitchen tidy," she said.

"At first I worried a bit about giving advice to women much older than myself, but I soon found out that so long as I knew what I was talking about and didn't try to be superior in

any way, everyone was really very kind.

"However, a lot of tact is necessary sometimes, particularly when clients have their own set ideas about things.

"Then it's a case of more or less just being a saleswoman. You can't push people into colors that you like and they don't, and you have to be awfully careful not to upset people. That would be very bad for business," she said seriously.

Lets her head go

The most wonderful women in Susan's world are those who greet her with, "I haven't got a clue about colors, so tell me what you think." Then she can give her imagination the full-speed-ahead signal.

In her job she finds it essential to dress well. "Naturally, it would look very bad if my clothes were in bad taste," she said.

Susan, who lives in the Sydney seaside suburb of Cronulla, is the baby of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cadby's family of three. Her 20-year-old sister is a schoolteacher and her brother, 19, an engineering student.

Out of her weekly wage of £9 clear, she budgets for about £2 a week for clothes. She also pays her mother board of £2/10/- a week, keeps sufficient money for fares and entertainment, and banks the rest. Included in her board is the weekly instalment on a sewing-machine she is paying off.

She makes some of her clothes

herself, but they are "not so hot." Occasionally she really goes on a shopping splurge and spends up to £10 or £15 on dresses and accessories.

So far, besides her job, she has only one plan in view—a trip overseas. That's why she puts some money into the bank every week. While she's abroad, she hopes to use her color experience to pay her way.

"But it won't be for a few years, because the bank account hasn't gone very far yet," she said.

Demonstration work will be the next rung up the ladder for Susan. She hopes to move on to this within the next six months.

"You stand in a shop window and talk to people about color and fill in perspective drawings to show them what you mean," she explains.

After Susan has had a few more years' experience as a color consultant, there will be other interesting fields open to her, which will also mean a much larger pay envelope every week.

Colorful future

She could qualify for a position in the soft-furnishings department of a large store, where she would advise buyers how, when, and where to match or mix colors and fabrics.

Or she could become an interior decorator, and, if she wishes, even branch out with her own decorating business.

Susan's opposite number in Brisbane, 19-year-old Diane Hobden, considers psychology the key to being a successful color consultant.

"People from all walks of life come into my office every day, wanting advice on a color scheme in a kitchen, a bedroom, or a whole house," Diane explained.

"Sometimes I might suggest a color scheme to them which I know they will be happy with—but which I personally do not like at all. That's where the psychology comes in."

Sometimes Diane takes trips to country centres where there are no color consultants.

There she has to cope with such problems as making a home look cooler or combining modern furniture with period pieces.

Diane has made several visits to Surfers' Paradise and Too-woomba.



VISITING houses and flats to offer her expert advice on color schemes is one of the most important parts of Susan Cadby's varied work as a color consultant.

"You can really go mad with colors at Surfers," she smiled. "Everyone wants to have as many colors as possible in the one room."

During her spare time Diane reads every magazine on interior decorating she can find, and one night a week she attends art lectures at the Technical College.

She has already completed a Tech. course of color study, and is now doing an interior decorating course by correspondence from Melbourne.

At the moment she's helping her parents redecorate the old home they have bought in Clayfield.

"I'm going to have complete say on the color scheme," Diane said enthusiastically.

"But Mummy has requested not TOO many feature walls, please!"

Qualifications

To be a color consultant you can either do an interior decorating course at a Technical College or get a job with a paint firm.

In a paint firm there isn't any set number of years of apprenticeship or training—this depends on the individual. There are no certificates or diplomas.

To get on in this field a girl must be bright and have good taste.

One word of warning, though—at the moment positions like Susan's and Diane's are few and far between.



HELPING redecorate her family's new home in Brisbane, Diane Hobden gets practical experience for her job with a paint company.

WORTH READING

COLUMNIST and book critic Ross Campbell, continuing his notes about books worth reading, this week writes of—

"VANITY FAIR," by William Makepeace Thackeray—a long, absorbing novel set in the period of the war between Britain and Napoleon.

Thackeray was a sophisticated, humorous man. He gives a lively picture of social climbing and slipping in the London of those days—with touches on the heart-strings as well.

Perhaps the best reason for reading the book is that you make the acquaintance of Becky Sharp, an immortal specimen of the scheming gold-digger.

There are always girls like Becky around, but they have rarely been so well described as in "Vanity Fair."



**CONNIE
FRANCIS**

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